

READER BEWARE: YOU'RE IN FOR A ZINE

Halloween Zeen

two thousand sixtzeen



by numerous artists
and writers from
around the globe

Featuring:
art
fiction
non-fiction
a puzzle
lists

100% spooky content
(for free, dude)

FROM
THE EDITOR

Dear reader,

Hello.

You don't need me to tell you
how important Halloween is.

Sincerely,

Ryan Veeder

Ryan Veeder

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WHODUNNIT

Here's how to find out how you died:
Start at \$1. Pick the correct response
and continue to the indicated \$ thingie.
Continue until dead.

- \$1. You heard a noise outside.
You looked for a weapon. Go to \$33.
You rushed to investigate. Go to \$11.
You peeked out the window. Go to \$19.
- \$2. It was gone.
Go to \$32.
- \$3. They never found you.
- \$4. Your scream was cut short.
- \$5. Something whistled, or screamed.
You went out to investigate. Go to \$11.
You opened the window. Go to \$14.
- \$6. You reached an intersection.
You turned left. Go to \$28.
You continued straight. Go to \$16.
You turned right. Go to \$8.
- \$7. No, that's the wrong way.
Go to \$15.
- \$8. This hall seemed familiar.
You took the same turn as before.
Go to \$56.
You tried a different route. Go to \$16.
- \$9. The noise did not come again.
You waited. Go to \$57.
You dropped your guard. Go to \$48.
- \$10. It got you.
- \$11. There was no moon. You could see nothing.
You rushed into shadows. Go to \$55.
You listened to the wind. Go to \$17.
You thought you saw something. Go to \$50.
- \$12. You stared at the ceiling.
You listened for the sound. Go to \$53.
You looked under the bed. Go to \$51.
- \$13. Your hand brushed against something.
You screamed. Go to \$4.
You pulled your hand back. Go to \$26.
- \$14. You couldn't hear it.
You craned your head out. Go to \$35.
You went back to bed. Go to \$12.
- \$15. You fell.
Go to \$34.
- \$16. You passed another door.
You opened the door. Go to \$52.
You walked on by. Go to \$56.
- \$17. A train whistle blew.
You followed the sound. Go to \$25.
You went on walking. Go to \$46.

- \$18. It was coming up the stairs.
You tried to get a look at it. Go to \$37.
You ran to stab it. Go to \$29.
- \$19. There was nothing outside.
You watched. Go to \$21.
You listened. Go to \$5.
- \$20. But you didn't see it coming.
- \$21. It disappeared.
You went out to investigate. Go to \$11.
You crawled back into bed. Go to \$53.
- \$22. Then it was gone.
Go to \$23.
- \$23. You woke up in a panic.
You're imagining things. Go to \$31.
It's still out there. Go to \$59.
- \$24. You never made it back.
- \$25. The whistle became louder—you were getting closer.
Go to \$20.
- \$26. It reached up at you.
Go to \$38.
- \$27. It grabbed your foot.
Go to \$22.
- \$28. Another hallway.
You kept walking. Go to \$16.
You turned around. Go to \$6.
- \$29. You dove into it, down the stairs.
Go to \$45.
- \$30. You stared at the ceiling.
Go to \$20.
- \$31. You calmly walked downstairs.
Go to \$40.
- \$32. You were lost.
You turned around. Go to \$54.
You called out for help. Go to \$44.
- \$33. You grabbed a pair of scissors. The noise came again.
You crept into the hall. Go to \$18.
You waited at your door. Go to \$9.
You looked under the bed. Go to \$51.
- \$34. You heard something snap.
- \$35. The sound came again.
You leaned further, listened closer.
Go to \$58.
You rushed downstairs and outside.
Go to \$55.

Ghost trap for sale

The ghost haunting my home turned out to be friendly so I don't need the trap anymore. \$39 or best offer. Call ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

SUMMURR

□□□□□□□□

hey gal

DEAMIM

□□□□□□□□

do those
go all the
way up?

FYMYAL

□□□□□□□□

DOYMO

□□□□□□□□

SMECLU

□□□□□□□□



EVERYONE AGREED

DJERKHOTEP WAS A...

□□□□□□□□

□□□□□□□□ □□□□□□□□

\$37. Its hands reached out for you, for your head.

You screamed. Go to \$4.

You stabbed. Go to \$39.

You ran. Go to \$27.

\$38. You didn't have time to scream.

\$39. Into empty air.

Go to \$45.

\$40. It was waiting for you.

\$41. You ran.

Go to \$10.

\$42. It ran away. You were alone.

You followed it. Go to \$2.

You called out for help. Go to \$44.

\$43. It stopped. It turned toward you.

Go to \$23.

\$44. Nobody heard you.

Go to \$3.

\$45. You fell on your scissors.

\$46. The whistle faded away.

Go to \$32.

\$47. It crept toward you.

Go to \$41.

\$48. You didn't see it coming.

Go to \$34.

\$49. You nodded off.

Go to \$23.

\$50. A black shape in the blackness.

You called out to it. Go to \$43.

You tiptoed toward it. Go to \$42.

You backed away from it. Go to \$47.

\$51. There was nothing there.

You reached your hand into darkness.

Go to \$13.

You went back to sleep. Go to \$23.

\$52. The door opened on a hallway.

You walked in. Go to \$8.

You turned back. Go to \$6.

\$53. Silence.

You slept. Go to \$23.

You couldn't sleep. Go to \$30.

\$54. Which way?

Go to \$24.

\$55. The night swayed around you.

You stumbled this way. Go to \$32.

You stumbled that way. Go to \$7.

You stopped. Go to \$17

\$56. The hall reached a dead end.

You tried the door. Go to \$28.

You retraced your steps. Go to \$6.

\$57. Nothing.

You crawled back into bed. Go to \$53.

You kept waiting. Go to \$49.

\$58. You leaned too far.

Go to \$34.

CULT OF VIL'THARO

We're looking for staff for temp work.

We're after someone who...

- Is a living human.
- As able to lie perfectly still on an altar within a ritual circle.
- Is not afraid of ceremonial daggers.
- Has high pain tolerance.
- Has a lot of blood.
- Is a virgin.

If this sounds like you, send your application to

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

C O S T U M E I D E A S

These ideas were "crowdsourced" from Twitter.
Do you love sharing costume ideas on Twitter? Me too!!!

@verityvirtue:

a giant tax form
an impaled foot [*jeez -ed.*]

@averyfinecat:

Mt. Rushmore but your head is
one of the heads

@CarlMuckenhoupt:

a capybara in a tuxedo

@Skulryk:

the Fiscal Cliff (2013)

@gveeder:

Joseph Stalin
Niagara Falls
Statue of Liberty dressed up
as a pirate
Yorick with legs

@ZombieHam:

Australia [*"full of things
that can kill you, so that's
pretty spooky"*]

@StrawVegetarian:

sexy taco [*if Halloween falls
on Taco Tuesday*]
sexy eggplant lasagna [*if
Halloween falls on Meatless
Monday*]

@rifflesby presents:

budget costumes

a pre-ghost
a skeleton case
a man, eating plant
a wereperson
the visible man (but not the
kind where you can see all
his guts)
an animated mannequin
a well-crafted flesh golem
that thing where there's two
kids stacked up inside a
coat? except only one kid

**@ppheevr presents: slightly
mismatched couples costumes**

Gargamel and Enkidu
Priscilla, Queen of the
Desert, and Charybdis
Bono and Cher

@benadullboy:

Quail Man [*I assume Ben means
Doug Funnie's superhero alter
ego but maybe not -ed.*]

@OhHiNic presents:

**"Making a PB&J but doesn't have
any Jelly"**

Starts off as a silly concept
with you holding a knife and
a slice of bread, with a jar
of peanut butter in a
knapsack and you slowly
spread it on the bread
and morphs into a powerful
statement when, several hours
into your evening, your
sandwich is more peanut
butter than bread as you
continue to smear and smear,
you hold back tears as the
peanut butter slops lazily
onto your legs, your shoes,
the ground

@FakeSeanVeeder presents:

a lot of ideas

the Count of Monte Cristo,
drowning
ice cream Sunday
slutty Sir Isaac Newton
teeth falling out
a person only one of us can
see
a Spooki Ghost1 [??? -ed.]
Beck, high at a party, and
forgetful
Banana: too brown
a world record holder
Michael Scott's nervous smile
Littler Richard
and remember to vote this
November!
Chandler Bing
Nintendo's Virtual Boy
a personality test
Elvis Costello, but a woman
and blonde, also, in
bellbottoms
the movie *Eraserhead*

GHOST STORIES of FILLMORE COUNTY

Vivian Carlsson

Like any Iowa county, Fillmore County has its share of ghosts. "But," you may scoff, "there's no such thing as ghosts!" Besides being ungrammatical, that statement may or may not be true. Even the bravest, scoffingest unbelievers have found themselves with their knees knocking and their teeth chattering in the presence of something they see, hear, or *sense* that they cannot explain. The stories you are about to read have been vouched for by many sober, no-nonsense witnesses. Sometimes the evidence is as solid as the floor beneath me. Other times it is as elusive as a quickly fleeing dream. What these stories all have in common is the power to stand your hair on end. Read on if you dare.

The Ghosts of the Failsafe Saloon

Have you ever stopped at the Failsafe Saloon in Carlsberg for a beer? Or a Cherry Coke? If you have, maybe you've encountered one of the building's two ghosts.

The Failsafe is one of the oldest buildings in downtown Carlsberg. It was first a drugstore, then something else, then some kind of commercial enterprise, and then Fred Carlsson purchased it and restored the old drugstore counter to make it a bar. He called the place the Failsafe Saloon, because he had just seen the movie "Fail-Safe" starring Henry Fonda around then. He had an argument with his wife about whether fail-safe means a device that's supposed to keep something bad from happening, or if it means something bad happened when it wasn't supposed to. Anyway, the building has always had two apartments upstairs, with tenants in them more or less constantly through the years.

That's important, because that's probably where the ghost of Little Willie came from. No one has ever seen Little Willie, but sometimes in the morning, before the bar is open, employees hear the indistinct noise of a small child

playing and singing to himself. No one knows who it is, but sometimes when Fred would say, "Quiet down, Willie," the noise would stop. And sometimes people hear Little Willie on the stairs to the front apartment. Light treads coming down the stairs, both feet stopping on the same step before the next step is attempted, just like a little child.

One night a stranger came into the Failsafe and happened to hear the story of Little Willie. The stranger said the presence of Willie's ghost might indicate that a small child died there and was not properly buried. He said that he was a diviner who used dowsing rods to find water, metal, and other assorted items, including gravesites. Fred allowed the stranger to walk about the premises with his rods, and at a location just behind the building, the rods pointed down.

When Fred dug up the ground at the spot indicated, he was horrified to find the skeleton of what appeared to be a hideously deformed child! It was later determined that it was the skeleton of a dog. But Peter took such a fright from his discovery that he sold the Failsafe to his nephew, Thomas, who didn't "believe in no spirits." Still, Thomas doesn't

deny that various employees and patrons have claimed to hear Little Willie, or claim to have seen the Disappearing Man.

The Disappearing Man occasionally comes in the back door of the Failsafe. Which is strange in itself, because the back door is always locked - it's an emergency exit that can only be opened from the inside. But Denise asserts otherwise. Denise used to wait tables at the Failsafe, and she recalls that one night when she was in the back, getting something from the storeroom, she heard the back door open and shut. "I figured it had to be Thomas, because no one else had a key, as far as I knew. But I just saw Thomas at the bar." Curious, she stuck her head out of the door to the storeroom, and saw a man in a suit and hat walking towards her down the hallway. She didn't know him, so she was about to ask him what he was doing there when he disappeared. "It was like he just melted away!" says Denise. When she told Thomas, he didn't believe her.

It turns out another waitress told that story to Thomas, and said she was going to quit. Thomas convinced her to stay with a slight raise in pay. When he heard the story again from Denise, he figured the waitresses were running a scam on him. Denise, who now works at the Bide A Wee, claims otherwise. She has a theory that the Disappearing Man is the ghost of a former owner, because "he walked right in just like he owned the place."

Maybe it was a former owner who wanted to tell Thomas to treat his employees right. Not that that's any of my business.

The Ghost of the Indian Maiden

Every book of ghost stories must include a tale of a tragic Indian princess. In the case of Fillmore County, it happens to be true. It has been passed down to me, a family oral tradition, from my great-great-grandfather, Peter Carlsson. Here it is, in his own words:

"This here is a story from the time when the Indian ruled the West, or maybe a little after that time. It was the time when Indians ruled part of the West and white men ruled part of the West and a lot of the West they was a fightin' over. Well back in them days there was what we called the Neutral Strip.

"See, the whites and the Indians signed some treaties, which done give the Indians lots of money and farming equipment in return for land they hardly ever used. So they moved to some other land where some other Indians lived, and they commenced to having wars. It was up to the Great White Father [the President of the United States - ed.] to keep 'em from killin' each other off. So he made the Neutral Strip. That was where the Indians from both sides could hunt and fish and everybody promised there would be no fighting - there would be peace in the Neutral Strip.

"Now, that land was eventually treated over to the white people, and the Indians went on somewheres else, which may seem unfair to some, but we still honor the noble red man, in our hearts, and in the names of lots of our cities and such [e.g. Keokuk, Ottumwa, Winnebago County, Allamakee County, Meskwaki Settlement, etc. - ed.]. But before then, a tragic story happened, which was the story of Heavenly Dove and Faster Than Horses. [These names are sometimes different in different versions. - ed.]



"Heavenly Dove, which is what her Indian name translated into in English was, was the daughter of a great chief. Now Indian women was expected to do all the work around the village while the menfolk, the braves, went out ahunting the buffalo [*American bison - ed.*]. But the chief loved Heavenly Dove so much that he let her do as she pleased. And she took to visitin' the Neutral Strip. By and by she met a brave from the other side of the Neutral Strip named Faster Than Horses. I don't think he was really faster than horses but that was his name. There was a reason for his name but if I ever knowed what it was I don't recollect it.

"Heavenly Dove and Faster Than Horses fell in love. That's the long and the short of it. But they was from different tribes that was sworn enemies of each other. So they fell to visitin' in secret, against the wishes of his people on the one side and her people on t'other. But by and by the chief he found out, and he said, 'Heavenly Dove, I forbid thee to have truck with this brave, and furthermore stay out of the Neutral Strip.'

"So Heavenly Dove fell to cryin' and not washin' her hair. Meanwhile, Faster Than Horses, a hotheaded brave if ever there was one, would try to sneak into Heavenly Dove's camp. He'd get close and then someone would sound the alarm and then he'd get run off. But one time, which proved to be the last time, he showed up and Heavenly Dove's little brother shot him with his little bow and arrow, and Faster Than Horses uttered a loud cry, probably the name of his beloved in the Indian language [*possibly Lakotan - ed.*], and then he died.

"'Poor Heavenly Dove became as one who did not want to live. All the pleadin' and promises by

her father the chief were to no avail. And one day she took herself up to the top of a bluff by the Elm River, and threw herself off. The result of which is she perished.

"Well the years passed, and Indians became a rare sight as the plow replaced the buffalo. By and by our people come to settle in Fillmore County, right here in Elm River Township. And Pa, the day he got here, he seen clear as day a young Indian maiden climbing up a bluff, and he never seen her come down. Well, there was no Indians livin' in Fillmore County far as he knew, but he didn't know for certain. Later he come to a cabin where Ole Svensson lived, and Ole, who ended up bein' our neighbor for years, asked him in to share his grub.

"After they finished the meal, Pa was movin' off, but before he left he says to Ole, 'Thankee for the food and drink, friend. But before we 'uns move off yonder, kin we ask ye, air there still [*Native Americans*] in these here parts?'

"And Ole says, "Why, no, stranger. What makes you inquire?'

"And Pa says, 'I'd a' swore we seen a purty young [*Native American*] gal aclimbing that high bluff yonder by the river.'

"And Ole says, 'Stranger, what you just seen was the ghost of Heavenly Dove.'"

That was my great-great grandfather's story. In later years, sightings of the ghost have dropped off. But when your mind is hovering between the world of today and a midafternoon daydream, it is easy to imagine yourself back in a time when the forlorn shape of Heavenly Dove was seen climbing the bluff above Elm River, and then disappearing into thin air.

SPOOK JUICE

Get the
Halloween Spirit
into you!



WARNING: Follow directions on label.
The following side-effects are associated
with excessive consumption of Spook Juice:

- Loss of skin
- Rapid hair growth
- The Hunger™
- Headlessness
- Levitation
- Spontaneous combustion
- Compound eyes
- Shambling
- Slime
- Boneitis
- Moths
- Dramatic entrances
- Curses and/or hexes
- Excessive howling
- Bad attitude
- Positive disposition towards "Death Metal"
- Phantom pains
- Aversion to religious symbols
- Elongated limbs
- Reanimation
- Soul itching
- Dry veins
- Rigor mortis
- Blurred face
- Bleeding hair

"Avenge me! Avenge me!"

The modest house on Willow Avenue in Carlsberg looks innocent, even welcoming on a bright summer day. But on a cold and rainy night, it can take on a much more sinister aspect, especially if you know the house's history.

It was on a cold and rainy night in 1907, we assume, when a most disturbing crime took place in this house. Carl Carlsson, a local millworker, lived there with his wife, Alice, his four children, and his brother. His brother Arf had recently been dislocated by his landlord for nonpayment of his rent. Carl kindly allowed him to move in with his family. What Carl didn't know is that Arf and Alice had been carrying on an illicit love affair behind his back. According to Alice's testimony at the inevitable trial, Arf's desire for her intensified once he moved to a closer proximity, and it drove him to a mad act.

One night Arf struck Carl over the head several times with a pipe wrench. Then he pushed him down the basement stairs to make it look like an accident. However, Alice either wasn't a party to the crime or she decided later she oughtn't to be, and when the police investigation added up two and two and couldn't come up with four, she spilled the beans. Arf ended up in the penitentiary, where he most likely died in his sleep.

But what about Carl? His house became notorious as the site of a foul murder, and children used to frighten each other with tales of his ghost. And on windy nights in the neighborhood, you can very easily imagine the ghost of Carl Carlsson whispering, "Avenge me! Avenge me!" Or is it just the trees creaking in the wind? You decide.

The Ghost of Ocean-Born Mary

I'm sure you've all heard the story of Ocean-Born Mary. But I bet you didn't know that the ghostly tale has a surprising coda that carried it all the way to Fillmore County, Iowa.

The story has its beginning in a small, storm-tossed ship called the *Wolf* braving the icy North Atlantic on its way to the New World in the early 18th Century. Many leagues from port, the captain espied another ship on the horizon. Could it be...pirates? The captain's heart sank as it became clear that the unidentified ship was swiftly overtaking him. He cracked on more sail, but he had no hope of outrunning the buccaneers. He was obliged to heave to, and the pirates came alongside and swarmed aboard. Their leader was the dreaded Don Carlos, and he was enraged that the stout little *Wolf* had tried to escape him. He ordered that all the passengers and crew be put to death!

But then amid the shrieks of the horrified captives Don Carlos heard the unmistakable gasping cry of a newborn infant. He ordered that the babe be brought to him. The trembling mother was summoned from below. The icy heart of Don Carlos began to melt. "If you will name the child Mary, after my mother, I will spare the ship and all aboard," he choked. The parents quickly assented, and the pirates returned to their ship empty-handed and dejected. But before they left, Don Carlos returned with a bolt of green brocaded silk. "For my Mary's wedding dress," he said gruffly, and then he was gone.

Ocean-Born Mary Wilson grew up to be a tall, red-headed New

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GHOSTS!



ZOMBIES!



DEMONS!



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"We don't just make scares, we make memories!"

Hampshire beauty, and when she married James Wallace she was clad in a wedding gown made from a pirate's green silk. Mary and James had five children, and then James died. Mary struggled to raise her brood on her own, and then one day a well-dressed stranger came to her door. It was none other than Don Carlos, who had retired from his career of piracy and was living under an assumed name. He asked for Mary's hand in marriage, and she consented. They lived happily in Mary's house as her children grew to adulthood and moved away.

One day, as Mary arrived home from an errand, she saw Don Carlos and one of his former crew carrying a black trunk into the orchard behind their house. Don Carlos returned to the house alone and would not speak of the matter. But eventually he admitted to Mary that a treasure was buried in the orchard, and if he were to die, she should bury him and the treasure under the hearthstone of her house. A year later, returning home from yet another errand, Mary found the house empty. Seized with dread, she stumbled to the backyard garden. There lay Don Carlos, cold and dead, a pirate's cutlass in his chest.

Following a family tradition of honoring the requests of Don Carlos, Mary buried him and the trunk under the hearthstone. She lived in the house, guarding her secret, for many more years, dying at age 93. The house still stands, and has had many owners. But could it perhaps have an owner who never left?

Over the years, there have been many stories of seeing a tall woman with red hair in colonial dress walking noiselessly up the stairs of Ocean-Born Mary's house. A woman of the same description has been seen staring out the window

there. Locals are convinced that Mary still stands sentinel over the treasure and the bones of Don Carlos, neither of which have ever been found.

One short-time owner of the house was Christian Valentine, who lived there for less than a year around the turn of the 20th Century. Strange sightings, strange sounds and an eerie feeling afflicted Valentine during his brief residence in Ocean-Born Mary's house. He was only too happy to sell the house, and some years later he moved to Carlsberg in Fillmore County, Iowa. Valentine became a fixture in the Bide-A-Wee Lounge, where he would tell the story of Ocean-Born Mary to anyone who would listen, but giving preference to those who placed a schooner of cold beer in front of him first. Thus did the ghost from New England's past travel halfway across a continent to frighten and fascinate the denizens of Fillmore County.



There are many more spine-chilling tales that make the rounds of the towns and farms of Fillmore County. Maybe you have had a ghostly experience, and have kept it to yourself for fear of being ridiculed. Trust me, many of the ridiculers have changed their tune over the years. They, like you, perhaps, have found themselves unable to explain away a supernatural experience. They have found themselves face to face with one of the *Ghosts of Fillmore County*.

For sale:
Adult coffin. Never used.
Call [REDACTED]

QUELLE HORREUR: RANKING THE FRANCOPHONE MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

NEALE BARNHOLDEN

The movies have given us many terrifying monsters who have haunted the minds of mankind, but a somewhat smaller number than that were also characters who could speak French. As the seasons turn, let us turn to the question on everybody's mind: what film monsters could probably speak French the best? Who sits at the top of the list of being French and also a movie monster? Who is the movies' greatest Francophone monster?

First of all, let me address the obvious. Yes, both Erik, *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* and Quasimodo, *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME* are actually from France, and the Phantom in particular seems very well-spoken, since he conducts most of his business by talking whilst hiding behind a mirror. My real problem with putting either of them on this list is actually their monstrosity: they're both deformed, but arguably in ways that ordinary humans could be, and I think calling them monsters is ignoring the point of their stories. Put it this way, when you get down to it both of them are actually just French guys who play the villain because of their monster-sized crushes, and they're not even villains if you're watching the musicals they star in. As the French saying goes, the habit doesn't make the monk, and these two aren't what I mean by monsters. They're at the bottom of the list, only slightly above any random sinister French person.

There are a variety of candidates who could speak French pre-monstrosity. An *American Werewolf in Paris*, for example, is full of French werewolves, most notably SERAFINE, who I would put pretty low on this list despite her impeccable French credentials, mostly because she spends most of the movie as a human and isn't really that bad of a person, despite being a main character in the movie *An American Werewolf in Paris*, a sin for which there is no forgiveness.

Relatedly, French vampires and zombies appear in a variety of places. CATHERINE VALMONT, for instance, the main character of 1982's *La Morte Vivante*, is a French woman who dies and then comes back years later because of toxic waste, needing to drink blood. For me, the problem with these characters is that their condition is too much like a French person who just happens to be a monster. Catherine even has a friend, and even if her social life ends in cannibalism, she's a lot less monstrous than you would think.

STEPHEN ORLAC, the protagonist of 1922's *Orlac's Hände* and the 1935 remake *Mad Love*, is a useful character to think about. He's a French piano player who is in a train accident and loses his hands, only to receive in a transplant the hands of an executed killer, which turn out to be predisposed towards murder. So basically, Orlac is a French guy whose hands want to

kill people; similarly Serafine is just a French woman who periodically becomes a killer wolf, and even Catherine simply has to drink blood to stay alive. These people are all less like great French monsters and more like tremendously unfortunate French people, albeit supernaturally afflicted unlike Erik and Quasimodo.

The most cryptic choice for this list is clearly MARGUERITE CHOPIN, a character who (barely) appears in 1931's bizarre art film *Vampyr*. The whole story is set in Courtempierre, a real town in France, and after a series of haunting but difficult to fathom events, it turns out that the evil at the heart of the town is the extremely old vampire/witch Marguerite Chopin. She is presumably French, especially with that name, but doesn't get a chance to do much in the movie. She also doesn't speak any dialogue, so while this was a very early sound film, and we could have had the first speaking French vampire in film history, it was not to be.


An obvious choice in this vein would be THE BEAST from *Beauty and the Beast*. If you're objecting that he's not actually a monster, well I'd argue that the whole point is that he's in the form of a monster. I don't want to be a total Gaston about this, though, so I take the point that he's pretty close to a Phantom/Hunchback situation, particularly what with the singing.

Deeper in the category of Indisputable Monster, though, is THE FLY from the original *The Fly*. Inventor of the transporter and the first victim of a transporter accident, the half-man half-fly was originally an

all-scientist human and an ordinary fly before they became, respectively, a man with a fly's head and a tiny fly with a man's head. Curiously, in the original movie, the scientist was named André Delambre, and the entire story takes place in Montréal. Why, I don't know. Nobody in the movie is Québécois (delightful though a Québécois Vincent Price is to imagine), and the movie wasn't made in Montréal. The circumstantial evidence, therefore, reveals that while we see everybody in the movie speaking English, the characters are actually speaking Québécois French. And that means that before André Delambre became a fly-man and a man-fly, he was pretty obviously a Francophone.

And afterwards! One of the most unsettling things about the Fly is that he can still talk through his weird fly face, which he does, usually to demand rum and milk, you know, in the manner of ordinary flies. In reality, though, he'd be asking for his rum and milk *en Français*, which I believe is known as *rhum Americaine* in case you're ever in Quebec and you have an insect face for a face.

Because the Fly is two characters, though, it also means that in the famous scene where a tiny fly with a tiny man's face cries out for help, he is in reality calling out "Aidez-moi" in a squeaky like Québécois fly voice. Prove me wrong. Jeff Goldblum's character in the remake is not apparently French at all.



DID YOU KNOW that the average person has enough blood to sustain up to five vampires?

Donate today!

Less well-known, but still presumably able to speak excellent French, is HOOLAR, the crab, from 1958's *Attack of the Crab Monsters*. This B-movie shares its standard set-up with roughly five hundred other movies: a bunch of scientists go to an island looking for another group of scientists who vanished mysteriously, only to find that (in this case) radioactivity has made (in this case) crabs become evil. One weird twist in this case is that the crabs have gained the ability to absorb human traits by eating the scientists, but while this plays off the primordial human fear that a crab will outsmart us, it also means the crabs can talk. We spend the most time with the lead crab, who goes by the name Hoolar, but strangely unmentioned by the film is that because the earlier scientists were French, this horrendous man-crab beast should by all rights only be able to speak French. I know what you're thinking, but no, the crabs aren't telepaths. Don't be ridiculous. The crabs are talking *out loud* because they ate French scientist's brains, and that means Hoolar should be clicking away on a beach, all sang froid and *pince gigantesque*. "Once they were [French] men," muses one character, "now they're [equally French] land crabs."

In the end I think there's only one real choice for the Greatest Francophone Monster of movie history, and that is FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER. Sit down. I said *sit down*. Let's go over the facts: Frankenstein the scientist is Swiss, from Switzerland, even though in movies he usually skulks around a generic middle European fantasy land where they happen to wear lederhosen and dirndls. That's probably because Mary Shelley was in Switzerland when she wrote *Frankenstein*, but it raises some real questions later on. In the book, the English sailors who meet Frankenstein the scientist in the Arctic note that he has "a foreign accent," and Frankenstein himself says he's from Geneva—the *largest city in the French-speaking part of Switzerland*. Now, we all know that Frankenstein's monster is made out of the parts of dead people, and we *also* know that Frankenstein made his monster while at the university of Ingolstadt. However, this seems to vary considerably based on the source: in some movies he made that monster in his own castle and frankly seems to have not gone very far at all to find those brains.

The brains are a red herring though, at least if we're talking about the book *Creature*. That monster didn't know how to talk, or even what talking *was*, until he was hiding out in a literal hovel in the woods outside Ingolstadt, spying on the family that lived in the adjoining cottage. I always thought of a hovel as a small house, but apparently it also means a kind of shed. Exactly the kind of linguistic knowledge that I believe Frankenstein's monster

never had, because he learned how to speak and read by watching and listening while these cottagers taught a young Arabian orphan. But here's the kicker! By peeping for months, the Creature learns that this family—the De Laceys—are French, and they've been living in this cottage due to a series of tremendously uninteresting events I don't want to get into.

The case is airtight: if Frankenstein's Monster is created able to speak, it's because the brain of a Franco-Swiss criminal outside Geneva still remembers how to speak French. If he learns how to speak, it's because he was a secret roommate to a French family. I know that none of this is actually shown in any of the movies, but that's why we call it circumstantial evidence. Finally, if the Monster is from a crazy generic European fantasy land, you can't tell me they're not all French. I realize this is a very different issue from the book, where the Creature goes on endlessly about the books he's read, narrating entire portions of the book, while the neck-bolts guy in the movie can barely string together two words, but the principle of the thing tells us that when he says "Fire bad," that monster is really, in actuality, speaking French.

This raises even more questions. Most notably, on the many occasions the monster met Dracula, were they speaking French to each other? There's not a shred of evidence for it, but Dracula strikes me as a man who can speak French and I do not believe that the Monster can speak English. What about the Wolfman, who can probably only speak English? I can't believe that these scenes would be left



on the cutting room floor. The mere thought of all this is tickling both the parts of my brain that knows high school French and the parts that want to see monsters battle on the silver screen, which is as you can imagine a pretty rare combination. I hope this convinces you to join my crusade for Hollywood to finally bring us the real, authentic Frankenstein monster: a shambling corpse monster who also can only speak French.

LOST DOG



Answers to Kevin. 6 months old, very energetic and may bite he's only trying to play). Please avoid second mouth, as that's where the venom comes from.

Last seen heading towards the cemetery at midnight.

If found, please call 
 REWARD!



THE SECRET WORLD

DEREK SOTAK

All the mystics, all the Holy men, all the truly enlightened, all in the know are right: there is a secret world outside of our own. Or maybe beside it. Behind it? I don't know what the correct term for IT is, assuming there even is a correct term for...what, an alternate dimension? A pocket universe? An empty space between the spheres? Madame Blavatsky and her Theosophical Society didn't write anything about interdimensional terminology. Edward Bulwer-Lytton didn't provide any info on any actual otherworldly locations. Aleister Crowley and the Ordo Templi Orientis (Love is the law, love under will) sure had a lot to say about sex magicks, but nothing about this. Hell, Steve never wrote about any of this in his letters home from Scholomance either. Yes, there is a secret world behind our own, but it's super stupid.

How I came to be... here... is long and unimportant. You don't need some fancy education to do it, just follow the secrets of the hidden masters, eldritch writings from mouldering tomes, unspeakable rituals involving pieces of various animals assembled in particular geometric patterns. Simple. You don't need to be attending some kind of fancy school like some people; really, anyone could do it if they have

the time and the will, and I had both in spades. All it took was a few incantations and passes with various hand gestures in my Sanctum Sanctorum (the laundry room) and I was no longer there, but instead here, easy peasy. But where was "here" exactly?

Ugh, where to begin. The landscape is grey as far as the eye can see. You can instantly tell it's not our planet because the gravity is all wrong, much greater than here on Earth (Sorry, THERE on Earth, that's going to take some getting used to) and, you know, the three suns. It doesn't ever get dark. The closest it does is dimish when the puce and salmon colored suns are up, but they also seem to induce paranoia and nausea. Additionally, when the pulsing beige sun is up, there's the occasional seizure as well, so that's a plus.

The ground is maybe some kind of clay, but might very well be flesh or blubber with how pale and smelly it is. If I was writing this with a pen rather than my own feces (it's the only writing medium I have, I ~~SHIT~~ you not!) maybe I could stab it to see, but no such luck. I tried to dig into it, but it's too thick. Punching and kicking also don't have an effect other than denting it a little before it slowly forms back into place. It might actually be comfortable to sleep on if not for all the irregular lumps everywhere, and

how itchy it makes you. Plus it smells like an ~~asshole's~~ armpit. Still, too soft to smash your head against and give you anything but a headache. Much too soft to actually do yourself in or something. I mean, I would imagine...

Of fauna, I have seen none. Flora seems to consist solely of thick, hair-like stalks that just burst out of the ground in patches, usually near the pools of oily-stagnant-brackish liquid that seems to pass for water around here. You can drink it, and it will make you dizzy as hell and burn coming in and going out, but it does keep you alive. Same with the hair plants, which somehow manage to both make you lose control of your extremities and taste like an ashtray, yet appear to have all the vitamins and minerals needed to keep a human alive. Must have as much fat as a dozen donuts too, as I've developed quite a gut in the month I've been here.

And that's the catch, isn't it? You spend your whole life following the occult literature and trying to live the occult life, just how your parents raise you. Your brother Steve goes off to Scholomance and your parents are thrilled, but you go off to learn the unspeakable truths and mysteries and they don't say boo. Steve gets a bachelor's degree, same as 1.6 million other people a year, and he gets a car, but I get accepted into the Builders of the Adytum, total membership of 5,000 world wide, and all I get is a \$50 gift card to Buffalo Wild Wings. Steve gets a job in the occult department at Goldman Sachs, and I end up on some armpit secret world. Stuck here.

Writing this down in my own ~~shit~~ on the few scraps of paper I happened to have in my robe pocket when I arrived.

I would kill a man for some Boneless Asian Zing Wings from BWW right now.

I have no way to get back (all my astronomical calculations are based off of there only being one sun, not three) and no way to kill myself. Technically, I have the sustenance to stay alive, as gross as it might be, so I would have to work pretty hard to starve myself to death. Really it's up to me whether I have the time and the will to keep on living. I don't know how far I've walked since I've gotten here, but from the higher gravity the planet must be easily twice the size of Earth. The temperature feels to be in the humid 80's with not a cloud in the sky, so perhaps I'll just keep walking until I run into something, assuming there is a thing to find here that's not offensive to at least one of the senses.

"There is another world but it is this one." Said Paul Eluard. Bullshit. There is a secret world behind our own, but it's super stupid. And smelly, and seizure inducing, and will make your pee burn, but if I make it back I am going to so rub it in Steve's big dumb face. And I better get a car out of it. And at least a \$100 Buffalo Wild Wing gift card.

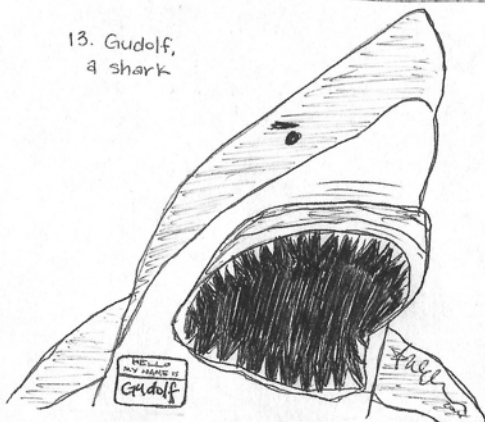
Looking to buy bones in bulk.
No questions asked. Call
~~800-555-1234~~ to negotiate price.

Ghosts and Spooks of the Queen Mary: An Exhaustive Inventory

The RMS *Queen Mary* is an ocean liner that sailed from 1936 until 1967, when it was retired on account of being too dang spooky for the high seas. Today it is permanently moored in Long Beach, California, where its hauntedness draws dozens of visitors every year.

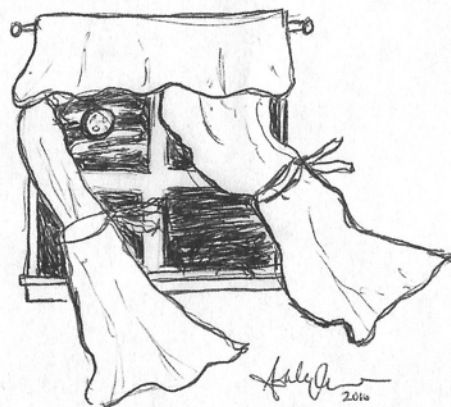
We, Ryan and Sean Veeder (brothers, not a gay couple), toured the hulk of the Queen Mary in July of 2016, and compiled the list of spirits and hauntings below.

1. Screechin' Todd
2. a suffocating darkness
3. "Barkie," a genius dog
4. Christina, the frightened and crying girl
5. The Squeaking Ceiling of Cabin 209
6. Croakfrog,
7. Mewlkitten,
8. and Hootowl, a trio of hilarious witches
9. Careful Colin Adamson
10. Juanita, who fell down many stairs
11. various gremlins
12. Dead Dan, who hangs out in vents
13. Gudolf, a shark

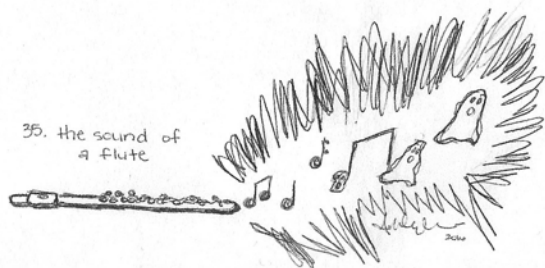


14. Lily Potter, murdered by Voldemort
15. Tavin Wayne, an "orb"
16. Mary Queen, the victim of jealousy
17. Mlle. de Cochin, ripped up by a propellor
18. an unseemly odor
19. "Pinkie," a very dumb dog
20. "Alexa," a pile of blankets
21. Wendell Washington, noted vampire
22. ball lightning
23. Jack Torrance from *The Shining*
24. Belinda, a shape in the wallpaper
25. Kreepo, the Blood Imp
26. a billowing curtain

26. a billowing
curtain



27. The Vortex
28. El Chupacabra
29. Gorge the Barbour
30. Elvin Leeko's body
31. Bill, your tour guide
32. Charles "Origin of Species" Darwin
33. the young boy with a lingering stare and a lisp
34. "The Drowned Man"
35. the sound of a flute



36. Old Mrs. Krovic, who dyes her hair
37. Medusa the Gorgon
38. "a man of business"
39. Norton, the cheery sommelier
40. zombie brides
41. Gorge the Barbour
42. Choked, Irresponsible Tina Ladd
43. a bullet-riddled German
44. "Dorothea," an electrical phenomenon

A LEG TOO FAR
a tale from the "Motorcyclus" expanded universe
by Ryan Veeder

Roger and Linda were not romantically involved, but they were sharing a bed out of necessity.

Suddenly, Linda angrily whispered, "Hey Roger. I like you as a friend, and that's it, so I don't appreciate you trying to make a move on me. Keep your legs on your side of the bed."

Roger responded groggily. "What? Eh? Sorry, I was asleep."

"Oh," said Linda, who now felt chagrined. "My mistake. Go back to sleep."

Roger tried to go back to sleep, but he couldn't.

"Hey, come on," he hissed to Linda. "You can't get all angry at me like that and then turn around and start trying to play footsie with me. Be mature."

Linda was affronted by this accusation. "I'm keeping my feet to myself," she insisted.

"Well, I'm keeping my feet to myself, too," said Roger.

Roger and Linda were both tired and confused. They were frustrated. Together they lifted up the covers to see what was going on, and then they both gasped. In the bed with them was a severed human leg.



original

THE TAILGATER'S TALE

by Grant Veeder

I won't be offended if you fail to find this plausible. Friends, relatives, even normally credulous children have expressed their disbelief with varying degrees of courtesy, uneasiness and impatience. Still, my anguish derives its only relief, such as it is, in the almost involuntary repetition of my story. Traveling with the frequency that I must, I often find myself recounting it to the most disagreeable of acquaintances. I detest the thought of any intimacy between us, yet I am powerless to prevent the fulfillment of my penance. It greatly relieves me that someone of your obvious character and discernment has consented to hear me this evening.

It is a failing of mine that I consider time spent driving an automobile as an ordeal that must not be prolonged. Thus it was that I found myself driving much faster than I ought to have been, given the conditions, on a very rainy night some years ago. I was driving between two cities on business, and while I could plead that arriving at my destination that night was a matter of some urgency, the truth is that a brief postponement of my appointment would not have greatly inconvenienced any of the parties involved.

The highway I drove was narrow and cracked, and awash with water. Midway on a passage of some one hundred and twenty miles, the road rises sharply and winds treacherously to negotiate a range of hills that has achieved in the region the status of mountains. Confident in my motoring abilities, I aggressively assaulted the hills, driving as though my way were dry instead of wet, straight instead of serpentine, illuminated instead of enshrouded.

As I gained elevation, my closer proximity to the heavens intensified the effect of the numerous flashes of lightning, until their staccato bursts, alternating with the darkness, gave the surrealistic appearance of a photographic negative to the thrashing landscape. Still I barreled ahead, enjoying my disdain for the power of the elements. Then I came upon what I dread most as an automobile driver: a cautious motorist. My headlights detected a white vehicle in more than sufficient time for me to reduce my speed, but the reduction was significant, and as soon as I was aware of the car I was chafing to have it behind me.

With the many curves and steep inclines, a driver in those hills is afforded few opportunities for passing. My impatience grew apace as I found myself trapped at a rate of speed that I found unnecessarily slow; indeed, I felt the driver of the white car was guilty of the unpardonable carelessness of impeding the normal flow of traffic. Sometimes, all that is required to remind an offending driver of this is to follow him or her closely until the message is conveyed that he or she should accelerate.

So it was that for what seemed several miles I drove near enough to the white car to read the label affixed by the car dealer, which would have been Carson Auto. Of course in time I was not in any way trying to torment the driver ahead, I was merely staying alert and prepared for a chance to pass him in the other lane.

Incomprehensibly, the white car's driver braked hard. I reacted immediately, but I knew a collision was unavoidable. Before I struck him, I experienced the nearly palpable feeling of knowing events had gone horribly beyond my control. Still, I was able to control my automobile well enough so

that instead of the jarring crash that I first expected, there was only a modest nudge. I had the fleeting hope that I had escaped a serious accident. Instead, the white car began skidding crazily, almost as if the driver had ceased any attempt to control his vehicle. As he slid across the drenched pavement, I screamed at him to straighten out. Then, almost soundlessly as it seemed to me, he toppled over the edge of the grade.

Breathless, I pulled to a stop beside the road. My heart pounded rapidly and I was wracked with involuntary shudders. I struggled to think rationally, but my mind was overwhelmed by a numbing disinclination to leave my car. Then, as if I were struggling against it, I tentatively angled back onto the road and drove off.

As I slowly mastered myself, I tried to analyze my behavior. I knew that the car would have had to have made a nearly sheer drop of perhaps a hundred feet. There was no question of survivors. Was I afraid the responsibility for this tragedy would be laid at my feet? Or was my dread of viewing the remains of the victims so acute as to paralyze the natural human urge to see to the welfare of one's fellows?

Arriving at the city of my destination, I checked into my hotel. I endured a night of sleepless terror and bitter self-recrimination as I replayed the scene again and again in my mind. I thought of what I should have done, before and after the accident, wishing that through some abnormality in time's continuum or by a totally unwarranted act of divine intervention I would be allowed the opportunity to deny fate. I expected at any moment to be apprehended, detained, and covered with the public shame I so undeniably deserved.

After dawn I could calm myself and I was able to play the role required of me in the meeting with my associates. Already I had begun the process of banishing from my head the horrific memory of that night. The human mind cannot long tolerate the violent emotions associated with life's worst trials, and must defend itself by forgetfulness.

I didn't read the newspapers to ascertain the particulars of the accident's aftermath. I never knew if the white car had one occupant or several. The region was one that I visited but infrequently, and in my absence from it I was able to resume my life and my affairs as before. Although I could not escape occasional bouts with guilt and grief, at distance I was able to somewhat justify my actions. The accident was not, after all, caused by my following so close, but by the abrupt stopping of the other driver for no apparent reason. The road, while not heavily traveled, was not by any means deserted, and there were numerous homes in the vicinity, so that the fatality would not have gone long undetected. My continued presence at the scene would only have resulted in distress to my loved ones, whom I am at pains to protect.

Then, however, began a series of inexplicable events involving my driving. Feeling myself to be alone on a highway, I would suddenly be aware of an auto hard behind me. It would drive so close as to seem deliberately menacing, and keep pace with me regardless of the speed to which I adjusted. Then it would finally ram the rear of my car, hard enough to jar me physically and to cause me extreme difficulty in maintaining control of my vehicle. Shaken in body and mind, I would drive onto the shoulder and stop, but my assailant would in the meantime have utterly disappeared.

While it may have been possible that the other driver could have driven off without my noticing it in my distracted state, I began to reject this hypothesis after the third or fourth such occurrence. I became convinced that I was being haunted by the driver of the white car. This feeling was

reinforced by the fact that no matter how solid and wrenching was the impact from the ramming, I would find on inspection that the rear of my car sustained nothing so much as a scratch.

I soon dreaded the travel that was an integral part of my profession. I bent every effort to drive in proximity with other travelers, but time and again I found myself alone and sick with fear, constantly glancing at the rearview mirror for a sign of the car. As long as I remained vigilant, it never materialized. But if my mind wandered, as it inevitably must on such solitary and wearying vigils, I was prey to the attacks, and they fell upon me a full dozen times or more.

I reasoned that there was an object toward which this spectral harassment led, which could be none other than my execution on the scene of my foulest transgression. My commerce in the region previously described was of an annual nature, and as I thought it through, it became clear to me that I would be unable to avoid driving the same path. Taking another route was not possible. I would, as usual, be visiting a logical progression of cities, and due to the difficult terrain of the hills where the accident occurred, the nearest roads that could take me to my destination would have prolonged my journey to an extent that could not be explained rationally to my superiors. I had confided my sin to no one. No one, indeed, could have heard my tale without condemning me in his heart.

As the day approached for what I felt would be my last business trip, I experienced an agitation that rent my soul. I prayed for any sort of deliverance, and was not far from providing it by my own hand. Yet as I saw that I could not avoid the punishment due me, I became calmer. Still, on my final day, I rushed through my appointments so that I would reach the hills in daylight.

Heavy clouds and distant thunder promised that the coming night would undergo the drenching of that night a year past. I drove faster. As I rose quickly into the hills, I wondered if I would be able to recognize the portion of road that was my undoing.

Scenery that was invisible to me before stood out starkly in the clarity that often precedes a deluge. I observed it in the minutest detail. I expected that each new vista would be my last. The curving road demanded my close attention, but my eyes anxiously darted back to the rearview mirror.

During a particularly long backward glance, something ahead caught my eye and I was seized with fear. I suddenly became aware that a vehicle was moving onto the road ahead of me from an intersecting lane. Once again I felt the utter helplessness of knowing that I was a split second from disaster. I applied the brakes and shut my eyes tightly. In a skid and braced for oblivion, my mind raced to the conclusion that this must be the identical location where the white car inexplicably engaged its brakes, and that it must have, somehow, been for the same reason. I believe that I then blacked out.

I regained my senses on the opposite side of the road, facing the direction from which I had come. The collision never occurred. The other vehicle had vanished. As I troubled over this in the gathering darkness, I became aware of a commotion behind me. I turned to see, some hundreds of yards up the road, a conglomeration of police and emergency vehicles with flashing lights and a group of bystanders looking over the side of the hill.

I righted my course and drove slowly toward the accretion of onlookers, whose faces were unnaturally whitened by occasional flashes of lightning. My heart pounded as I saw that a wrecker was slowly winching something up to the roadside. I stepped from my vehicle into a quickening, cool breeze and pushed through the knot of people as the rear end of the wreck appeared over

the precipice. Witnesses spoke in hushed tones about the length of the skid marks. A policeman stepped forward to restrain me, but I was now close enough to see the legend "Carson Motors" on the white trunk.

The policeman and others looked at me queerly as I began to sob my confession. Their bemusement puzzled me until I saw their expressions change to uncomprehending shock as a bolt of lightning revealed, crumpled against the steering wheel, not a bloodied corpse, but a grinning skeleton.

Please forgive me, I am not ordinarily so overcome by the climax of what has been my burden to recount almost daily. It may be your kindly sympathy, which is a novelty to me, and which I cannot but interpret as something akin to credit, that moves me to a refreshed appreciation of the shock of that night which all but overthrew my reason.

I quite understand that you have engagements that must be kept, and I have detained you overlong. I cannot thank you enough for the tolerance you have shown me, and I only hope that the understanding you have evidenced will cause you to remember me with something other than pity or scorn. Go quickly now. Bless you, friend. Bless you.

empty folder\ghost

CREDITS

My name is RYAN VEEDER, I'm @rcveeder on Twitter, and I am the editor and designer of the Halloween Zeen that you are looking at right now. I was assisted in this endeavor by a ton of really cool people:

PHILADELPHIA HANSON-VINEY
@Elph_Tath

did the cover illustration and she also worked with Hamish on the Spook Juice ad. You can see more of her work, including a *ton of skulls*, at <http://www.redbubble.com/people/elphia/>.

HAMISH MCINTYRE
@ZombieHam

created all the advertisements, including the Spook Juice ad.

HARRISON GERARD
@courrison

designed the "Sepulchral" font seen at the top of this and a couple other pages. He also had a lot to do with the aesthetic design of the whole zeen. You can see more of his work at harrisongraphic.tumblr.com.

GRANT VEEDER
@gveeder

wrote *The Tailgater's Tale* and may in fact be Vivian Carlsson.

SEAN VEEDER
@FakeSeanVeeder

helped catalog some ghosts and spooks of the *Queen Mary*.

NEALE BARNHOLDEN
@nealpolitian

wrote *Quelle Horreur: Ranking the Francophone Monsters of Filmland*. Some other of his writing on movies is available at nealpolitian.blogspot.com but he's all over the place.

ASHLEY CARDAMONE
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contributed illustrations for the Queen Mary list of ghosts and spooks.

BEN NERISON
@benadullboy

contributed "Pumpkin Killer!" as seen on the table of contents, as well as illustrations on *Ghost Stories of Fillmore County* and *A Leg Too Far*.

DEREK SOTAK
@DexGormenghast

wrote *The Secret World*. Find out about his books *The Field Guide to Nachos*, *Nachos & You: Living Your Life the Nacho Way*, and *Recipes from the Nachonomicon* over at nachonomics.com.

CAITLYN HARRIS BARDLE
@paperneverplain

designed the headless horseman puppet on the facing page as well as the back cover of this volume. Her website is caitlynharris.com and her Etsy store is at www.etsy.com/shop/PaperNeverPlain.

RICHARD BARDLE
@rbizzle4rizzle

contributed the "Frank" illustration.

JENNI POLODNA
@lycrashampoo

made the font used for the title of *Ghosts and Spooks of the Queen Mary*. I don't remember the name of the font. I'm only like 75% sure that she really made it. I did not tell her about this.

Good grief I hope I'm not forgetting anyone.

This Halloween Zeen is available (for free, dude) at rcveeder.net/zeen, where you can read it, print it out for yourself, or pay somebody else to print copies to share with your friends. **You are permitted and encouraged to distribute this zeen however you see fit.**

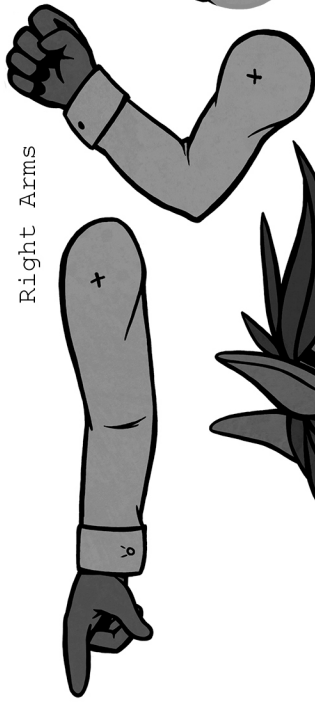
None of the people above, including myself, were compensated in any way for the work they did on this zeen. If you appreciated any of their contributions, **you have to tell them somehow**, so they know their efforts will not in vain. Figure out how to contact them, probably using the Twitter handles listed above, and thank them for doing whatever they did.

By the way, thanks for checking out the zeen.

HEADLESS HORSEMAN JOINTED PUPPET



Right Arms



Instructions

1. Make a tiny hole through all the Xs
2. Cut out the body first and assemble as you go using wire brads
3. Choose what arms to give your Horseman
4. Enjoy



Front Leg-
behind body

Front Leg-
in front of body

Left Arms

Back Leg-
in front of body

Back Leg-
behind body

