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Warning: This zine contains explicit content.
No one under 18 should read anything that is in this work

Editors Note:

In this second issue, you are once again treated to my artistic styling's, dealing with depression, mental disorders, horror, pain and all things sexy and violent. As you know, the same rules as the first still apply, don't steal my shit, don't let kids or the elderly read it (really no one should read it, but that's just the opinion of my mother), and make sure to tell your friends. I'm sure if you like it, they will too or at least pretend to so that you think they're cooler than they really are.

Have you ever seen that movie *A Clockwork Orange*? It's so fucking good I don't even understand how I'm still alive now that I've seen it. If you haven't seen it, go buy it, then buy the book and read that too, as it's a little better than the film, but not by much.

Anyway, read this bullshit and again, tell me what you think. You can email any suggestions, hate mail and coupons for Chinese food and/or hookers to dedwinhedon@gmail.com.

Don't let kids read this! Don't get offended! It's all fiction, just because it's a first person narrative, doesn't mean any of it is true. That's just the easiest way to write for me.

Your loving writer,

Dedwin Hedon

American Bullshit Part 1

Most of us are judged today, not by who we are, what we do, or even how we look, but by the country we live in. For instance, people consider America to be the best country in the world to live in (except the Middle Easterners, let's be honest), but why is that? It's simple really, people consider America the best because at any time of day, in any part of the nation, you can walk into a store, slap a dollar on the counter and leave with a pack of M & M's.

To understand the real America, you need to look at it as a whole. People often look at one or two sections of the country and assume that because everyone is happy and healthy there, it must mean that all Americans are living exactly like that. No one thinks of the homeless people here as the same poverty as the starving, diseased, downtrodden folk of India or Africa. The reason for this is in America, our destitute citizens have the luxury of picking their dinner from a McDonald's dumpster.

Poverty is poverty. Does being dirt poor in the world's richest country mean your plight isn't worth the effort of others? We send millions of dollars over seas while our own

homes burn, our citizens lose their lives, and the economy falls apart.

Some of you out there are saying that we owe it to these people because of the years of colonialism that destroyed their culture, land, lives, riches, and resources. I just want to know why I'm responsible for the actions of others. I had no part in any of the genocide or slavery, I have no ill will towards them, I couldn't care less about their gold or diamonds and I wouldn't waste any effort trying to take any of that shit from them.

But I should send my hard earned money over there so some mother fucker can use medicine and food to pacify the natives so it's easier to brainwash them with the ideologies that the people who ruined their lives in the first place. If you break something with a hammer, why would you try to fix it with the same hammer? In this case you used Christianity and technological advances to destroy their society and now you expect to fix this tragedy with the same tired ideals and the continued use of new technologies.

Do you ever wonder why in area's like that there are no skyscrapers, pizzeria's, or chain stores and they continue to live like their ancestors did? They don't want our idea's, our way of life, the constant bombardment our brains take on a daily basis from religion, politics, and our capitalist society. They were happy and content without electricity or our disease, but then we showed up and just had to fuck with shit.

We are the inferior ones. We think that stuff makes us happy and for some of us, it does. You worthless individuals who think the name written across your tits or ass can make you who you are.

At other times in the past when we have gone into other countries to help them in times of need, we've left our own land in shambles. Famine, disease and natural disasters are all tearing through American lives like they are nothing. I remember the tsunami in Asia and everyone was all gung-ho about helping out, but when Katrina, the Midwest flooding and the massive fires destroyed a quarter of our country, no one gave us any help. Our government, charitable organizations, the people we give power to, always worry

about people who are thousands of miles away, rather than paying attention to the plight of our own citizens.

They live in good communities where the problems remain unseen. Where the only death they fear is the natural death, the peaceful, sleeping deaths in old age. America has school shootings, massive floods, fires, which engulf almost entire states, the most violent crime of any other country, but a kid with flies on its face in the Sudan is supposed to sadden me. **Misfortune only matters when it falls upon the exotic.**

We also live in a country that thousands of people come to, trying to make life a little more glamorous, which there is no problem with seeing as we are all immigrants. What I do have a problem with is them making a shitload of money and sending it back over seas and live like kings. So, instead of our economy growing from the boom in business, the value of our money goes into the shitter because it's boosting another country's economy.

It seems like no one gives a shit what happens to this country, as long as everyone else is o-fucking-kay. Maybe the next time you think about adopting a little Korean

baby, you should adopt an American baby instead, theres plenty of those in abusive foster homes and government run facilities.

Memories

The first night I saw her I was at a small, friendly gathering with my fiancé and her friends. She was across the room from where we sat, at a table full of men.

Her hair was long and dark, cascading over her lightly tanned shoulders and landing about half way down her back. Her breasts, full and large were practically exploding from the tight button down top she wore. Her lower body was covered in a tight skirt and the only way to tell that I could tell she wore nylons was because her shoe was hanging from the tip of her toes and I could see the re-enforcement on the heel. I know it sounds silly, but I can still see that image of her in my mind and to tell you the truth, I don't even know what my fiancé was wearing when we first met, let alone that night.

As my fiancé chit-chatted with her girlfriends, I snuck off to the drink table and picked up two glasses of wine.

I approached the table, taking a deep breath to make sure my voice didn't crack making me sound younger than I am, and as I was about ten feet away, the guy next to her stood and headed in the direction of the bathroom. Of course I pirated his seat, set both glasses down and said, "You know

you're beautiful, right?" This line has worked a million times. I've actually seen women cream themselves just by hearing those words.

"You know you're full of shit, right?" she replied, quick on her feet.

"I'm Jeff," I said, extending my hand and moving the glass I had gotten for her across the small table area.

"Claire," she said, not grabbing my hand, but reaching into her purse and removing a cigarette. "Let me guess, you've come to flirt with me."

"Actually, no. You looked lonely over here. Besides, I'm engaged." I showed the ring on my finger and she nodded.

"Why would you think I was lonely? I'm at a table full of people."

"But I've been watching you for the better part of the night and I haven't seen you say a single word to any of them. Are they assholes?"

"Yeah, they're my brothers."

I laughed at my original nervousness. Her brothers, I thought, why hadn't I come over here earlier?

It was about this time that her brother returned from the bathroom to reclaim his seat. he glared at me, giving me that look that said, 'Unless you get out of my seat and quit trying to fuck my sister, you'll be eating through a tube for the rest of your days.'

I took the hint and stood. As I turned to say goodbye, she surprised me by standing with me and saying, "Would you like to go for a walk with?"

"Sure," I said, and she placed her arm in mine and we walked out into the yard together.

The night was hot and muggy, so much so that the moment we stepped out the door, I was sweating. I was glad I had brought my handkerchief.

As we walked around the yard, her hand in mine, she talked about her schooling, her friends, how her family practically disowned her until her twenty-fifth birthday when her father died and about her child. She had a little girl, probably no older than the one I have with Amy (my fiancé, for those too slow to catch up) who lived with her father. It was clear that she missed her dearly.

When it became too hot to continue walking, we sat down under a tree and began to kiss. Her hand on my neck, mine in her hair, I could feel the beads of sweat forming between our skin. The longer we sat there kissing, the cooler the night seemed to be.

Before long she was on my lap, hiking up her black skirt and showing me the tops of the nylons she wore. No panties sat on her crotch and I couldn't see any hair either.

The night was dark and we were far enough away from the house to not be seen by either of our respective families, so I wasn't worried. I was inside of her in no time and she moaned as the head of my dick brushed past her tight lips. It had been weeks since I had last felt a woman around me, solely because of my fiancé's bright idea not to have sex until we were married because it would make that night more magical.

She squeezed my shoulders, holding on tight as I grinded into her and stroked her smooth legs.

Then, just like that, it was over. I came and leaned back against the tree. She removed my member from her insides and stood, straightening her skirt as her knees slightly shook. When the after-effects of my erection wore off and I

took a piss on the tree, we linked arms once again, made sure we didn't look like we had just finished having sex and entered the home again.

I still haven't told my fiancé about that night and I don't think I ever will. She might read about it in my steamy letter to Penthouse though.

Pain

Jesus take my pain away.

Allah take my pain away.

Kali take my pain away.

Buddha take my pain away.

All these names I've called in times,
that I have had great need.

But it seems, in these times,
my cries they do not heed.

I can't help but feel this hurt in every pore,
all I was told, was to trust, what god had in store.

The Ballad of Edwin and Jeanine (Part 2)

When I went into the attic, I pulled the cord for the light above me out of habit, even though I knew it had been burned out the day before and to my complete surprise, the light came on. I hadn't changed it and I hadn't mentioned to either of the ladies that it had been out, so I was worried.

The light bulb illuminated the room well, almost better than I had expected, even if it only gave my eyes the ability to see a bunch of garbage that hadn't been looked at in years.

The scratching sound was still going on, unlike the two previous days when it had silenced itself upon my entry into the room. I followed the direction it was coming from and it took me to the corner of the room where there was a large stack of old milk crates (amazing what you'll find in an attic).

I moved the milk crates to the side and found a hole about four inches high and three wide near the baseboard. The scratching was coming from the little hole.

Wanting to find out what this odd noise was, I grabbed the corner of the old wall and pulled hard, ripping the boards away. Once all the boards were gone, I peered into the hole and almost shit myself.

Inside was the girl that I had seen the previous day being tortured by her father. The strange thing was she looked to be alive still. I reached in, grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her towards me, making sure I didn't damage her any more than she already was.

When I removed her from the wall, I was even more horrified to see the shape she was in. She looked to weigh less than eighty pounds and was tied tightly with coarse rope on her wrists and ankles. It appeared that she had been struggling because there was blood dripping from the areas where the rope cut the deepest and she was crying. Her hair had been pulled out, chunks of skin tore from her scalp in the process and both of her legs were shattered so it made them flop around like a rag doll.

I quickly found an old razor left up there long ago and used it to cut the ties that held her. As I removed the rope, it pulled large masses of skin from her arms that

tore away with a sickening sound. She screamed. At least I knew she was still breathing.

Once she was free, I stood, pulled my cell phone out of my pocket and tried to dial the police to get them to send an ambulance. My signal didn't work, so I took off down the rickety stairs to the second floor where I knew it would work. As soon as my bars were in place, I dialed again and got a signal. As the phone began to ring, I turned around and saw the girl walking down the stairs towards me.

When Jeanine and Mabel returned to the house they found me covered in blood, naked, laying on the floor in the hall. Both women rushed to find out what was wrong with and to tell you the absolute truth, I have no idea. The last thing I remember was the girl walking down the stairs and the shock that it caused me to see someone who had two clearly shattered legs walking.

After I had gotten a little rest, I ventured back up to the attic and looked around. The wall that I had torn apart to find the girl was now back together and even stranger than that, the hole that I had originally found there was no longer there either. Nothing else happened that day that was extremely strange, but I could see that Jeanine looked

at me a different way. For the rest of the week everything went exactly according to plan and I saw nothing out of the ordinary. I dreaded the arrival of the weekend though, because the events of the previous Saturday and Sunday still floated in my mind.

When I awoke that next Saturday I was relieve to see that Jeanine was in the bed with me. The whole situation may have been a lot less extreme had someone, anyone, been in the house with me when the supernatural experiences occurred.

We decided that I needed a little time away instead of being cooped up all the time, so we went to brunch. We found a little café in the downtown sector and I ordered coffee and an English muffin, while she just had the coffee. Everything was going fine until I looked up and noticed that Jeanine had smudged her lipstick on her coffee cup and I made a gesture for her to check it.

She pulled out a mirror from her purse and began to inspect herself. She wiped her lip a couple times, but the smudge wasn't coming off. Soon she was frustrated and grabbed her lips, then began to tear her skin off of her skull. I sat in shock seeing her do something that grisly.

"Fucking lipstick," she said as she finished tearing her flesh off of her head. "I hate when it gets smudged, it just makes me feel so ugly." She looked at herself in the mirror again and said, "All better now."

I starred at her skull. Watching the blood trickling down her muscles and off of her chin, splashing into the cup of coffee she had and swirling around like the creamer made me sick. Then, like it was some sort of hallucination, her face was back on and nothing seemed wrong.

"Honey," she said, pulling me back to reality. "Is there something the matter?"

"No, I'm fine, just pre-occupied with something about work."

"Well stop thinking about it. I think that's why you've been acting so strange lately. Maybe you should think about seeing a therapist at the job. You have access to them, don't you?"

"Yeah, maybe that's a good idea," I said, taking another sip of my coffee. I didn't plan on taking my eyes off of her the rest of the time we were out.

Being the Christmas season, Jeanine thought it would be a good idea if the two of us were to go ice skating. I thought it was an okay plan too and since I didn't have anything else to do, we went.

After renting the skates and putting them on, we got out on the ice and began to warm up. Jeanine was incredible. She skated in circles, did figure eights and even jumped from the ice a few times. I on the other hand looked like an ass. I was slipping, sliding and didn't even know what I was doing out there.

I had already fallen a dozen times or more, so when that next contact with the ice came, I stayed down. Not only did I want to catch my breath, but I also wanted my ass and knees to stop their aching. As I laid face first on the ice staring down, I saw something begin to float up towards me from the bottom. My first thought was that the ice wasn't strong enough and I was going to die of hypothermia after falling through the ice.

It was at that point that I was the most scared in my entire life. As I watched the form float to the top, I began to study the object harder. I noticed that it was a human body and I began to panic thinking that I would have

to spend the rest of the day at the scene of the crime answering questions about it. I was wrong. The object hit the ice right in front of my face. At this point I could only see its back because it floated to the top face down. After bobbing for a few moments under the ice, the body turned itself over and the face of the girl who I had found in the attic yesterday was staring me in the face. She began to beat on the ice, trying to get out, and I slid onto my butt and began to scoot as far away from that spot as possible. She was now slamming her fists into the ice even harder and even though I was moving away, I could see the blood beginning to gather beneath the ice in the spot she was in.

Then it stopped. I sat there in shock for a few moments before taking another breath. Then I felt the slamming again, this time coming from directly under me. I moved back a little and the girl looked me right in the face. Her mouth began to curl back into a slight smile and when it was fully bared I could see that she had no teeth. There were bloody holes where they formerly were and more blood began to gather between us.

It was at that moment that I screamed like a little girl. Within minutes, Jeanine was by my side, holding me as I began to cry.

"What's the matter?" she asked, cradling me like a mother would to her frightened infant.

"I think I'm going crazy," said between gasps.

"I think you are too," she said. "I think you are too."

We went right home after that and I locked myself in the bathroom. Jeanine didn't come to the door to check on me for at least three hours. I don't blame her, she thinks I'm crazy and I think I'm crazy too at this point. I needed some time to myself. When she did finally come to the door and knock, I told her I needed some more time to just sit and think. She didn't bother me again for the rest of the night and when I left the bathroom, she was already in bed.

I want to tell you that up until this point, none of the shocking sights hurt Mabel, Jeanine or I, at least not physically. Even when they found me covered in blood and unconscious on the floor, I found no marks or wounds on my body, but that was about to change.

When I opened my eyes that Sunday morning, Jeanine wasn't in bed with me. I wanted to freak out, but then I remembered that it was the third Sunday of the month and the girls always tried to go to St. Paul's Episcopal Church. They know I don't support any organized religion, but after the two weeks I had just had, I was willing to go anywhere as long as I wasn't alone in the house.

I laid there in bed staring at the wall and not moving until Jeanine got home. I just didn't feel safe anymore; the terror had gotten the best of me.

When Jeanine did get home, she didn't say a word to me. I hope she doesn't hate me now, but to tell you the truth, our relationship is the last thing on my mind. Now that they were home, I dressed myself and decided to take a walk. I hoped the fresh air would do me good.

As I walked I thought to myself about everything I had seen. The vision of Mabel's corpse covered in insects, the weird scratching, the father and daughter in the attic, finding her body in the attic, the ice skating incident, and the brunch incident all flowed through my mind. The reason I was thinking about those things so much is because each seemed so real. When Mabel was licking my fingers that

were covered with Jeanine's blood, I could feel her tongue on my skin. I could see the muscles on Jeanine's face when she peeled it off. Everything felt like it was actually happening, but I knew it wasn't. What was going on with me?

When I arrived at home an hour later I still didn't have an answer for the questions that plagued my mind. I felt so helpless and alone because Jeanine didn't believe me. How can we have a relationship if she thinks I'm out of my mind? Shit, I think I'm out of my mind.

I walked in the house to the smell of meatloaf. Mabel had a nice, big loaf in the oven and mashed potatoes and corn cooking on the stove. I couldn't wait for dinner and that thought completely took my mind off of what I was dwelling on, at least for a moment.

I went through the house towards the stairs and climbed them slowly, still not happy that I had to return to the place that had caused me so much hell.

As I rounded the corner to go up the second case of stairs, I heard the familiar music of Guns 'n Roses coming from our bedroom. Jeanine loved Guns 'n Roses. She had seen them live over ten times.

When I reached the top, I walked into the back room, removed my jacket and shoes and sat down on the bed. The stereo was loud, so loud I could hardly hear myself think, so I reached over to it and turned it off.

I expected Jeanine to come out of her hiding spot and confront me over why I had stopped her CD, but that was not the case. I now sat in silence in the room thinking about what was occupying her so much that she didn't care about Guns 'n Roses.

"Jeanine!" I called out, hoping she would answer.

No reply came to me.

"Jeanine!" I called again, this time louder. Her shoes, purse, coat and keys were all still where she had put them down when she got home.

I checked far and wide, the bathroom, the closets; I even went downstairs and searched all the rooms in the huge house. She was absolutely nowhere to be found. I could hear Mabel pattering around in the basement, so I hollered down to her and asked if Jeanine was down there with her. She replied that she wasn't.

I was now in a state of shock. My blood pressure was skyrocketing as I searched every nook and cranny for Jeanine. What I saw next made me lose faith in everything I have ever believed in.

Thirty minutes of searching took me to the garage, the only place I positively knew she wouldn't be. Jeanine hated the garage. When she was younger, a group of neighborhood kids who didn't like her and picked on her, tricked her into going into her garage, then barricaded the door and left. She sat in that garage for six hours until her father got home from work. By that time she was a blubbering mess and ever since, she would never go into a garage for fear of a similar fate.

When I opened the door and turned on the lights I expected to see the two cars and nothing more, like I said, in my wildest dreams I wouldn't imagine Jeanine going into that garage again, but there she was.

I could only see her hands. They were hanging over opposite sides of the car.

"Jeanine," I said. "Honey, why are you in the garage? I thought you hated it in here." When she didn't answer, I made my way up the side of the car, not anxious to see the

condition she was in. I immediately thought of the worst. When I reached her side and looked down, all the preparation in the world couldn't have conditioned me for what I saw next.

As I had guessed, Jeanine was laying spread eagle on the hood. Her face had been torn from her skull, just like in the vision at the cafe. As I started to cry, I leaned down and put my hand in hers, and when our skin touched, she sat up and grabbed my shoulders.

I freaked, jumping backwards and slamming against the miscellaneous junk piled up along the walls. She moved her arms frantically for a moment more, as if she were trying to grab me, then fell back to the car in the same position she was laying in before.

I fell to the floor and pulled my legs up tight against my chest. Jeanine was really dead; this was not an illusion like the others. For the first time in my life, I had absolutely no idea what to do.

I decided to leave. After all, whenever a woman ends up dead, the first person they come to is the husband, or in this case boyfriend. Most of you are saying that running just makes it worse, but you try explaining to the police

that you've been seeing dead people and that a girl from the attic killed your girlfriend. After you do that, come see me.

I'd been thinking about what Jeanine said about the house. Tax evasion didn't seem like a crime punishable by life in prison, so I wanted to do some research. Whoever had owned this house before had obviously done something very bad and made this place what it is today, Hell.

The library was my first stop. Whatever had gone on in the house before Jeanine and Mabel had moved in had to have been recorded in the papers, especially if it meant a man had to spend the rest of his life in prison.

Instead of taking a car and being easier to identify, I walked. The library wasn't far, only about five blocks, so it only took me a moment to reach my destination. The whole way there I was thinking about what I might possibly find that would make this whole situation seem plausible. I already had an idea about what happened in the house, but I wasn't going to jump to any conclusions based on what my eyes have seen. I may never even trust my sight again.

I walked into the library and smile at the cop standing by the door. My hands had Jeanine's blood on them, so I hid

them in my pockets and made my first stop the bathroom. I checked quickly to make sure that no one was inside, and then I went in. The bathroom smelled of piss. I could just imagine the homeless men going in every morning and cleaning themselves the best they could in the sink. I was right. The sink looked like someone had taken a shit in it. I carefully turned on the faucet, rolled up my sleeves and began to scrub the blood from my hands. I was almost thankful that the sink looked the way it did. It would make it harder for police to trace anything in that horrible place back to me. After checking myself out in the mirror to make sure there were no stray drops of blood on my clothing, I then made my way back to the library.

The computers that held the newspapers from years back were on the far corner. The screens sat at an angle so that only the person sitting in front of the machine could see what was on the page. That was good for me; I didn't need any prying eye watching my every move.

Jeanine told me that she had moved in when she was ten, so the first thing I did was put in that year. Then I put in the address to the house and had any mention of that address in that year pull up on the page. There were multiple articles about the house, but it wasn't until I

moved back to the paper from January 22, 1989 that I found the one I was looking for.

The article stated: *Today John Ralston was taken into custody by police for the alleged crime of killing his two daughters. The police were first alerted to this when a neighbor, who asked not to be identified, who was close to the family reported that she hadn't seen Ralston's daughters in over a month. When police searched the house, they found no bodies and Mr. Ralston told police that his daughters were spending some time with their grandmother. After a search of the house, police found enough evidence to charge Mr. Ralston with the murder of his two daughters, Mary age 11, and Rebecca, age 15. Mr. Ralston and his lawyer refused to comment to this journalist.*

I skipped ahead a few days and found a related article. *Police have now released information on the evidence that put the trial of John Ralston in the works. Upon search of the house, no bodies were found, but the police did manage to retrieve half a dozen fingernails, two clumps of bloody hair and miscellaneous torture devices in the attic. John Ralston is on trial for the murder of his two daughter's ages 11 and 15.*

That article had a footnote, added later to make the articles easier to find. The footnote cited two later articles. The first only had a quote from Ralston's lawyer saying that his client was an upstanding member of the community and was completely innocent of all charges.

The next article stated that during the first week of the trial, while Ralston was in holding, an adjacent inmate stabbed him twelve times in the chest. He died shortly thereafter.

That was all I needed to put the story together. Apparently the vision I had seen in the attic was real, just on a different level of reality. It wasn't taking place now, but the energy from the event carried on into the present. Knowing that neither body was ever found makes this even more interesting.

Knowing what I knew then, I rushed back to the house. If I was lucky, Mabel was still alive and I could get there in time. I needed to find the other body. I've seen enough horror movies to know that when a spirit is extracting revenge on the living, the only thing that can let it rest in peace is to find the body and solve the case. Hopefully this would work in real life.

Outside the library I began sprinting towards the house. As I ran, my head began to throb with every step I took and increased until I finally couldn't take it anymore and had to sit down on the curb. When I sat, the throbbing got worse, so I closed my eyes.

In the kitchen Mabel busily made enough food for the three of us. I watched as she moved quickly, chopping meat up for the skillet. After she finished cutting the meat, she pitched the knife into the sink and when it was about to land, a fist reached up from the drain and grabbed it by the handle. The hand then turned the blade so it pointed straight up in the sink.

Mabel put the skillet on the stove, which was opposite from the sink and when she turned around, another hand shot out from under the oven and grabbed her foot, tripping her. Then scene went in slow motion at the time she began to fall forward. I watched as her face moved towards the knife, she could finally see it now and by the time she thought to brace herself, it was too late. Mabel fell face first onto the blade burying it deep between her eyes.

I opened my eyes and jumped up. I ran so fast that it didn't feel like my feet even touched the ground.

Sprinting up the walk, I grabbed the kitchen door and flung it open to its fullest. Exactly like the vision, Mabel was now laying on the floor with the knife in her head in a pool of blood.

I sat down on the floor of the kitchen and caught my breath. I was pissed at myself that I hadn't gotten here sooner, maybe I could have saved her.

As I rested though, the scratching which I was familiar with began again, coming through the kitchen floor this time. I got on my knees and pulled the knife from Mabel's face, then used it to pry up the floor boards. When I reached dirt, I tried to use the knife as a makeshift shovel, but after a few moments I realized it wasn't working very well, so I pitched it aside and began scooping dirt out with my hands. Soon I was heaving clumps onto the wooden floor and making progress.

Moments later, as I removed more dirt, I saw a face. I dug deeper and finally uncovered an entire body after digging for about an hour. The body was heinous. The girl was at least two hundred and fifty pounds, but at least she still had all of her hair. As I looked down her body, I noticed that her arms were wrapped closely to her torso with barbed

wire. Her lips had also been sewn shut and just like the other girl, her legs were shattered.

At this time the kitchen started to fill with smoke from the skillet of burning meat on the stove. I grabbed the food, threw it in the sink, and then turned around to extinguish the flame. As I turned back to face the body, it was standing straight up in the hole staring at me dead in the face.

I freaked and took off into the living room. Even though her legs were broken she followed me. I rounded the stairs, trying to get to the second level. When I reached the landing before the second flight of stairs, I saw the other girl standing in our bedroom staring at me. She began moving towards me and I could still see the other girl coming up the stairs. As quickly as I could, I dove into the bathroom.

Now I knew I was crazy. I had just seen the corpses of my girlfriend and her mother. I couldn't take it anymore. I began to cry.

When my mother and I returned to the house, Edwin was nowhere in sight. The kitchen was a mess with dirt all over

the floor. It looked as though he had ripped up the floor boards too.

I followed the trail of dirty footprints to the top of the stairs where they stopped at the bathroom door.

"Edwin," I said, knocking on the door. "Edwin, are you in there? Mother and I are home. Do you want something to eat?"

He didn't answer, so I tried the handle. The door to the bathroom was unlocked, so I turned the knob and entered.

Edwin sat on the floor naked. He was soaking wet and there was water all over the floor that overflowed from the tub and the toilet. He was covered in his own shit, chewing on a bar of soap.

That's when I realized that he had lost it. I didn't want to believe it before when he was seeing visions and in constant fear of every little noise, but seeing him like that, so vulnerable and clearly out of his mind made me realize that.

We called the hospital and had him put away. They've been doing tests on him ever since at the Crestview Memorial Home for Mentally Unstable Individuals. I still love him

and visit him whenever I can, but it's like he doesn't even know I'm there. He's in his own little world.

I sat in that bathroom for the longest time. It's now been thirty days without any food. I've been keeping myself hydrated though. Strange because I haven't been out of the bathroom to pay any of the bills. I can't keep going on like this. I'm starting to lose my mind from all the pounding that the spirits keep doing on the door. I'm sure help will come soon. At least, I hope so.

The Dance

The sweet taste of the tobacco was turning my throat into a rusty pipe. It burns every single time I take a drag, but I just can't stop. It's like a mistress to me. One that commands my worship and won't take no for an answer, if I could answer.

The affair started when I was sixteen, stealing cigarettes from my father, cheap, terrible tasting ones that made me want to never start to begin with. I remember that first drag, feeling dangerous and bad, hoping neither of my parents would burst in and catch me. It never happened, they didn't even find out that I smoked until my mother woke me one day when I was eighteen and saw the pack of Kamel Red's sitting on my window sill.

Now, five years later, the Mistress of my lungs still binds me tight, keeping me on a short leash. She allows nothing to happen without her involvement, whether it be watching television or a movie, taking a shit, even waking up in the morning.

As I sit on my couch, I become distracted by the beautiful smoke, dancing above the burning end of the cigarette,

seductively shaking it's hips and drawing me in for a closer look.

Smoke really burns your eyes.

I'm About to Lose My Frickin' Mind

I have a Passion, just as Christ did. Only mine isn't for getting killed by a bunch of Jews and Romans, but for break dancing and pretending to be a world famous cake decorator. This chili smells like shit.

Old men hardly ever have enough sense to just shut the fuck up and believe whatever they are told. Why do they continually think that because they have been on this earth for a few decades that they know everything? Hey, old man, how do you hook up a fucking HDMI cable from your converter box to the TV? Oh, really, you don't know, well, if you didn't act like such a fucking dick, I might show you.

The Four Horsemen of Intelligence:

Richard Dawkins

Daniel Cennett

Sam Harris

Christopher Hitchens

Bonus Entry

Diagoras of Melos

Satan speaks through a jar of mayonnaise in my basement. Real fucking mayonnaise too, not Miracle Whip. Miracle Whip has the voice of Def Leppard drummer Neal Peart. Recently, the only thing that I found odd about this is that even when Mr. Peart is speaking through the Miracle Whip, you can still tell that he only has one arm.

Why must I break my neck to lick my ass? That doesn't seem fair, after all, dogs do that shit. If it didn't hurt so much to wear that goddamned halo, I would break my neck more often.

Spitting is a horrible habit, and don't get me wrong, I do it regularly, but it really sucks when someone spits and then you fall down a flight of stairs and land face down in the puddle of saliva. It's even worse when it has phlegm or chunks of what they just ate in it. Blood is okay because walking around with bloody spit on your face makes you look like a hard ass, but other than that, it's just fucking gross.

My big toe is now the size of all my other toes. It hurts a little, but I think that this witchdoctor that I met in Boca put a spell on my to try and shrink my head, but he fucked it up and now my shoes don't fit so well. I'm going to have to visit a friend who has a part-time job as a anti-witchdoctor, and see if he can reverse this shit. It

really throws off my balance and when your life is a constant tight rope walk, that doesn't help at all. Death is something that is only fun when it happens to someone you don't like. Then you can go to the wake and get piss drunk and not have to worry about it. If it's someone you love, you can still go to the wake and get wasted, but when the effects of the alcohol begin to wear off, the pain comes back. Just as a word of advice, if a loved one dies, become an alcoholic, it's so much easier to deal with than the constant agony of your mom or dad dying.

I've always wondered, with male blow-up dolls, if there is actually a high demand for them with the female crowd, or if it's just a gay thing. I mean, that scenario is kind of true for male strippers, most of the women I know only go to Chippendale shows as a goof, to just have a fun time while some hairless dude is shaking his junk in their face, where as men go to the strip club for more than that. Gay guys are just like straight guys as far as sexuality goes, so I'm sure they like seeing some dude flop his dick around in a bikini, but I don't think that women actually go to these things as a sexual encounter. The same would probably be true for a blow-up doll, because unless they made it with like a moveable tongue or a dick made out of rubber, then it would just be like cuddling. There is no way you

are going to get an inflated piece of plastic into a tight, tight, well, you know. And in that case, if they did have a moveable tongue or a hard rubber cock, then why not just buy a vibrator in the first place and save yourself all that storage space? Common sense.

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I don't know what it is, but if I don't try really hard to keep my left eye open, it always ends up looking squinty. I don't know it's happening, it just does. I only notice in pictures, when I see myself and I say to myself, "Why is my fucking eye so squinty?" I guess there is one good point to it, if I do ever happen to be captured and tortured by a rival, they won't be able to gouge that eye out of my skull with as much ease. They'd probably end up squishing it and what good is an eyeball that's been squished, other than for a collage of course.

Amazing. It is amazing to me that someone is actually out there, right at this moment, possibly fucking a goat. Think

about it. There are 6 billion people on this planet, and maybe 0.001 percent of them are animal fuckers. That means that we probably have a few people fingering sheep right now, another couple people sticking a cat up their ass, and that one guy, banging the hell out of a goat in the middle of the field. Well, let's be fair, he probably has more class than that, he probably lays out some hay on the floor of his barn, pours some fine wine and then gets it in the mood by giving it a hoof massage and all sorts of other, pseudo-kinky things that you could do with a goat. Then, when the moment is right, he starts making out with it, licking on its lips and taking its tongue into his mouth, gently sucking on it and kissing all over its neck.

Then he puts his dick in it.

Yeah, I know, it's gross.

Breaking a glass on the floor of your bathroom and never cleaning it up will prevent your friends from using the toilet when you invite them over.

Also, putting animal blood all over the seat of the toilet is a good way to keep them from shitting in your bowl.

Check that, the best way to keep your stupid ass friends from using your bathroom is to just brick up the entrance to the bathroom. If they can't get in, they definitely can't use it then. Right?

I ask myself, almost every day of the week, What Would Gandhi Do? I am 100% sure that he would NOT rape anyone, murder them, smoke crack, beat his wife (unless she was being a real bitch), or take a piss on someone's face. There are other things he wouldn't do, such as eat a hamburger, or wear one of those 1980's leather gang jackets, but that's beside the point.

Interview: Bill Zebub

A few years back, I was at my favorite video store, Time Traveler Records in Cuyahoga Falls, OH, when my friend Lonnie, who runs the DVD section of said store introduced me to a little movie called Jesus Christ Serial Rapist. I immediately purchased it, went home and watched it. The next day I ordered every Bill Zebub movie from Amazon, starting with Dolla Morte.

Bill Zebub is one of the most original directors that I have ever seen. His movies are a mix of dark comedy and shocking horror.

That was three years ago and I still love everything about Bill Zebub's movies. In the summer of '06, I had the pleasure of taking my wife to New Jersey to see the premier of his movie Spooked, and meet Bill in person.

Because of how great of a guy he is, he agreed to an interview for the second issue of 665.9. I hope you enjoy it.

What was the one factor that got you into making movies?
Getting a camera for my 18th birthday, ha ha. Throughout high school I had dreamed of making movies on the super 8 film cameras. I had friends who owned them but they weren't very excited about doing anything with them. I was never

able to convince them to do anything. They just didn't care. When I was given a video camera my life changed...

Do you ever write a script that wouldn't be in the horror or comedy genre?

I have many notes for projects outside of those two genres, but I haven't fleshed out a complete script yet. I may do an art house movie called "Nonsense" soon. It's just a matter of budget, really.

What do you think of bands who blend metal with elements like funk or prog, such as the Mars Volta and Coheed & Cambria?

I've never heard those bands or that kind of music. The hybrids that attract me are the ones that elevate the music, like when the bands use minor scales or employ orchestral instruments. I have never much cared for the pentatonic scale, which is what rock and funk use. It's the musical equivalent of slang. I hate slang.

What is your favorite movie that isn't a horror or comedy?

I don't have a favorite anything. My mood determines what I like at that moment. That means that I can hate some things

in one mood that I love while experiencing another mood. But a quick reply to your question - like, if you ask me to select a movie to watch that isn't horror or comedy - I would immediately call to mind "Amadeus."

The themes in your movies are mainly ones that would drive major audiences away. Do you think these kind of movies will ever catch on?

I sort of make "experiments." Some are more liked than others, but I don't think that any of them can ever "catch on" so-to-speak. I suppose you can consider them as movies for exclusive audiences.

I know you have a certain intimacy with your fans. Every time I email you, you respond back. Do you find that people come up to you on the street (outside of your native New Jersey and at comic cons and the whatnot) and recognize you or ask for your autograph?

I have been in the public eye since I was 18. I polluted north Jersey with countless VHS tapes of my early skits, and soon after got a spot in a local radio station, and a short time later I began making a fanzine that turned into an international magazine that was translated in several countries like Latvia, Slovakia, Japan, and Jupiter. Ok,

maybe not Jupiter. But anyway, I have seemingly always been approached by strangers. I like it.

Do you ever read the reviews of your movies on Netflix? I looked at most of them and people just don't seem to get it, citing things like bad graphics, and bad acting.

I have never been a member of that thing, but I have occasionally been Emailed a copy-and-paste of some of the member-reviews. Well, I've made some stinkers, especially in the earlier days. But even my latest movies are things that only very few people will understand or enjoy. Perhaps it is best to consider me an "alternative" to the usual entertainment. If my movies were food, they would be an acquired taste to some, and a guilty pleasure to some others, but most people would consider it to be castor oil.

I've been a big fan of the Grimoire since I started watching your movies, what did you base the creation of said magazine on?

I just wanted to make a unique fanzine. At first it was to be serious, but I was drunk one night and jokingly wrote a review that was only to be read by friends. Everyone who read the review urged me to publish it, but my sense of fair play made me send an advance copy of the review to the

band so that the members could write a rebuttal in the same issue. That was the best thing that I could have done. The band threatened me, and I printed every word. After a few issues, this became my trademark. I discarded the practice because bands were hoping for a bad review just so they could write a rebuttal. It became too contrived. But the flavor of the mag remained the same - it was humor-minded instead of being Edgar-Allen Poe-ish as I had first intended...

When you ask girls to be in the movies (seeing as they almost always appear in various stages of undress) how do you approach them?

That is an industry secret, heh heh. But I do have to say that I do not talk people into doing anything. Believe it or not, there are multitudes of people who become very excited by the scripts.

A lot of your horror movies deal with both the psychological aspect of horror and the gory aspect (i.e. J.C.S.R. and The Crucifier), while others use the more gory approach to get the job done (Kill the Scream Queen). Most mainstream movies only use one or the other, but hardly blend the two. Do you see the genre changing any away from

movies like Saw and the remakes of the old slasher movies, into more of a blend of Hitchcock and Takashi Miike?

Believe it or not, I am not a student of horror. The movies that you cited were my early attempts, and what i was going for was "mood." Sometimes I succeeded and sometimes I failed. I have three "horror" movies that are in the works for 2008. Breaking Her Will, Ravage the Scream Queen, and I told You Not To Call The Police. They each differ in mood, gore, and sexuality, but I never base what I do on what is going on in the horror world. I am an outsider. I guess the only reason you would call those movies of mine horror is because there is no comedy in them, ha ha. This may get a big "boo" from your readers, but I have never seen a Romero movie. I have not seen many of the horror movies that are hailed by horror fans as being essential.

A lot of your movies deal with religion, its fallacies and how obsessed this country is with god. Do you see the plague of religion dying out? It seems like more and more antireligious organizations pop up every day, but the media tends to ignore them because of criticism from the conservatives.

The blasphemous content is sort of like presenting a social mirror to viewers. I don't know if religion is dying. One

artist talked about how Christianity was the protection against Muslims, and that as Christianity faded in Europe the Muslims began overrunning the cities. But even if all religions were to suddenly disappear, the fact remains that most of the population has an IQ of 100 or lower. So wiping out a stupid belief system does not wipe out stupid people.

Final question: Listening to bands like Mercyful Fate, Rotting Christ and other black metal bands can give a really bad face to society. Most people think that listening to "satanic" music makes you a Satanist yourself. Can you briefly explain your spiritual beliefs, if you have any?

Mercyful Fate to me is a "theater of the mind." And I must say that no matter what you hear, they are NOT black metal. Without getting too deep and too long-winded, let me just say that listening to a band that has lyrics like "bringing the blood of the newborn child" is the same thing as watching a horror movie that has a baby being sacrificed. It's entertainment. Humans are irrational, and they have many dark facets. The people who try to bury the dark parts of themselves play a dangerous game. Pretending that you don't have that bad energy does not destroy it. A person who sees those ugly things in himself is better able to

control those forces - to turn that bad energy into something acceptable. That's why some people turn rage into art that others can enjoy, and why some people go home and kick the dog.

The Grimoire of Exalted Deeds is available online as a PDF at thegrimoire.com. Bill Zebub's movies are available from many online retailers including Amazon, Music Video Distributors, Best Buy and of course billzebug.com. Bill currently has many pots in the fire, aside from the magazine and his movies, he also has a metal band called Blood God. You can check them out on the Grimoire site.

End Note:

Holy fucking dog shit! You've made it to the end of the second edition. This is terribly disappointing, I tried to make this one much more offensive than any of the other bullshit that you've seen or heard of.

Oh well, there's always next time.

Dedwin Hedon