

Howard's Super-Happy Springtime Flowering Dragon Egg Special Issue!

No man knows the future. It behooves us all to walk with care.
 -- Neil Gaiman, "The Sandman: Fables & Reflections"

It's funny because it's true.
 --Miscellaneous, The Simpsons

Blast From the Past

Nothing worries me more
 Than Blast from the Past.
 Think about it: the return
 Of Swing, bellbottoms, lava
 Lamps. Even Lost in Space,
 Speed Racer, Voltron, My
 Favorite Martian, Psycho,
 Godzilla--King of Monsters.
 Doesn't anything original
 Come into existence anymore?

The Cold

And I stand there
 in the freezing cold
 swearing my ass off
 at the bitterness
 But it won't stop!
 there is nothing I can do
 except mourn the loss
 of warmth and renewal
 And patiently await
 the onset of the late
 the anticipated
 the season of spring

Discotheque

A deafening roar, a rumble, a lurch
 On the chest. The pounding began there
 Everywhere; calvaria pulsed with the
 Pneumatic drill. What? No gratuities?
 Well, then fuck you buddy! No breath;
 Thick with smog, blindness, magma,
 And clatter. Like flipping cartoon
 Cels, there came a rainbow
 Of spectral delight, reflecting
 Off Downy sheets projected high above
 Heads. On...off...on...off...why
 Won't they stop? Grinding, slithering,
 Faster and slower; fun for you?
 Then fun for all.



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The End of the World

They all stood glum, solemn, silent
 Staring up at the huge clock face.
 When the final second was reached
 And that gargantuan second hand struck
 The fateful number twelve
 All breaths were held
 All time stopped...
 Then all hell broke loose...
 People, pandemonium, confetti,
 Turmoil, cracked champagne bottles
 Indeed the end of the world has come!
 Screaming; police unable to do
 Anything about the sudden onrush
 They stand at the sides and look on
 With Helplessness hanging over their
 Heads, laughing like Banshee
 Shattering windows--no wait! That
 Was just a looter...
 A punch, a bite, a parry,
 And a groin kick, people milling
 About everywhere; some thinking the
 World has ended, others taking
 Advantage of the havoc to steal
 Window merchandise, and the rest
 Flowing along like water molecules
 In a rushing river, unable to
 Stop, unable to cry, unable to
 Comprehend what is going on
 Around them.

Insanity

Pertains to those who
 Insist they drink coffee brewed
 Only with caffeinated water.





DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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 So, word is born... word is born.*

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Boba Fett

The scariest thing I ever did see
 Was Boba Fett chasing after me.
 It was a deep, dark Halloween night;
 I was walking along in terror and fright.
 And then it happened: he jumped out at me.
 I spun around quickly and I did flee!
 Away I ran, past little demons complaining.
 I peeked behind me and Boba Fett was still gaining!
 Faster I did fly, past the bakery and the bars.
 I looked again; he was still in pursuit...not far!
 Finally, I couldn't run anymore.
 So I stopped outside the police station door.
 Boba Fett slowly approached my position.
 "Stop!" I yelled at him. "Or else I'll go in!"
 Boba Fett hesitated a moment and called me a sap.
 He wheeled away in anger and tossed my wallet into my lap.



**This week's Jungian Shard :
 Workin' For The Man**

In 1922, Ida M. Koontz wrote Junior Department Organization and Administration, subtitled : 'A textbook in the standard course in teacher training outlined and approved by the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations.' The book, 128 pages in length, outlines the various protocols and methods of conducting proper sunday school. Rich in terrifying mind-control tactics (from advice on how to 'encourage' the proper 'habits of thought' to guidelines for castes among the students), the book gives an interesting insight to a perspective that was considered progressive in it's time. From a section titled "Other Features of the Program:"

BIBLE DRILLS

The Bible is not placed in the hands of the pupil for use in the Sunday school until he enters the Junior Department, when he reads more readily. During the first year as a junior the pupil is drilled in handling the Bible. Unless this is done thoroughly he is handicapped not only during the junior course, but more or less in later years. The Bible is different from other books the child has been using. It is rather a library of small books written by different men to which Christian people attach great value and which has a wonderful history. ... Much time should be given to reference finding. This drill as well as many others may be conducted in contest form, between classes of the same grade, between grades or between boys and girls.

*Koontz, Ida M. Junior Department Organization and Administration, 1922
 for the Teacher Training Publishing Association by The Otterbein Press,
 Dayton Ohio.*

Fiction for Free: The Seductress (by Howard Hao)

Where has my mind wandered off to? Where has it gone? Meandering through the confusing twists and turns of dark back alleys, running scared and afraid of running into a dead end. An introduction would have sufficed; an acquaintance, no more. Satisfaction in the least sense as I require not much else. Just a name, perhaps a smile. A politely and friendly daily conversation for the daily commute and that would be all. That hour train ride is such a bore and my mind often wanders into nonexistent universes. Such was not meant to be; perverting me, corrupting my soul and my existence, making me impure and deluged by your wicked thoughts. Inner turmoil was mine for the longest time...little daemons dancing and prodding my already unbalanced id...what seemed like an eternity, but was perhaps only a few pain-wretched and distraught moments. Hours seemed like centuries as I tried boldly to conjure up your image, your voice, that delicious half-smile you'd always throw in my direction on the morning train.

And I would dream. I would dream that you and I were together at long last, ending my painful yearning, bound together for infinity, back-to-back like Adam and Lilith. We would meet as always, on the train, you sitting opposite me. Then we would tryst by familiar grounds and territory. You know the one: running and flowing grassy fields. Tired and redundant, perhaps, but it means much more to me than a mere cliché. You and I, finally together as one, making sweet, passionate love...undying love, under Satan's sky and Beelzebub's fiery gaze.

No! No! Away you blasted daemoness! Traacher! Take your poisonous influences elsewhere--it is not welcomed in my mind. My faithfulness to my dear wife can never be tainted by your disgustingly delightful ways! Then why do my thoughts betray me? Why do they reverberate your words, your dream, your reality? Your very existence spurns mine! Why can I not resist the bacchante's strange influences?

You cannot seduce me! Even with your tender charms and your red, full, flowery lips...they resemble cascading nightshades billowing, dripping burning acidic juices over bare skin. Spouting perfumed rose water from your pale, shining, oh-so-delightfully radiant and succulent snowy-soft integument--oh, just one touch! Breasts as rich as fruit, sweeter than ambrosia, full and ripe, heavy and tempting! I cannot resist -- but I must! Vigorous waist, augustness, luscious honey-dripped limbs, beckoning me with your strange black magic! Evil harlot, cease your torment of me! See how I bare my teeth against your wrath? You cannot sway or persuade me as I am strong-willed and determined.

And I opened my heavy, guilt-laded eyelids to discover myself surrounded by the bloodthirsty harpies, marauding whores of the night, rapers of weak men. And as I was relentlessly and brutally ripped apart, limb to limb, by the raged maenads, I saw her slip noiselessly away, that lecherous smile still adorning her face and a glitter in her cold, shallow, unloving ashen eyes. My dying thought was of wonder...how I missed those two tiny red horns amid that wretched tangle of burning, sanguine hair...

Fiction for Free: A Strange Day -- Howard Hao

The sun was shining its glorious full colored spectrum down upon the good folk of Nothingham, Ohio, a town that is more or less non-existent on the maps but large enough to be noticed by neighboring areas as a self-sufficient place with no zip code. Nestled away deep within the green grassy forested rolling hills of Ohio state, this tiny rural town has always been placid, stagnant...well, boring. That is, until the strange day.

So the darn sun was shining, the darn birds were singing, and the darn good folk of Nothingham were strolling about the town, each with their own little agendas in mind. We focus now on one rather plain looking gentleman: the one named David Milton, after his great-grandfather. So Milton was walking briskly (as he always does) into the forest, where he was to chop wood for the fireplace. As he scuttled about, he was unaware of the impending faction that would change his life...at least for a little while.

Milton soon arrived at the deepest section of the forest, like he did everyday. And with a huff, he took careful aim and dismantled a felled tree from yesterday. All of a sudden, a faint tittering sound startled the poor boy. Milton stopped his work and frantically looked about. Nothing. With a shrug, our boy got back to work. Again, the faint titter was heard by Milton. This time, he tried to pinpoint the exact source of the sound. It seems, he thought, to be coming from those huckleberry bushes over there. So our boy Milton sauntered over to investigate, axe in hand, readied for action.

The startled boy bravely pushed away the leaves of the bushes only to be greeted by a louder titter. Frightened, he drew back, axe brandished. The tittering stopped and Milton, although slower and more cautious now, stepped forward again and pushed away the leaves of the bushes. To his surprise he found a gaggle of...what else? Fairies! Three-inch tall, glittering, rainbow wood-sprites dancing in the velvety sunlit leaves, flinging clumps of golden, shiny pixie-dust at each other and tittering like deranged maniacs! Why, it was a fairy party! They had tiny fairy party hats, fairy balloons, fairy treats...the works! Milton, bewildered and astonished at the discovery, was bursting with excitement as he ran as fast as his young legs could get him back to town to tell the townsfolk.

Of course, back at town, nobody believed Milton's story. I mean, after all, how often do you hear about fairies in the forest? Besides fairies don't exist! they claimed. They told the poor lad to stop his silliness and never speak of the fairies again or be condemned as insane. But the curious and dedicated continue to say, that on warm sunny days, in the dead middle of the Ohio forest, you can hear the fairies partying away...

