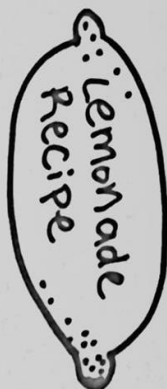


Banshee
#3



More
From...
The Kitchen
Ghosts

House
Wanted

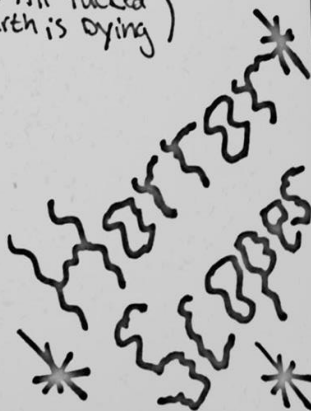


Arts & Cats
ft. Parker

Nightmares

Musings from
The Lost generation
(or how we're All fucked)
and The Earth is dying

Lisa Simpson:
A Role Model





Contents



- Poetry -
 Fragile
- A Ghost Story
- Cracker Co. Ad
- Kitchen Ghosts
 in
 "Movie Night"
- Lisa Simpson:
 A Role Model
- Horror Scopes
- Arts & Cats
 ft. Parker
- Lemonade Recipe
- Nightmares
- Musings from the Lost
 Generation

*House*Wanted*

Looking for a spacious 3 bedroom home in a quiet small town.



Must allow pets! Both fur bearing and semi-aquatic, with some annual shedding of exoskeletons. (Standard tentacle length compliant).

Preferable - 1 dusty attic with trap door entrance. Large enough to hold several small coffin shaped crates. Moths not an issue.

As a family that enjoys cooking, we insist on a modern up dated kitchen with a wood burning stove. Everything tastes better charred!

Any and All remains from past tenants may be left upon move in date. However, we request that organic matter be kept refrigerated.



No off street Parking Needed.



Fragile

Men break so easily

Like ancient pages that can't stand
up to the weight of time.

History tells us that men are strong,
far stronger than the female persuasion.
But the truth lies in the offices, with
closed doors, glasses clinking over the
smallest of accomplishments.

These grey suit clad men hold each
other up like pillars of the Colosseum,
there 'til the very end.

They fear the young, the hungry
gladiators marching fast at their heels
for opportunities of greatness.

They fear becoming obsolete.

Women have no such fear because we
have always been second choice, the RC,
to man's Sony.

Women exist under societal pressures
that convince the masses we are
lesser creatures.

Creatures, not true humans, not truly man kind, at all.

We create, with hands and minds and bodies. Our art is special, novel, because there are fewer of us.

Fewer still that come out of the Tuesday night painting classes or the in-home offices.

Our work rots away in desk drawers and spare bedrooms.

Our minds cave in and we become lost to this world. If we don't leave it all together, we become nothing more than muse or mother to someone else's creation.

Ghost Stories To Spook Your Ghoulfriends

The Mournful Mist

By Amy Dixon

Through the early morning mist I heard their gentle crunching foot steps on the carpet of dead leaves and spindly twigs. Three dark figures march past, ignoring the tree I hide behind. Mossy bark pressed against my cheek, I peer around the massive oak trunk and watch as they march further into the forest. My heavy leather boots make no sounds as I drift in their direction, swerving over and under the thickets and ferns, leaving tiny chilled droplets of dew behind me.

“Is this the right way, Wayne? You said you knew the way.” The shortest of them shouts to the other two, much faster, teens.

“Yeah, man. I come here all the time, I know my way around.” A brown haired boy turns and replies while continuing to walk down the narrow travel worn path.

I’m coming up closer to the group now, following beside them, just a few feet to the right. I keep pace with the girl, she walks between the two boys but keeps looking back at the short one. They have the same warm golden hair, all twists and spirals. She wears a spring jacket, thin and crinkly, I listen to the *swish, swish, swish* for a long time.

“We’re close now, Hunter. See that rock there?” Wayne points towards a large boulder with two hand prints on it, one blue and one green. “That’s me and my dad’s handprints, it’s called a trail marker and it means we’re only five minutes from the hunting cabin.”

He was right, I could see it past the thick evergreens. It’s nothing but a squat little wooden shack with a stone

chimney poking up from the roof. Lifting higher, I move past the girl, past Wayne, sail past the faded sign staked into the ground out front of the cabin that says 'Jim's Hideaway'. When I reach the door, I press against it but it only creaks faintly and sighs back into place. It takes ages for the group to catch up to me, I wait so patiently in that spot on the tiny porch that I start to sink into the old planks of cedar, getting lost in the spaces between the slats, where dust and darkness rest.

"Welcome to the hideaway!" Wayne's voice booms through the small clearing and floats up into the surrounding branches. It shakes me from my vacant sleepy haze. I push towards them, feeling the pull not wanting to let me go, explore. When my head fully clears, I can hear the girl talking again, something about needing to get Tristan back home before dinner. Tristan must be the short one, because his face scowls when she says it, like he's tired of being talked about.

They all shuffle up the few steps to the door and I linger there, with them, as Wayne fumbles with the key and lock and then giving a swift shoulder to free the door from its snug frame.

"Cool! This place is awesome, why don't we always come here?" Tristan says as he flops down on a low tweed couch sending dust puffs out from the cushions.

The room is exactly as I remember it, the dark wood rafters, the small wood stove, the fire place. The walls are mostly bare, except for a classic car calendar from 1987 and a few tools. I follow Wayne as he leads the girl to a closed door, it has a large combination lock hanging where there should be a handle.

She whispers now, turning away from the younger boy.

"I shouldn't have even brought him here. He can't find out, you know that right? It would really mess him up like for life."

Wayne's hand falls from the lock and looks coldly from her to the boy. His jaw tensing and releasing as he works on his reply.

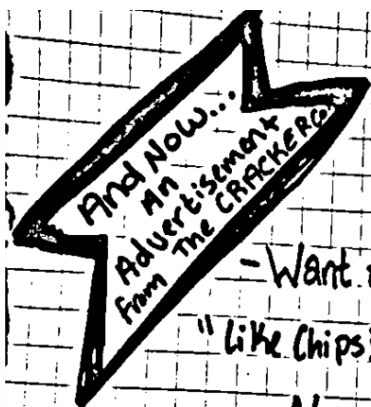
"Look, it'll be two seconds and we can leave and he won't ever know. It was you by the way that wanted to come, that had to see for yourself. So, just relax, Jessie." He turns the combination and the lock slips loose and falls open.

They walk into the dark room and I hover near the boy, hesitant to go after them. I hear her gasp before I can move at all but I'm there next to her so quickly, a cool breeze trails after me. I don't look right away, i wait. I instead look at Jessie's face, her small nose, and faint freckles. I stare so hard into her horrified eyes that I fear I may move into her fleshy body and snuggle up to the soft wet parts inside.

It was then that I knew I had to look, because if not now, then when? So I took the deepest breath I could manage, no air passed through my lungs at all. I lean away from her warmth and turn slowly to look at the crumpled pillow case that lay on the musty single bed. It lays half open, a flashlight's beam peers into the cotton folds and illuminates the hard beige bones that used to belong to me. I suppose they still do.

A moan so dense and filled with sorrow crackles out of my dry mouth. The girl cries and I feel so sorry for her, that I scared her but they fade away as I lay down on the bed and grasp the hard sack to my chest. I wept for so long that when I finally tried to stand and go back to the forest all that was left was a few bare pillars and the now blank sign in the ground.

THE END



- Want to Try a Crispy Snack? -

"Like Chips?"

- No... hah... No -

"Oh, are they moist then?"

- Not at All -

"But They taste good, right?"

- Uh, sure. Yes -



"What are they called?"



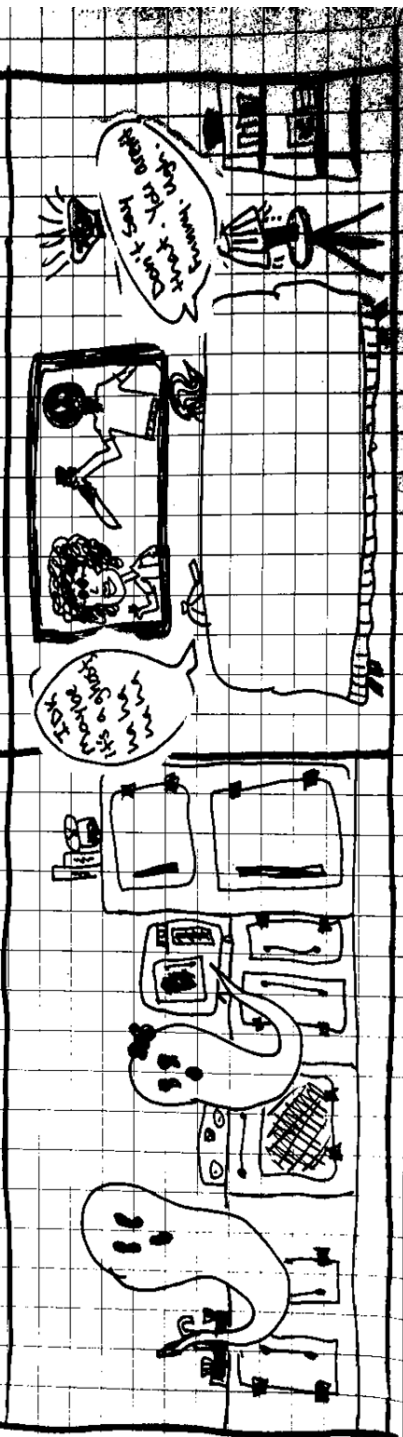
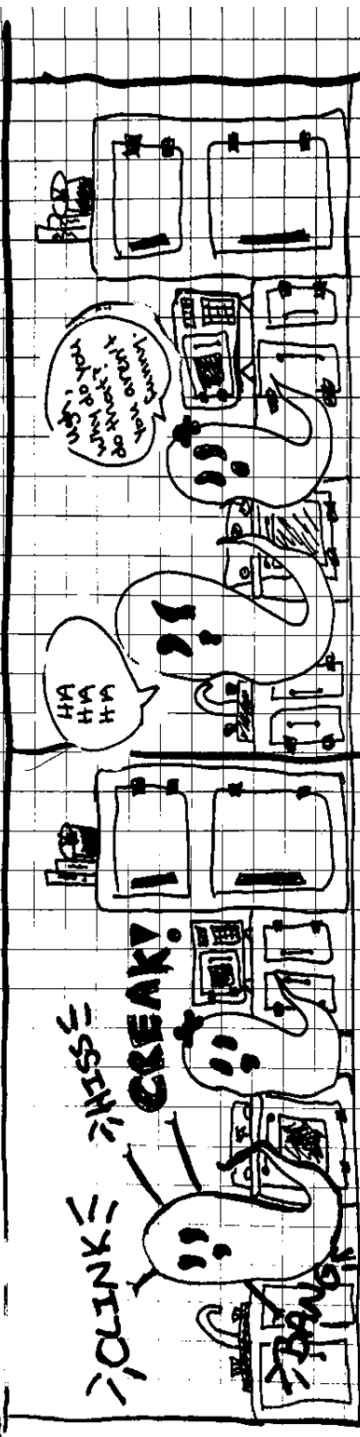
CRACKERS

"Who knows what the Fuck they are"

Try Some Today!

(or don't, whatever)

Kitchen Ghosts In Movie Night



Any
Question

Why Lisa Simpson has always been My Role model

- 1) Stands up for what she believes is right, no matter if you don't make friends with salad.
- 2) Tries to see the best in every person be it bully, elderly, or silent infant.
- 3) is okay with having "unpopular" likes + hobbies (jazz)
- 4) Confident being above average, even if people call her a-know-it-all or a nerd
- 5) Depressed but trying to make the best of it.

"The whole damn system
is wrong!"

"Why is it when a
woman is confident and
powerful, they call her a witch?"

"My interests include music,
science, justice, animals, shapes,
feelings."



"I always sabotage myself when I'm
on the verge of happiness."

"And I may or may not die young,
I haven't decided yet."



"Life is full of pain and
drudgery, but the trick is
to enjoy the few perfect
experiences we're given in
the moment."

"A soy-based snack will calm me
down."

— Lisa Simpson

Horror Scopes

Aries Mar. 21 - Apr. 20

Someone will stab you in the back, when you're most vulnerable - Psycho

Taurus Apr. 21 - May 20

Feeling Watched? Someone's been eyeing you down, check your closet - Halloween

Gemini May 21 - Jun 21

Not Sleeping well? Relax in a warm bath! - Nightmare on Elm Street.

Cancer Jun 22 - Jul 22

Let children light up your life - Fire starter

Leo Jul 23 - Aug 23

Road Trips make memories with cherished friends this Summer. - Wrong Turn

Virgo Aug. 24 - Sep 23

Get lost in the woods, soak up some nature! - Evil Dead

Libra Sep 24 - Oct 23

Work may be leaving you drained, take a swim at the lake to refresh! - Friday the 13th

Scorpio Oct 24 - Nov 22

Instead of isolating yourself, let more people in. Embrace new friends.

- The Exorcist

Sagittarius Nov 23 - Dec 21

Let go of what's keeping you down, we can't change the past. - Pet Cemetery

Capricorn Dec 22 - Jan 20

Take new job opportunities, especially those that bring you closer to loved ones.

- The Shining

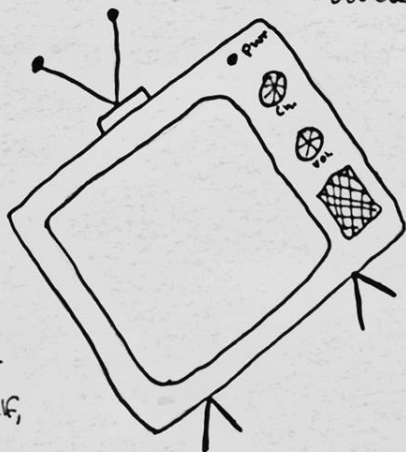
Aquarius Jan 21 - Feb 18

if you're feeling held back by your fears, face them now before they settle in for good. Ask friends for a hand!

- IT

Pisces Feb 18 - Mar 20

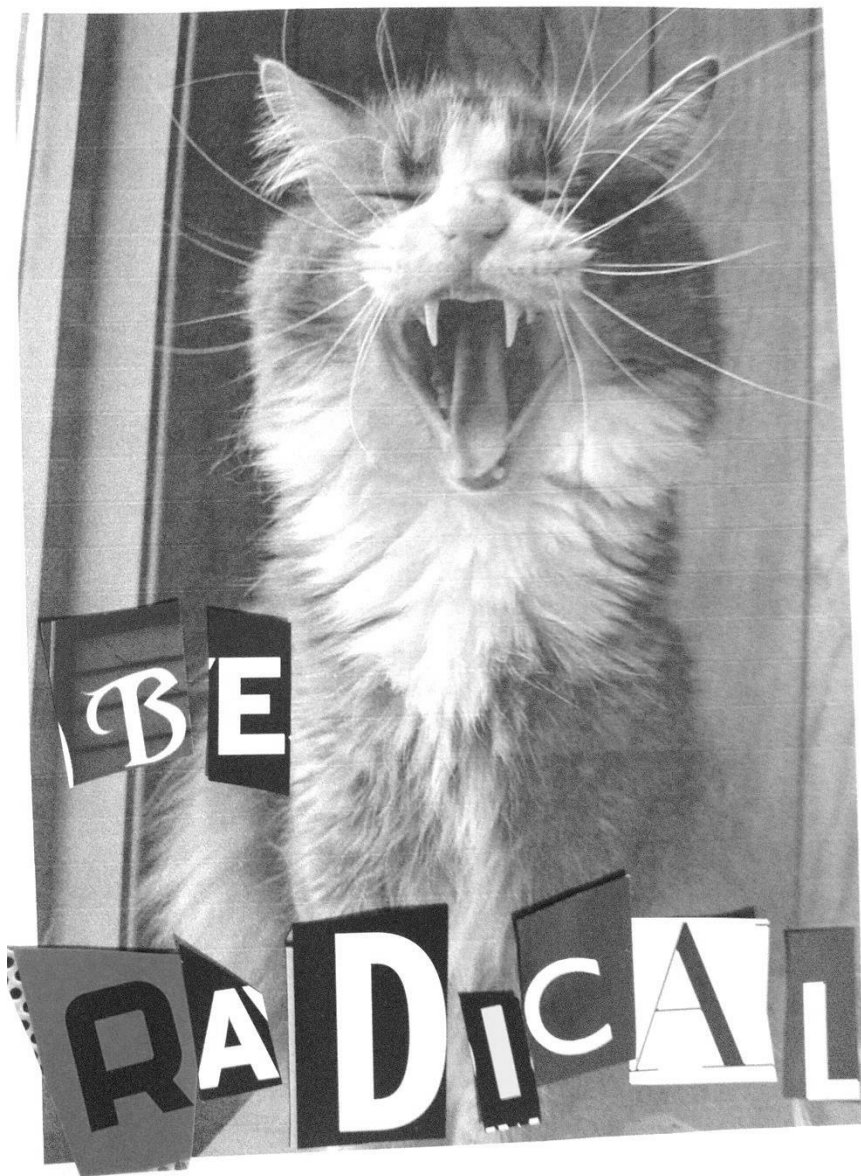
Explore out side of your comfort zone. Meet new people and learn new things. - Get Out



+++++Arts & Cats+++++

Collage Collaboration

Faith Peters and Amy Dixon



Don't Believe ✨



in



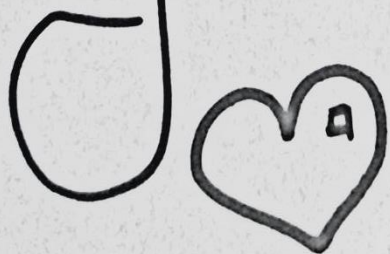
Anything?



but



Yourself!



How To Make Lemonade From Life's Lemons



Add:

- Sugar = to body weight
- 1 obsessive fandom
- A solid base of Sarcasm
- music of your choice

Subtract (or Substitute)

- Anyone too Sour
- excessive use of puns or pun related alternatives
- Allergies
- insomnia



Mix:

It Up, regularly repeat as needed





Nightmares,

to fuel your fight.



"Once when I was in Middle School ish (or maybe even younger) I had a dream where myself and some of my school friends had to run in fear from a T-Rex and we took shelter in a Costco. XD it was real scary at the time but now it's just weird/funny." - Lizz

"I used to have a recurring dream about being in a house, like an old country house and it was really quiet, like everything felt still. The sun was always there, making the rooms all orangey and warm. I'd be brushing my hair in front of this vanity and up from behind me, my grandmother would pop

up and look really sinister and chase me thru the house. Id end up losing her and go to take a bath in this huge metal tub. But once i was in it the water would go dark and I'd feel stuff between my fingers and when i pulled my hands up it would be long hair (she had super long hair) and id be so terrified and jolt awake.” - Amy

“Like one where we roll up to this compound in the cavalier done up post apocalyptic nuclear melt down and we take over and rule it and go to war with another group of half nuclear zombie half human cannibals.” – Nicole

Musings from the Lost Generation

By Amy Dixon

Gen Y never stood a chance.
We won't retire and have
lazy Sundays with a yard
of happy grandkids or get
to travel in our golden years
at the helm of some oversized
RV.

In our life time we've
experienced change at a rate
unseen in any generation
before us. I believe that's
why I made peace with
the end, because we grew
up watching things be created,
run its cycle and become
obsolete.

Now it's our cycle that
comes to an end.

How I Made Peace With The End of The World

My generation grew up
trying to save the world. We
had the fear of losing the
Bees, a thinning ozone layer,
and both a water shortage
And rising water levels.

Personally, I never had
much hope in life and never
believed I'd grow old at all.

Currently, im older than i
ever expected and it turns out
the world couldn't be saved.

In 40 years humanity will
be pushed to the brink of
existence on this planet.

