



THE SOCIETY PRESENTS:

a Literary Publication

of Haunting and Terrifying Proportion

of Death and Monsters

and All That Goes

Bump in the Night

THE HALLOW ZINE

A compilation of the Creepiest

The most Unsettling, and most Sickening

Writers

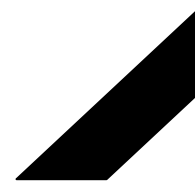
of the Spooky Valley,

which may Induce

MADNESS AND DEATH

In the Reader.

To be read at your own Caution.



“Rupture, wrath in infinite gasp
the old town abides by the new--
Connecticut river breaks.

Remnants of past roll silently last
Rise under moss in moonlight--
West Cemetery speaks.

Reverend Russell’s song of Indian gone
revivals abound are steeped in blood--
Pocomtuc wood wreak.

Spirit of White, the reclusive knight
bares and haunts of how she loved home--
Amherst, always hers.”

PROLOGOMENA

It has come to the attention of a certain Society that October is upon us once more and there is only a single thing to be done about that. Thus, we set hard to our work in the context of a quest, to bring the fear back into the season. There is a reason that things go bump in the night. There is a reason that even when you know you are completely alone in a room, you are also entirely certain you are not. When you call out into that dark, empty room on a night so pitch black that you think you just may never see the Sun again, you call out for a reason. Because there is someone there to hear it. Or more particularly, *something*.

Yes, there is, there *always* is, something actually out there, something under your bed that you know is there but you cannot see save for out of the corner of your eye, and it cannot and must not be communicated between people under normal circumstances for the fear of ridicule or accusations of lunacy, but it can be communicated in that most private and sensitive of places, the written word.

Here, within, the Society has compiled several firsthand accounts of the strange creatures as we have encountered them as well as works that prove their existence if ever more cryptically still. The more closely you read, the more you come to understand the true nature of what is creeps in by the window at night and perhaps even scarier still, yourself. However, there is a price to

pay for this knowledge. A terrible price. For it is said that whomsoever should become too aware of these creatures, that they themselves lose their minds and eventually their hearts, becoming just another whisper in the room, a specter in the walls... a bump in the night.

Please do read with caution.

Yours,

The Society

i.

There were heavy tears in our eyes as we
watched the swath of inky black slowly
consume the fiery sky over the beach.

When it stopped, we were so confused,
having made our peace with the oblivion
that

terrified us, that we tried to pull it down
over the world as a funeral shroud.

Instead, we were granted a rebirth, and
walked along the edge of the world, light,
shaking, happy.

ii. A drink is just a dark path you wander
down...

1 jigger green chartreuse
1 jigger gran classico
half jigger allspice dram

Stir together seventeen times with just the
left hand. Pour finely into champagne.
Drink several until you remember.

iii. Sleep Paralysis

There must be some ethereal “I,” some
soul perhaps, because I can feel myself
distinctly. I have thoughts, feelings, I exist.
But in this moment I happen to exist a mere
three inches below my ceiling. Whatever “I”

am, I am not my body, because my body rests far below me, asleep in bed.

There is more than just the two of us in this silent room; there is at least one other presence, and it has a plan for me. Something is pulling me down towards the fleshy me below. Slowly, slowly I sink down through the air, some invisible pressure pushing from above, taking its time. I am paralyzed.

With a shocking sensation like a full body gasp, I return to my corporeal form, but still cannot move, see or speak. A voice emerges from the ether and says, in a sinister, terrifying tone: *My name is Emily*. He mocks my name, my ego, my very existence. You think you are, he seems to say, but you are not. You are nothing. I can make you nothing.

Then, a chorus of voices shatters through my consciousness. A cacophony so deafeningly loud, each individual voice so distant and indistinct, it must be every voice on Earth speaking in this moment. Somewhere in that chorus is that one, mocking voice, I cannot hear him but I can feel him; the devil himself. I sense his power over me like I sense my ego, not sure how I know, but I *know* it's there. I try to move, any muscle would do. I focus on my pinkies but they won't budge. I try to scream. I try to pry even one eye open, to make sure that I am not in hell. The voices stop. Without conscious thought or effort, my body shoots upright, landing at a tight, right angle of flesh and pulsing fear. I wiggle my toes and stare at my fingers. A flurry of shimmering dots like the snow of television static dances

before me. But it eventually recedes,
presenting me instead with my bedroom,
my comfortingly familiar possessions.

For one more morning I have been
spared.

iv.

seven empty glasses

line my snow white walls

from each I tasted and swallowed

yet never had the balls

to finish

v. Moving

Kids and cats and modern poets
love to play
in boxes

This corrugated world not much different
than shut eyelids, but composed
of a boundary more stable than flesh

Pack up your ideas. Redecorate
the ceiling of your cerebrum. Seal
your thoughts safely with clear tape

you can own this emptiness

vi. Spotlight

It always started with a scent. Dead leaves blew scattered across the cracked pavement in the white of the streetlight, scattering their musky decay across the autumn chill. An earthworm lay dying in the driveway. That made me angry, that it would die in my driveway. I crushed it with my boot, grinding it against the coarse gravel, shredding it into oblivion. Guitar drifted across the night from some surrounding building. It was a dreary ballad, romantic and painful, lyricized by some whimpering and occasional shouting; the low-income housing was alive tonight.

The inhalation of my cigarette felt nice against the cold. My hands were filthy with soil, nails blackened, leaving a crystalline brown crust on my cylindrical obeisance. I thought for a moment of thinking of her, and then thought better of it and swigged my bottle and dragged the butt. Instead I listened to the sounds of the night, and watched the lights in the sky. It was a foggy night, and flashing blue lights could be seen dancing off in the distance. A dog barked for a moment and then stopped, only for another dog to take up its place.

I moved into the garden and looked at the pumpkin patch. A lot of the pumpkins were either prematurely wilting or destroyed by animals. But a few pristine orange spheres remained, sitting proud and resolute in their extraordinary fortitude, utterly satisfied with their continued existence. I envied the fools.

I heard a creaking sound that turned my attention towards the garden shed. The door was opening slowly, submitting to the wind's hand. I could not see clearly through the fog,

but when the door stopped moving the creaking did not, but continued in a drawn out tremolo, clean and beautiful and stomach wrenching, and I realized it was not a rusty hinge at all but a violin bowing a single, extended note. Then the note changed.

It rose in pitch, subtly but distinctly, reaching for the dead. I stepped forward slowly, moving towards the door. The violin grew more elaborate, wreaking a somniferous glaze of crescendo and decrescendo through my bones. It was dark and I still could not see inside the doorway, even from just in front of it. I ducked and stepped inside.

The violinist stood in the center of the room, lit by a single spotlight. She faced away from me, her eyes transfixed upon the music stand in front of her. The music was much louder and clearer inside the door. It swelled and crested, crumbled to nothing, and then rose again, flipping my heart against my ribs. The vibrato splashed across my ears like spray atop a stormy cliff on the sea, giving me only a single breath before thunderously dropping register. I would swear it was rain upon my cheeks.

I walked closer to the spotlight, my heart beginning to race. I had to meet the violinist that could play such marvelous, transcendent noise. Blood pooled in my cheeks and eyes. I was walking through mud, my legs dragging beneath me, resisting getting closer to the girl. But my heart was throwing a tantrum, pumping its will to keep moving, to find and grab the passion before it could flee. I tried to focus and push harder; I was a magnet repelled. I stopped.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath.

I opened them again and she was there, in front of me, playing, still facing her music stand. The scent was not the same as the musk of the autumn leaves. It was of home. At that moment I was satisfied with my continued existence.

I tapped her on the shoulder and the music stopped.

And so did my heart as she began to turn around.

Roots grew in and out of one of her eye sockets along with a few earthworms that had managed to grab hold of some of the dirt. There was not much flesh to be seen except for scraps of pale canvas hanging from a cheekbone. All manner of beetles and centipedes writhed in and out of the remaining muscle; the mandible hung slightly when not rested on the violin. One eye did remain in the socket, however. Her gaze pierced me, and I was frozen, stabbed through the gut and gushing blood upon the floor. Her hand reached out, more skin still attached to her limbs, and her fingers closed around my throat. I gargled blood and flopped on the spike like a fish on a hook.

My last haunting, desperate thought was of her.

vi. Star-Spangled Bummer

wet perpetual viewing

fulfilling desire

to swim in your ocean or be burned by your
fire

hidden within a rosy-hued conch

an innate desire

to outlive the greatest philosophers

in both style and prowess

without having attended Paris

a true American hieress

vii. Jane Stone

I was still detoxing on that forlorn, rainy evening, coming down from a bender that had lasted me the most of my twenties and cost the better part of my youth. I was an addict, but it wasn't the drugs that I was addicted to. I craved something, needed something, to depend on, to abuse. I was addicted to addictions. I looked down at my shaking fingers, my muscles and fat still releasing small amounts of the drugs back into my system, my brain trying to extract every last drop it could to try to get back the high, but there was no way back, so I steadied my fingers on the whiskey on my desk and held on tight while the worms of addiction burrowed through my brain, trying to force me to get out and get more of the drug. The whiskey kept me stable, kept me sober - I wasn't a drinker, I just used it to calm my nerves. Rain pounded on the window outside, the occasional flash of lightning making bare and naked my own cowardice, sitting right there in my office. I had just finished the bottle

and lit a cigarette when the door buzzer interrupted me, which fell in unfortunate concert with an unsettling roll of thunder. I looked in the security camera and that's when I saw her for the very first time. A beautiful thing like that standing out in the rain in the night, I had no choice but to let her in.

She knocked on my office door three times, the raps rattling the engraved pane glass violently. "Come in," I beckoned, lighting a stale Winston. The light in the corner of the office was on; the shade gave it a green glow, bathing the room in the hue of sick. The doorknob turned, and she walked in.

She was soaked from the rain, wearing a brown, knee length coat cinched by a matching brown belt around the waist. She wore no hat and carried no umbrella; her hair was wet and clumped. Her eyes were nervous, her teeth chattering and the skin on her neck tightened with anxiety. This was no femme-fatale. This was a damsel in distress.

"What could possibly bring you here at this hour of the night in this weather?" I tried to ask, but I doubt she could understand any of the words through the stagnant phlegm that had been accruing in my larynx. I hacked and coughed and wheezed for a full minute while she looked at me, her green eyes wide and frightened. I sensed a dangerous archetype and suddenly I had goosebumps. When I was done clearing my throat, I tried again.

"Who are you?" I asked.

That was when she collapsed on the floor.

I rolled my eyes and let out a lung full of smoke into the office, listening to the rain on the window. She really had to come here for this? I put out the cigarette and kicked back the last of the bourbon, then walked around to see if she was alive. She looked alright; she was probably just passed out of exhaustion from being out in the rain. I lifted her up and laid her down on the couch and covered her in a blanket. Then I picked up my coat, cigarettes, and keys, turned the lights, and left.

There's nothing of real value in that office. I didn't want to bother with an ambulance so I figured I'd let her just sleep it off while I go off and find a drink. I stood under the awning outside my door and fired up another Winston, wondering if this was just an excuse for me to find more drugs, and watched the rain and the lightning and felt the thunder. The streetlights made for an excellent strobe in the heavy rain, a sparkle that held suspended in the air, twinkling all down the streets of the city. When my cigarette was near the filter, I decided it was just an excuse for me to find drugs after all, and perhaps this case would finally be interesting, so I trudged back up into my office, put down my coat, and turned on the lights.

"Excuse me," I tried to say to the fainted woman, but no matter how many times or how loudly I said it, she did not budge. So, I began shaking her shoulder, and finally after several rounds of ever more vehement oscillations, the mystery woman awoke. I noticed then her skin was clammy and cold, much colder than I'd expect it to be even after being drenched in a storm.

"Who are you?" I asked. Her eyes widened again so I grabbed her shoulders and steadied

them, reassuring her she was safe. She looked up at me, meeting my eyes. I shall never forget what I saw in those eyes. Fear. Pain. Emptiness, loss, nothingness, eternal nothingness, nothingness so vast and so immense and so tiny and pointless there was only one conclusion that could be drawn from what I saw in those eyes. Then she said it.

“My name is Jane Stone, and I’m dead.”

TO BE CONTINUED...

viii. Murderer

It was almost midnight when I saw her come ‘round the corner with him. My stomach tightened and my heart wrenched; I ducked into an alley and pressed myself against the cold, cracked brick, breathing as softly as I could. I felt like a prisoner escaping, desperately trying to keep myself out of the spotlights that would mean my certain doom. I peered out, checking to see where they were going. He was tall, much taller than I was, with a thick black goatee and a square chin, eyes shrouded beneath an impressive black fedora and his torso wrapped in an elegant black pea coat. She was wearing a fur over a red dress that matched her lips. Her hair was done up, silky brown curls exquisitely arranged in a manner reminiscent of the extraordinary elegance of a peacock. They were walking arm-in-arm; he must be moneyed, I thought, and them returning from some sort of charity auction or exclusive jazz performance at Lincoln. I looked down at my old tattered brown leather jacket and swallowed a pang of pain. I held my breath as they drew closer, then receded further into the darkness of the alley,

my foot sinking right into a deep puddle of dirty slush, soaking through my shoe and leaving my foot like a castaway washed up on frozen shores. They walked past the alley and I felt a rock in my throat, sharp and jagged and cutting at my esophagus, making it difficult to breathe. I sniffed back some mucus; some still escaped down onto my dry, chafed upper lip.

“Hold it right there, buddy.”

I could feel the knife pressed against my lower back, the tip just piercing through the ragged leather and dirty over shirt underneath.

“Nice and slow, reach into your jacket. That’s right, good boy. Pull out your cell phone, your wallet, and anything else I might find shiny.” The voice was gruff and graveled, a standard New York City mugger. I could feel his breath hot on my cold neck; I had forgotten my scarf that night. I could smell fish and pickles sour on his breath even facing away from him. The smell made me nauseous and light headed.

“You’re going to be sorely disappointed,” I said haughtily. I didn’t reach into my pockets.

“Let’s GO. You must have something,” he rasped. The knife pressed further in; I felt the warmth of blood releasing from my skin.

“Careful, there, you could hurt someone,” I replied. Acid reflux jumped up from the back of my throat, embalming my tongue in a pungent sickness. I hocked up my saliva along with the sick and spit heartily. My foot was still freezing.

“You got some sorta death wish, asshole?” he barked, sliding the knife in a bit further. It

must have been nearly quarter inch in, just to the left on my spine and near my kidneys.

“Hard to say,” I replied. I thought about her red dress and silky brown curls.

“You have a HELL OF A MOUTH for a guy with a knife in his back,” he roared. He began coughing and wheezing loudly. A lifelong smoker, no doubt; I recognized that cough.

I took my chance while he was coughing and lunged forwards. I felt the knife escape my back and I wheeled around as fast as I could as my mugger lunged forward to bring the knife towards my chest. I swung my foot upwards, striking his knife-hand with the toe of my wet, frozen foot. The knife flung up into the air, drops of my blood flying in an arc over the alley. Before I even realized what I was doing I had grabbed the man’s throat; I could feel the rough prickle of the hair on his neck and his cracked, blemished skin beneath. Squeezing as tightly as I could, I pushed forward with all my might, slamming the bearded man against the cold, red brick, his head making an audible thud as his skull cracked against the alley wall. He grabbed wildly at my arm, trying to tear my grip from his trachea, now slowly bowing inwards from the pressure of my roughhewn fingers. The face below the thick black beard was sallow and yellowish. His teeth were bared as saliva foamed through his brown and yellow smoker’s teeth. Blood dripped down the wall behind him from where skull had met brick. She was in my head. I saw her back at his apartment, removing the fedora and the elegant black pea coat, laying her hand on his chest as she leaned in to kiss him with her bright red lips. He embraced her and removed her bright red dress, slowly, taking much care

in doing so that he could feel the fullness of her quivering body beneath. The smoker's face turned from yellow to blue; the foaming saliva turned to foaming blood and his eyes began to close.

My stomach tightened and my heart wrenched; I let my grip go and the body fell to the ground. I felt a rock in my throat. A warm saltiness entered my mouth; I touched my eyes and I was crying.

ix. what was Lost

a Stirring of something
long thought Lost
a pillow of Time
the last Gasp of you

unmovable Boulder nudges slightly
left in the Rain
return and rise in the Sea
the Dead wipe their shoulders

contrast brings Comfort
ambiguity of Pain
rolling Desert, arid Plain
rickshaw carried me away

I could love you
though I am not Saying that I do
I could.
fear is a Superpower

it makes your Heart race
your adrenaline Fire
resolution of the Self
do you think that he's Scared?

hiding under the Bed?

No.

because Fear
doesn't have to make you Cruel
It could.
but it can also make you Kind.

Stirred in me,
what I thought long ago Lost
I am afraid
but Excited.

x. Run

She started her journey on the midnight of July 7th. It hadn't really been planned, except by destiny, perhaps. It was a warm summer night, with the mist hanging over the empty road, lit up by the pale blue moonlight. She smiled as she stood on the double yellow line stretching in front of her; guitar in one hand and knapsack slung over one shoulder. The light of a streetlight shined pale yellow in the distance. She closes her eyes and stretched her face up to the sky, the mist dusting her pale neck and starlight kissing her eyelids, finally breathing in the taste of the dirty road and cool forest. To her, it is the taste of freedom. It was time to move on. She took one last deep breath, enjoying the calm serenity of the night air, and started walking. By the time she had reached the edge of town it was almost 4am. She was damp and tired, but her lips set in a determined line.

The train station was practically deserted, except for a sleeping man with a briefcase. The sun had just begun to rise behind the trees and a dirty, broken fence that bordered the track was creating long shadows over the ground.

The huge metal handle on the old door was cold when she touched it, but unlocked. Inside there was a scraggy looking women with a steaming cup of coffee and a battered sudoku puzzle, half finished. She looked up drearily and uttered a strange noise from chapped lips.

“Excuse me?” The girl’s voice was quiet and clear.

“I said...” the lady drawled in a raspy voice, “Where to?”

“Oh, Chicago please.”

“Sixty-seven.” The woman puts out a wrinkled hand with little enthusiasm. The girl hands over proudly earned money, only to have it snatched away unceremoniously. “Train leaves 8 am, arrives at the Randolph Station at noon.

Enjoy your ride...” she hands her the tickets, then sighs heavily and turns back to the scrubby sudoku. She goes outside to watch the sunrise. Sitting on a cold bench she had 2 hours to wait, so she takes out a soft, leather bound journal and begins to write.

xi. Intro to Humanity

understood only in the definitions of ourselves

to ourselves

in truth, the fool can only say what we know for sure

and ‘alone’ is a word defined by the lonely.

The scholar,

silly,

simple,

seductive.

we pounce on our ideas

a disregard to our
endless
understatements.

Sometimes our music seems the closest we get
to what reality

really is

and our ludicrous synonyms make

only simple pictures

in a complex mind
without boundaries

(one we rarely
appreciate, wrapped up
in the lives we have
created)

I wonder

about the world I live in

that humanity is caged.

but unlike the forlorn dove,

we've built these thick bars

one by one

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