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# Publicystyka i Prace Studentów

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Creative Writing Club - Debiuty

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WYDAWNICTWO  
SPÓŁNOŚCI TWÓRCÓW  
WARSZAWA

Creative Writing Club – Debiuty

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**WYDAWNICTWO**  
SPOŁECZNEJ AKADEMII NAUK

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# PREFACE

We can all write. That is, we know the letters and are able to represent words graphically. Some of us are even able to produce more or less correct sentences that convey our intended message. In this respect, the skill of writing can be compared to the skill of drawing or painting. However, the fact that we can draw a straight line, a circle, or are even able to produce a sketch that others are able to interpret as depicting the thing we intended does not make us writers. What it takes to write is that thing called "talent" or "genius". Not only is this thing difficult to label, it seems to escape any attempts to define it clearly.

Nevertheless, I believe that this skill of turning any type of story into something that we can call art is so valuable and unique that it deserves special care. It should be cherished and fostered. And that is exactly why I devote my time and energy to finding and tutoring those very few who were lucky enough to be born with what we refer to as "talent".

The main idea behind setting up and running the Creative Writing Club was to be careful in my handling of "rough diamonds". The initial stage of tutoring in particular consists in granting our students as much artistic freedom as possible. During this phase, I try to limit the tutoring to the absolute minimum – I give them very general hints and tips. When it comes to teaching various genres and their rules, I believe that it is the students who should discover the theory for themselves.

I do this through carefully selected reading tasks – from Chekhov's short stories to William Burrough's postmodernist works, from Shakespeare's sonnets to Ginsberg's "Howl". It is at this point that I encourage them to try and imitate the style or use the formal "skeleton" of a given literary genre to create their own original works.

Compiled in this volume are some selected works by the members of The Creative Writing Club, run at the University of Social Sciences in Warsaw. The works come from a period of four years (2012 – 2016) and represent a wide spectrum of genres, styles, and talents. Some of the writings may seem trivial and loaded with what some linguistic puritans would refer to as “barrack-room language”, but that is how more and more people communicate, and the writer’s job is to show it. Even if it means using a language that is not as polite as we might wish to hear. And as for triviality, let me just finish this already-a-bit-too-long introduction by saying that one of the authors, after having finished postgraduate studies, is already earning his living as a professional scriptwriter.

Editor

*Piotr Ambrożewski*

# Sztuka szuka rytmu

Powtarzanie tych samych elementów w obszarze obrazu oceniane jest zwykle jako coś, co nie przynosząc nowej jakości szkodzi przekazowi, coś, co nawet świadczyć może o pewnym ograniczeniu możliwości twórczych. Jednak jeśli zadamy sobie trud, aby powtarzalności narzucić rygor, może stać się ona doskonałym środkiem wyrazu. Sposobem opowiadania nowych jakości staje się wówczas nie wynalazczość powołanego do życia nowego znaku, ale oryginalność zorganizowania go w przestrzeni obrazu. Rytm w jakimś sensie jest nawarstwieniem jednakowych bądź podobnych bodźców, które dobrze dobrane prowokują intensywność odbioru.

Odnalezienie rytmu w sztuce nie jest zadaniem łatwym. To znacznie więcej niż poszukiwanie pojedynczych znaków artystycznego języka. To już z pewnością próba składania wizualnych zdań.

Wyzwanie, jakie zostało postawione przed naszymi studentami, związane było z poszukiwaniem rytmu w obrazie przy użyciu najprostszych znaków graficznych. Projekt narzucał użycie znaków ograniczając ich wybór jedynie do elementów jednego wybranego przedmiotu. Fragmenty przedmiotu miały być poddane multiplikacji przy zastosowaniu zmiennych rytmów tak, aby obraz końcowy opowiadał jakąś historię niezwiązaną z wcześniejszym znaczeniem desygnatu. Studenci przy realizacji zadania wychodząc od znaku bardzo konkretnego poprzez jego fragmentaryzację dochodzili do wartości abstrakcyjnych, które ponownie złożyć mogli w literacką ilustrację.

Widz zaś oglądając gotowe grafiki może, poza samą przyjemnością obcowania z ciekawymi ilustracjami, pokusić się o rozszyfrowanie, jakie przedmioty posłużyły twórcom jako pierwotny materiał multiplikacji użytych do wykreowania zagadkowych światów.

*Dr Maria Piątek*

Prace studentów kierunku Grafika SAN w Warszawie, które zamieszczone zostały w publikacji powstały w Pracowni ilustracji prowadzonej przez mgr Sabinę Twardowską.



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Part One:  
**Poetry**

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# Haiku

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**Witold Konikowski**

Axe in my hand  
Five curled bloody fingers  
Scattered like worms

Knife went in easy  
She shut the hell up at last  
Silence is music

Waves of blackness  
Painting pictures in the sky  
My home ablaze

A long caterpillar  
Black boots stomping down the dust  
Marching into war

Candle in the wind  
Lighting up the empty house  
Empty except for me

Power of atom  
Shaking the floor I am on  
Making me feel small

Blue light on my face  
My hand curled around the mouse  
Just two more levels

Ants on the sidewalk  
Breath-taking stories of life  
Depends on the view

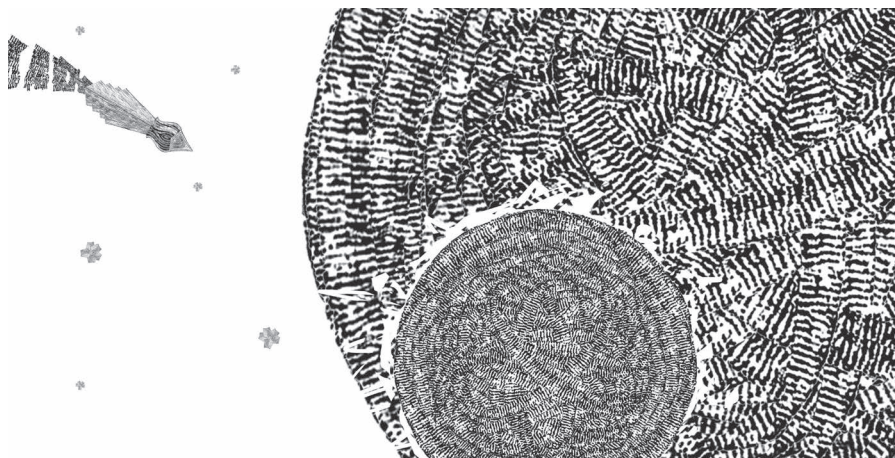
# Limmerics

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**Witold Konikowski**

Była sobie z rabatu dziewczyna  
Co miała dwie córki i syna  
Rozkosznie było je płodzić  
Lecz potem przyszło je głodzić  
Bo cycka nie stało dla syna

Była raz pływaczka sobie  
Której kostium zerwał powiew  
Wędrowca ona zoczyła  
I pewnie myśl ci ta miła  
Że świństwo ci ten wiersz powie



Mateusz Szajerski

# Sonnets

---

[The use of the trivial rhymes intended.]

**Witold Konikowski**

Krew za ojczyznę wylana na morze,  
Śpiew i bliznę, dla ciebie, Boże.  
Żyj, dziewczyno, nie siedź w oknie!  
Śnij wino, niech twa koszula moknie.  
Już u bram wróg, już teraz, wiosną  
Pomóc może tylko bóg, a jego armie rosną  
Ratujcie dzieci, nie zważajcie na mnie!  
Niech ci jutrzienka świeci, w nocie i we dnie!

Rzuconych chmura leci kamieni,  
Ile z nich w czymś wyląduje oknie.  
Żadna siła tego już nie zmieni  
Kolejny szal we krwi dzisiaj zmoknie.  
Tutaj jest też ich własna ojczyzna,  
Wielu ma tutaj swoją dziewczynę.  
Pozostanie po nich tylko blizna,  
Za jakie grzechy, za jaką winę?  
Poleje się dzisiaj po ulicach krew  
Z sąsiada stanie się najgorszy wróg.  
Między domami niesie się już zew,  
Obute stopy podchodzą już pod próg.  
Och, jakże chciałbym o tym tylko śnić,  
Jednak pozostanie mi z tym dalej żyć.



Anastasiia Vorobiova

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Part Two:

# Prose Passages

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# Prose Passages

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**Witold Konikowski**

The subway doors opened with a rusty shriek, a chaotic bulging wave of people pouring out of the old wagon that's seen much better times. He waited for the crowd to thin and then slipped inside, just as the old door alarm gargled a warning, announcing that the graffiti-covered door would close soon.

He sat down on the half-torn seat, his elbows, clad in the dirty sleeves of his old wartime jacket, leaning on the backseat, lining with the crude metal frame that kept it together through all these years. His hands, adorned with worn fingerless gloves, settled on the edges of the frame. His boots, clean as if a shoe shiner just finished working on them, tapped on the floor, and behind the tall collar of the old jacket his face was shaved clean and pampered.

The lights flickered as the tired electric engines of the wagon pulled it forward with metallic moans. He leaned his head back, sighing and looking at the scratched surface. Here and there he could see the remnants of the painting that once covered it, a memory of better times.

As the train drove out of the tunnel and onto the bridge, the cold sun, breaking through a hole in the clouds, like a bullet piercing tender flesh, hit him in the eyes, causing him to wince. He leaned forward, putting his head on his hands, as if he could feel the weight of the world on his shoulders.

**Witold Konikowski**

## Libya under coalition fire

Today at 8:30 AM GMT coalition forces began enforcing the internationally-established no-fly zone over Libya. First shots were fired when a Libyan plane took off into the middle of the zone. The pilot catapulted himself to safety.

A French plane has also fired air to ground missiles on Libyan tanks. While there were no losses on the coalition side yet, the reported Libyan losses are high.

This marks the first time international forces were involved militarily in the chain of recent revolutions in the Middle East, also referred to as e-revolutions, due to the heavy involvement of network and social services in organizing protests.



Anna Kaleniuk

**Witold Konikowski**

## The Misson

It was just like back then... The air hot with the summer sun, shimmering waves of heat warping the plans making up the shack's wall, horny frogs croaking in a nearby pond. No birds in the skies, too hot, they're all in the trees, hidden from the scolding brightness. The same brightness that was shining down through the gaps in the palm leaves roof, right on Alan's head.

He moves his hand and laid them down on the table, one by the other, five of a kind.

Just like the fishes he caught at the lake with his son. It was a nice summer, full of warmth and shine, water sparkling in the sun. And the fish... Fat trouts, swarming in the warm water. Him and Roy, his firstborn, on the landing. The boy was sitting on his lap and they were holding the fishing rod together, waiting for the pull. When it came, Roy cried out happily and they both reeled it back in, into the bucked... Then again and again, five in total... Madelyn was so happy and proud of them, they had fish for dinner that evening.

Alan shook his head, now opening the briefcase. So many shiny parts, pinnacle of engineering, sleek and predatory. He smiles bitterly, remembering how happy he was to hold it for the first time.

**Witold Konikowski**

## One hundred dead in expired yoghurt tragedy

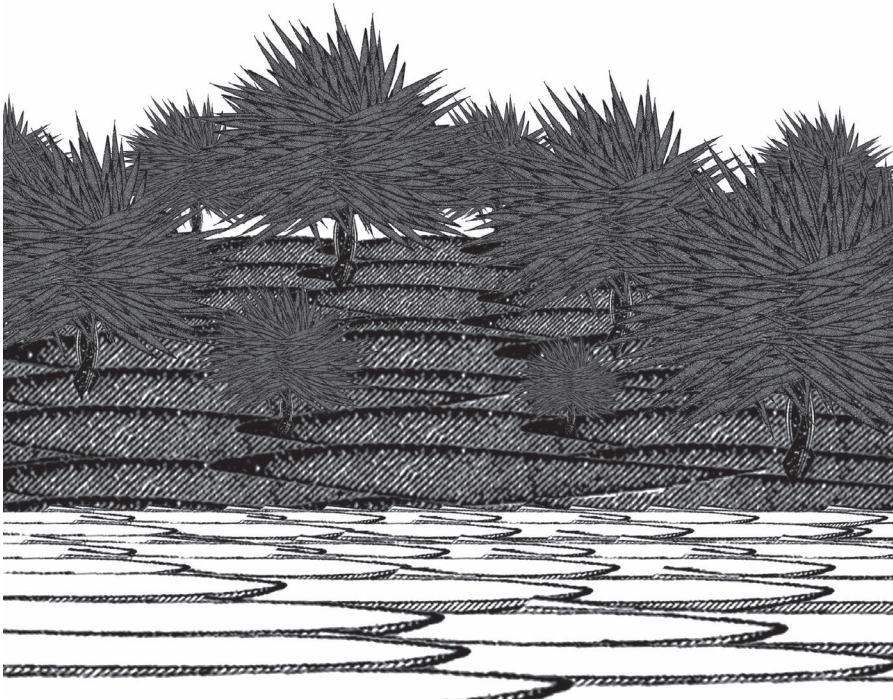
Tragedy struck today in the little town of Hobb's End. According to the first police reports, just short of one hundred people are dead in what is already referred to as the "the worst dairy disaster since the cow riots of 1955", when

the exploited cow class decided to exact justice by their own hooves, taking over the local dairy factory.

First reports from the scene tell of people who died from “explosive milk expansion”. The police commissioner was reported fainting when witnessing the aftermath. The police chief O’Hara had nothing else to say besides, quoting, “We’re going to get to the bottom of this, but we’re not ruling out video game-related violence”.

According to our well informed on-site sources, there seem to have been cups of expired Rabid Granny Goodness Brand Marshmallow Yoghurt present in the vicinity of each of the victims. Police had no comments on this fact.

Coming up next: Chickens on strike, demand larger buckets.



Emilia Bieńczyk

Maciej Burzykowski

## Buck for a buck

'He's close' she said to herself, 'can't stop, must run'. It was late in the evening, and the whole prairie was bathed in the bloody light of the setting sun. She was running for almost two hours, with little stops to huff and puff, and her whole body was overexerted. Every muscle was aching and begging her to stop, yet the mind was unforgivable. 'If you stop, you will die, if you stop, you will die' was the mantra she repeated to herself. Her head jerked backwards in a nervous tic. A small cloudy figure was still approaching with the same, constant pace, impervious to the ever changing terrain. She couldn't measure the exact distance, as the blinding red disc was in front of her, and her eyes turned to the comparable color from exposure. Suddenly, after jumping over a narrow ravine, the pain ceased altogether, leaving a place for comforting warmth. It was pleasant, yet something bugged her, something was not right. The sun was no longer in her sight, supplanted by dirt and shrubs. 'Why is the grass sideways?' she asked herself, bemused. Horrific realization came soon enough. She was lying on the ground, legs kicking in the air. 'Well I'll be damned, ma's gonna be proud', said the man in overalls, 'Earned a buck or two days dinner for just runnin' ' was the last thing she heard before the darkness enveloped her.

The darned rifle broke when I fired an' I missed a sure shot. Then I had two choices: either go home empty-handed and rifle-busted or chase the sly beast. And boy, was I in for a run. The sun was still up so I thought 'Well, why the hell not?', strapped ye ole rifle to me back and hurried on. 'Well hold on Kenneth, you forgot what your old man told ya? When you are chasing something in the prairie you don't hurry.' I said to meself. Then I remembered rest: 'No one will get out of your sight, cause it's all flat, son. Just keep the pace and watch as they run fast and rest, run and rest and collapse to the ground, believe me, the trapper'. So I did as my pa said. Welp, easier said than done, was runnin' for good three or four hours and fell into a ravine. 'Hope you're not done for' my thoughts were, mind you the hole was wide and deep, so it might hurt. But I

got out after a while and guess what. The god darned beast laid just in front of me. So I took her here.

p.62 As you are going down the stream, you see your prize. Shoot at it – p.74 Sneak up – p.56

P.74 Your trusty rifle isn't so trusty after all. After you pull the trigger it explodes in your hands and alerts your prey, which starts running. What do you decide to do? Chase after it – p.75 Look for a horse – p.122 Give up and go home – p.2

p.75 You decide to give the chase a try, and you end up running for one hour and fifty two minutes. In the following minute you are screaming, wailing and sobbing, because you fell into shallow ravine and twisted your left ankle. Also your right leg is stuck in some roots. Hack off your leg – p.42 Try to free it – p.86 Cut the roots with your rusty skinning knife – p.96

p.96 You cut the roots, and yourself, with the rusty knife. Your leg is now free and full of tetanus. After you get out of the ravine, you see your reward on the ground. Go to page 111.

p.111 You meet with your contractor and give him acquired game. He says 'A buck for a buck, boy'. 'It's a doe' you say, to which he replies 'Still, one dollar for you'. You put the bill in your chest pocket and head home. Go to page 112.

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Part Three:

# Short Stories

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# Short Stories

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**Maria Górska**

## Main Town's Story

It was a small town in Maine, USA. Its inhabitants are no more. Unless you, dear reader, consider the rotting, flesh-eating zombies, which once were members of the merry, yet hard working community of Pit Falls, and now are mindlessly wandering around the surrounding woods and empty, desolate streets, to be the inhabitants.

I don't.

I say that because I was there at the time, just like two of my friends.

\*\*\*

It was a sunny, truly beautiful day. People gathered on the streets for the annual festival of Pit Falls to celebrate – nothing could go wrong, right? It was perfect. Families, children and pets all enjoying themselves. The tables were abundant with delicious food, festive music playing, town's folk chattering, in the background the mayor was preparing to enter the stage to greet everyone.

After some festivities, everyone started eating delicacies prepared by the members of the town's cooking club using only natural products – the ones grown by our farmers. The food was enjoyably tasty, however, I could not help myself to some of it, since I am sick – I have celiac disease, like my parents. Yet, since it was not a rare disease in Pit Falls, there were numerous gluten-free dishes to choose from.

As the evening came, the crowd moved from the tables to the dance floor – children were screaming in joy as their uncles twirled them and tossed them in the air, others tried to show off their dancing skills, while the rest were line

dancing. That's when the most bizarre thing happened – father Ridley, our beloved reverend – suddenly stopped dancing, turned to his dance partner and bit her ear off! Others stood there, still and stiff, in shock. Or so I thought.

When Mr Roberts tore his wife's arm from her body I knew something was going on, but couldn't move. That's when I felt my friend, Rick, grab my arm as he shouted:

"Run, stupid!"

It was like I was flushed with a bucket of cold water. Apparently, his remark caught not only my attention, since when I looked back to the fellow folk, they were all staring our way and started running. Not all of them, mind you – some stayed behind, crooked over my screaming sister, Anna. When I noticed that, I stopped, as if there were no bloodthirsty monsters running towards us. I wanted to go back, and I would, were it not for Rick's strong grip.

"Come on! You can't help her! Nor the others!", he yelled.

As we were running down the Grand Street we saw our friend leave her house, all dressed up, wearing pretty make-up – probably she wished to finally catch Jim's eye and make him want to ask her to dance with him. When she saw us, she waved, laughing. She did not expect us to grab her and drag her in her glittery stilettos with us back to her house.

We've locked the door and I yelled:

"Sheila, lose those shoes and dress, now!"

"But... what's going on? Why are you...?", her voice started breaking up.

"Do it, now!"

Sheila started crying. Damn it. Rick broke in our dispute:

"Stop it, both of you! Help me move the furniture and block the windows, they're coming!"

It did not help Sheila – she burst out into tears and started shaking, so he came up to her and slapped her.

"No time for explanations, move!", he yelled.

Somehow, it worked and we stared moving cupboards and sofas around – good thing there was plenty of those.

We've made it just in time – as we were struggling to put a sofa against a window, we heard banging on the door. Wait. There was something else. It was Nick – our mate. He was shouting for help. I went upstairs immediately and saw him standing on the roof of the garage and a horde of those beasts swarming beneath it.

"Over here!", I shouted.

Nick noticed me and started walking on the roof towards me. Suddenly, he slipped and grabbed the ledge. I carefully approached him to help him, but he fell anyway – his hands were too slippery from sweat. I knew I shouldn't, but I couldn't stop watching the zombies tearing him apart and slowly consuming his intestines, hands and feet. Sheila's shriek brought me back.

"What's happening?! What are those monsters?!"

I turned back and together with Rick we told her as much as we knew, which is not much – those creatures were out to get us and we had nowhere to run.

It was a sleepless night – we brainstormed about escape plans, but nothing seemed feasible. What we did not know, was that rain was our ally.

After the series of sunny days, the next morning was different – the torrential rain was falling down from the angry, dark skies. We noticed, that the turmoil outside was replaced by the sound of the storm. So, we went upstairs to see what's the situation out there. We were shocked – there was a carpet made out of those beast's bodies on the front yard – they were in an advanced state of decomposition, from what we could see through the rain. We heard some of the zombies from far away, but none in the proximity – it was our chance. We run for it.

**Maria Górka**

## The Jester Race

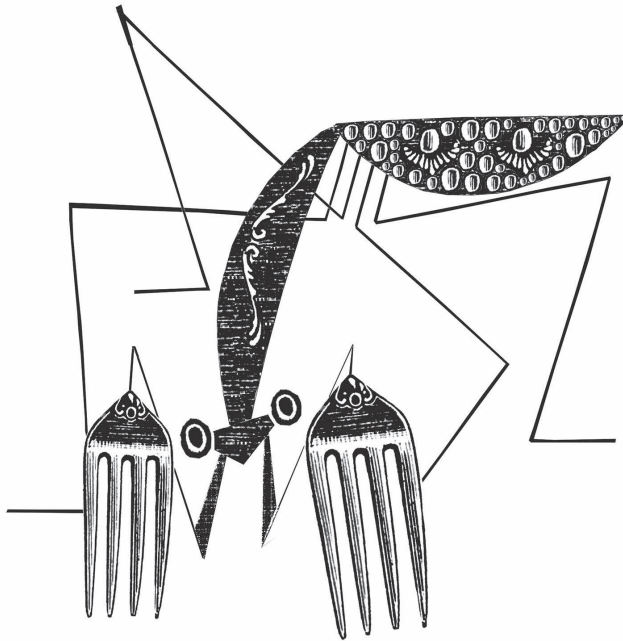
After a long struggle with her eyelids, Bree opened her eyes. She was surprised to find herself in a cold, dark room. She could hear water dripping all around her. As soon as she tried to move, a piercing pain overwhelmed her, making its way from her head through her intestines down to her toes. Confused and paralysed with hurt, Bree tried to muster all her strength to focus her attention away from the anguish and attempt to fathom what is this place and how did she get here, however with no luck. The throbbing in her skull didn't seem to subside and each spasm sent a wave after a wave of acute pain across her body. It wasn't until a couple of hours have passed, that the hurt abated and Bree was able to gradually regain control of her mind.

The first thought that came to her head was the question as to what has happened to her. The only thing she could remember was driving home after yet another excruciating day at work she hates and a young girl made up as Twiggy handing out leaflets on a parking lot next to Bree's block of flats. They contained information about a theme park set in the 60's, opening close by and presented a collage of 60's related images, including a photo manipulation of The Beatles on a roller coaster. Amused, Bree started chatting with the girl. After that, she only remembers a glimpse of Banksy's mural showing a maid sweeping dirt from the street behind a curtain and the roaring of a car engine. Then she must have blacked out, since what she remembers next was waking up in this uninviting place.

When she tried to move her hands she realised that they were tied tightly together. No surprise there, Bree thought to herself. She obviously didn't arrive at this cellar or whatever this place is on her own. Although her mouth wasn't gagged, she discovered that the only sound she was able to articulate was a harsh sounding moan. Having finished checking the rest of her body by trying

to move her limbs, Bree concluded that only her hands were hampered, but her eyes were also useless, as she was apparently locked in a pitch black cellar. A damp cellar filled with horrid stench of excrements and sweat.

There was some noise coming from her right – scratching and some other sound she couldn't identify. It was silent, barely audible, like...moaning? Could it be that there was somebody else in the cellar? That thought at first evoke fear in her, but then Bree realised, that if that person was moaning, he or she was probably in the same situation as hers, so she decided to get closer. However, it wasn't going to be easy. When she tried to get up, the pain instantly came back. She assumed her leg was broken. Just Perfect! Bree thought. Having no other way to move, Bree started to crawl slowly towards the sound, trying not to think of the leg. which felt as if it was filled with shattered glass.



Rostyslav Khavro

It seemed that the trip to the other side of the room took her ages, even though there were no obstacles on her way – the basement was completely empty. As Bree was drawing nearer to the source of the moaning, she noticed

that the voice must be male. She wanted to say something so as not to scare the man, but the only sound that came from her mouth was a stifled groan, followed by a cough, which set her throat on fire. That must have caught the man's attention, for he instantly stopped moaning and even breathing. Bree made another attempt to communicate with the man. The cough has probably cleared her throat and she was able to say silently:

"Don't worry. I don't want to hurt you."

"Oh yeah? And how do I know you're not one of them?", asked the man, trying to sound confident.

(Them? Oh, great! There's more than one?)

"I guess I don't have any proof. You have no other choice than to take my word for it." Bree started coughing again.

"I will decide about it. Who are you?"

"I'm Bree. And you?"

"I'm Mark. You must be a new arrival?"

"It seems so. How long have you been here?"

"Hard to tell, under the circumstances, but does it make any difference? I just hope to postpone the inevitable, for as long as possible."

"You mean...death?"

"If only, if only", Mark said with anxiety in his voice.

"Then what is it?"

"You haven't been to the other room, have you? That one with the surgical table?"

"No, at least not that I know about it. Although, now when I think of it, I could use an actual doctor's advice. My leg is broken and probably not only that."

"I'm sorry, there's nothing we could use for support –", he paused, holding his breath.

"What is it?", asked Bree, worried.

"Shh!", Mark hissed.

Bree heard a quiet roar. As it was drawing nearer, she recognised the sound of a car engine. It can't be good, Bree thought.

She heard the wheels roll on the gravel, the car door opening, shutting and then footsteps. She could hear Mark nervously fidgeting.

"What's going on?", she whispered.

"The hag's going to come down here with another portion of the drug. It's some sort of a numbing agent. It makes your limbs go numb but leaves your mind unaffected", he explained.

"Why would they give it to us?"

"You'll see soon enough."

They heard a clunking noise and the door in front of them opened. In the light coming from behind the door, Bree could see a staircase with a rusty, metal handrail and patches of dark substance on the floor. The silhouette against the light was of a young, slim girl. In her hand was a searchlight, which she lit after closing the door and then begun her descent down the stairs. As the girl reached them, she put the searchlight down. The light allowed Bree to look around. What she saw was no surprise – an empty, tenebrous room. She also managed to catch a glimpse of Mark. He was a dark-haired, tall and probably once handsome man but it was difficult to tell with one of his eyes heavily bruised and closed due to the swelling. He must have been here for a very long time, as his skin was very pale, with a grey, unhealthy undertone. He had numerous nasty looking scars scattered across his body, and his clothes were so tattered, that they weren't providing any protection against the cold of the basement. Overall, it was a devastating view, after which Bree didn't even want to think of trying to look at her fractured leg.

"Go on, open yer mouth, ya fuckin' whore!", the girl shouted.

Bree recognised her – it was the Twiggy girl she's met before. With the expression of utter contempt in her eyes, she obediently opened her mouth, swallowed the drug and opened her mouth again to show the girl that she didn't hide it. The pill was administered to Mark as well. Having done that, Twiggy turned to Bree, grabbed her chin and said to her face:

"A pretty lass, ain't ya? That Mark guy be lucky to have you as a bitch", she snickered and turned around. "I'll come for ye in an hour".

As she closed the door, the darkness consumed the cellar again. Bree spat her pill on the floor and moved it behind her back into a hole in the concrete floor.

"You didn't swallow it? How come that crazy bitch didn't notice?" Mark asked.

"I had to do that when my mom gave me anti-depressants for a depression I didn't have. I can teach you how to do it."

"That'll surely come in handy – Uh, I'm sorry, I think the drug is starting to work."

"What's going on?"

"You remember when I told you it numbs your limbs? It also loosens all your muscles. If you ever wondered where the toilet is, well, you have the answer."

"Oh my God...Those freaks!"

"That's nothing – you just wait 'till they come down here again", Mark said, mumbling, as the drug started to take effect on his face muscles.

Poor creature, Bree thought. Knowing that she won't get a word out of Mark now that he's all numbed up, she thought of realigning the fractured bones in her leg. However, as soon as the idea came to her head, immobilising fear engulfed her. It was only after a prolonged struggle that she convinced herself that it's the least she should do. She moved her tied hands towards the broken leg, trying to remember what she was taught at school about fractures. When she touched the skin next to the fracture to check for pulse, her leg involuntarily twitched, sending a wave of pain across her whole body. After shaking off that first unpleasant experience, Bree mustered her strength again and proceeded with realignment. Not being able to grab the leg both above and below the fracture with her hands, Bree put her shoulder on the leg to stabilise it and put her hands around the lower part of the bone. She counted to three and pulled, letting out a silent gasp of pain. After she had stayed bent in that position for a while, she noticed that the stinging has slightly subsided. If only I had something to support it with, Bree wished.

No more than 10 minutes have passed when the key turned in the keyhole and the door opened again. Only now, there were two silhouettes against the dim light. One was familiar, the other was probably a man. What was sure,





Alona Afanasyeva

however, was that he was on a wheelchair. Twiggy helped the man with great care down the stairs, closing the door behind them. The man was holding the searchlight, directing it at the door on his left. In the light, Bree could see that his face was horribly disfigured but couldn't make out any details, because she was pretending to be under the influence of the drug. None of the "hosts" said a word. They went through the door and then only Twiggy came back with the wheelchair, loading onto it the two abductees, one by one, and taking them to the other room. The room was filled with pungent stench of rotting bodies and faeces. After Bree's eyes had adapted to the light she was able to distinguish the shape of a surgical table and a dining one with six chairs next to it. Confused and terrified, she easily maintained the impression of being under the influence of the drug. She noticed three people sitting at the table: an elderly woman, an even older man and Mark. The former two were sitting in an unnaturally upright position with their mouths open. Their eyes were missing and their skin was extraordinarily wrinkled, partly as an effect of decomposition. As for Mark, he was lying on the chair in a disturbingly abnormal position, strapped to the back of the chair, with his head lying on his chest. Upon that

devastating sight, she had to fight the scream arising inside her lungs.

Limp as a puppet, she was seated next to Mark and similarly strapped to the chair. The elderly were opposite them and at the ends of the table sat the two oppressors. Twiggy put some disgusting-looking goo in a bowl and placed it in front of the deformed man.

"Oh taste and see that the Lord is good! Blessed is the man that trusts in Him. We would trust in the Lord, and do good; So shall we dwell in the land, and we shall be fed. Amen!" prayed Twiggy, saying the words from her memory, looking down at the table. When she was done, she lifted her eyes.

"C'mon, brother, eat up. We be all together again. There be grandma and grandpa, and on yer right be mom and dad. Let m' see joy in yer eyes, Rog." She said, smiling. Her brother started clapping his hands and left out a yelp, which sounded like an awkward expression of happiness. He quickly dug in the bowl and started to ravenously devour its contents. To Bree's disgust, the goo was dribbling down his cheeks. Then, Roger's sister got up and walked up to Bree and Mark. She embraced both of them and said "See, Rog, they be with us again. D'ya want t' give 'em a hug?". Roger instantly uttered another yelp and his sister helped him onto the wheelchair and moved towards the two incapacitated. Bree had to fight the irresistible urge to get up and run, but once she reminded herself of the broken leg and the stairs she would have to conquer, the fight was won and she remained still on the chair, even when the despicable man wrapped his arms around her and gave her a wet, sticky kiss on the cheek.

Soon, her patience and strong will paid off, as Mark and her were escorted back to the desolate room and left alone. As the horrendous siblings were closing the door behind them, Bree noticed that the key had been left on the other side of the door all that time.

After a couple of hours, she fell asleep. When she woke up, Mark asked her about her leg.

"I think it's better now, thanks. The realignment must have worked and the pain is only a mild ache now."

"And how do you feel after the –"

"...most-fucked-up-grotesque-and-creepiest-dinner-I've-ever-experienced-and-hope-not-to-experience-any-more? It's a wonder you still seem normal, after doing that more times than I did. I think that if I take part in that freak show once again, I'll go cuckoo!" After these words left her mouth, she started to wonder if she really believed in what she was saying. Did Mark actually seem normal? Could he be normal after all this?

"Yeah, I thought the same. But now that you've joined us, that ceremony seems less daunting – the kid really needed a mother and now he has one."

Did he really say us? It must be my imagination.

"If this is better, I wouldn't want to know what's worse."

Their conversation was interrupted by Twiggy, who came down looking very contented, with a wide grin on her face. Apparently, this change of behaviour did not affect Bree's attitude towards Criggy, as she liked to call her "hostess", but she intended to use this merriness to her advantage.

"Why, aren't you even prettier than yesterday? Did you do something else to your hair?" I could straighten it a bit more with some barbed wire, Bree added in her mind.

"Laugh it up, ya punk!" Twiggy snapped at her and the expression on her face immediately returned to that of her regular, bitter self.

"No, really, I mean it. But without the smile it's not the same. Yes, it must've been the smile", Bree continued buttering up the hostess, only now it seemed to work, since the smile returned to Twiggy's face. Feeble, at first, but then it grew wider. Now's my chance!

"So, did you bring any pills?"

"Yep, I've a treat for ye two."

"Actually, I think that one should suffice. You see, Mark's been cheating and not taking his doses. If I'm not mistaken, the yesterday's one's right behind him." Bree knew she was taking a huge leap and she was hoping that Twiggy was as dumb as she looked.

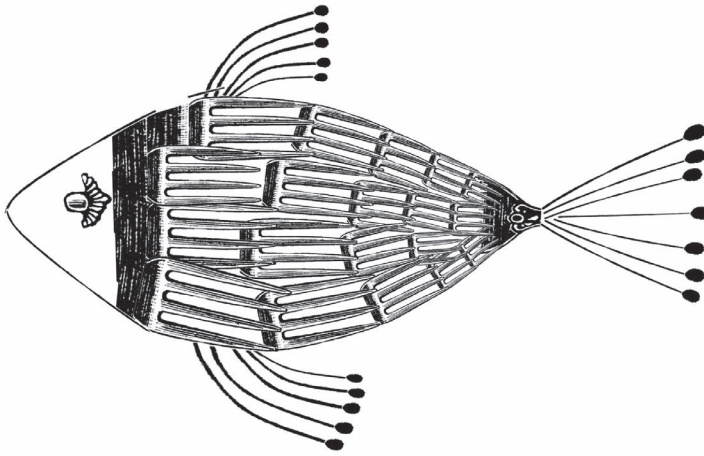
As his words seemed to be hovering in the air between them, the uneasiness on Mark's face changed into terror. He was starting to like Bree's company and

she certainly made this torture a lot easier. Now, his life was suddenly at stake. "But it's your pill! How the hell—" He didn't have the chance to finish, as Twiggy's hand landed on his cheek. Once, twice, three times.

"Ya think yer smart?! I'll getcha!" she yelled, spraying saliva from her mouth. She dragged Mark to the other room, the "dining" one. All Bree could hear, were Mark's cries of anguish and clanking of metal. That made Bree feel sorry for Mark and she regretted ratting him out but on the other hand, she knew that this was probably the only opportunity for her to escape. She was convinced that Mark was already too far in this macabre to ever become normal again.

Clinging onto a wall, Bree stood up, careful not to hurt her leg. The stairs seemed ominous in her eyes but also tempting. She gritted her teeth and started climbing up the stairs. The noises from the other room seemed blurred, as her aim now was the rectangle of light above her. It took no longer than two minutes for her to reach it, although it seemed like ages, with her mindfully moving the leg, step by step. As soon as she entered the room on the ground floor, she noticed Roger sitting on his wheelchair, with his back turned conveniently to her. Bree knew she wouldn't be able to come near enough to break his neck without him noticing, not with the fractured leg. Having no time to lose, she looked around the room and locked the sturdy door behind her, the door she hated. She didn't care now if Roger shouted, for Criggy wouldn't hear that, just like Bree couldn't hear Mark's screams of agony, and that silence was bliss. She quickly reached for a plank of wood lying nearby, serving probably as a bolt for the door. With the plank in her hand, she walked towards the man. The fact that he noticed her and was now looking in her direction did not surprise her. What surprised her, was that he started to make those gurgling sounds of joy he made previously during the "dinner". Right, he's convinced that I'm his mother.

When Bree reached him she did not hesitate – she hammered on his head with the plank like with a battering ram. She continued, with indifferent look on her face, until she realised, she was hitting the floor. Roger's head was now a puddle of skull shards and bloody goo.



Rostyslav Khavro

Afraid that the noise might alarm the neighbours, which at that precise moment was the last thing she wanted, Bree grabbed the wheelchair and used it to get out of the house. She was turning the wheels so fast, that her fingers started bleeding, but she didn't notice. She wanted to go as far away as possible—that was the only thought on her head. She was driving and driving, until she noticed a mural which seemed oddly familiar. Not knowing why, she started crying.

**Witold Konikowski**

## Break the Logic Chain

Not believing his eyes and doubting his sanity he stood there gaping at the inexplicable phenomenon unfolding in front of his eyes, knowing that he was witnessing what no human being had ever seen before him. But he could no longer deny it, the truth was not something to argue with, it accepted no compromises, it would have no one doubt it. There, on the floor by the door, was something he would have never expected, a-

The window next to his head shattered as three sniper rounds went through where his head was a moment ago, a thin red line of the laser sight dancing on the wall as he threw himself to the floor due to the sudden jab in his chest.

His body impacted with the trapdoor under the carpet and it opened with a sharp crack, letting it through into the dark shaft below.

His fingers snapped onto the edge of the opening in the last moment, a quiet whine escaping his lips as his arms strained to support his weight and prevented him from falling down to the city glittering far below the cloud level he was at.

That's when the bird landed on his knuckles. The little bastard pecked on his hand and made him yelp, his fingers slipping as searing pain tore through his chest.

He landed on the ceiling with a loud thud, feeling the impact in his entire body, resounding in his bones, making him clench his teeth.

He bit down on the string and snapped his eyes open. Pulling back, the tapestry of the wall in front of him peeling off like old paint, revealing a grey landscape with falling snow.

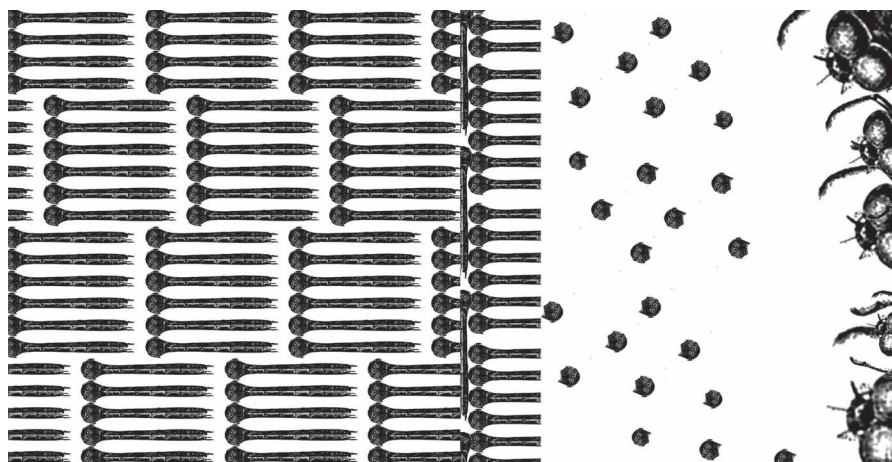
The pain was back, even stronger now, snapping his mind into rage. He lunged at a figure in the snow with an unintelligible roar, spreading his fingers like claws.

The face in the snow split under his blow, raining blood on the frozen water around it, staining it red. He kept punching, growling, before one of his punches went clean through and split the ice under the snow, casting him into the cold darkness of water underneath, agony yet again eating its way through his chest.

He broke the water surface with a gasp, his wet hair hanging down in front of him as he looked down from the ceiling of the room he was in, his terrified gaze jumping on the bed, instruments, furniture, across the body on the bed.

And then he started screaming.

His eyes snapped open to witness the pure white ceiling above and he joined the screamer, his lungs burning, bloody veins appearing in his eyes as he finally understood that-



Artur Nahajevskyi

### Witold Konikowski

"Don't talk to me," Ron said quietly to Harry and Hermione as they sat down at the Gryffindor table a few minutes later, surrounded by excited talk on all sides about what had just happened.

"Whiskey Foxtrot Tango, Ron?!" said Hermione in surprise.

"Because I want to savour this wonderful moment forever," said Ron, his eyes closed and an uplifted expression on his face. "Draco Malfoy, the amazing first-grade shit-eater down for count with my foot up his ass!"

Harry and Hermione both laughed, and Hermione began doling beef casserole onto each of their plates.

"He could have really seriously hurt Malfoy, though," she said. "I think it's good – even if this robbed me from observations that would help me with writing my Snape and Dumbledore fanfiction – that Professor McGonagall stopped it– "Hermione!" said Ron furiously, his eyes snapping open again, "You're ruining the best moment of my life!"

Hermione made an impatient noise and began to eat at top speed again.

"Don't tell me you're going to that place again this evening?" said Harry, watching her.

"Got to," said Hermione thickly. "Loads to do."

"But you told us you'd stop doing that! It's not hea--"

"It's not that simple, dork. I can't stop now... I can't stop ever!" she said. Within five minutes, she had cleared her plate and departed.

No sooner had she gone than her seat was taken by Fred Weasley.

"Moody!" he said. "How cool is he?"

"Beyond cool," said George, sitting down opposite Fred. "Super cool," said the twins' best friend, Lee Jordan, sliding into the seat beside George. "I saw him interrogating one of the gangs yesterday," he told Harry and Ron.

"What was it like?" said Harry eagerly.

Fred, George, and Lee exchanged looks full of meaning.

"Let's just say that his right fist is named Justice," said Fred.

"And his switchblade knows..." said Lee.

"Knows what?" said Ron, leaning forward.

"Knows what it's like to be out there doing it," said George impressively.

"Doing what?" said Harry.

"Carving justice into those that hurt others and killed his friends in 'name..." said Fred.

"He's seen it all," said George.

"Amazing," said Lee.

'Please, I got to talk to my mother,' Steve Dubay said for the third time. 'I've got to make a call, or there is going to be one hell of a mess! One hell of a mess, officer!'

'Frankly, I don't give a damn, Steve. Or should I call you Dubby? That's what your friends call you, no, Dubby?' Officer Charles Avarino told him. Both Avarino and his partner, Barney Morrison, knew that Steve Dubay would not be going home tonight and maybe not for many nights to come. The boy did not seem to realize just how heavy this particular bust was, and Avarino would not be surprised when he learned, later on, that Dubay had left school at age sixteen.

'Tell us what happened when you went to the warehouse, Dubby. What happened there?' Morrison invited.



'Man, I told you it five times already, I don't want to repeat it!'

'Well, why not?' Avarino asked.

'It's stupid.'

'Or is it because you have to remind yourself of that Bleach fellow, Dubby?'

Avarino said. 'Isn't that right?'

'Well . . . yeah . . . but . . . '

'I think we have a sort of a misunderstanding, Dubby.' Morrison said warmly, sitting down next to Dubay and shooting him a cigarette. 'You think me and Chick here like fags?'

'W-well, I—'

'Do we look like we like fags?'

'I don't, I m-mean... N-no, not really...'

'We're your friends, Steve-o,' Morrison said solemnly. 'And believe me, you and Chris and Webby need all the friends you can get just about now. This time tomorrow each and every gay rights organization in the state is going to be out for your guys' blood, Dubby.'

Steve Dubay looked dimly alarmed.

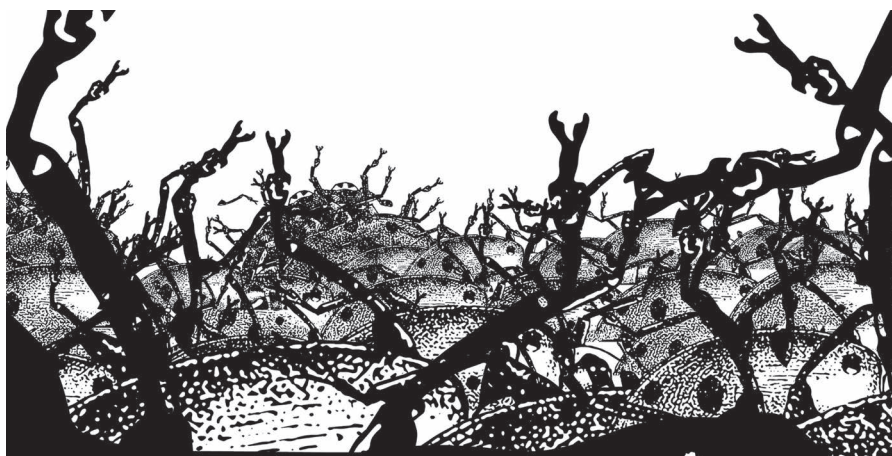
'We didn't mean to hurt him, honest!' Steve repeated. This was his fall-back position when he became even slightly confused.

'I believe you, Dubby. We believe you.' Avarino said earnestly. 'Everyone makes mistakes. Isn't that right, Barney?'

'As rain,' Morrison agreed.

'One more time, what do you say?' Avarino coaxed.

'Well. . . ' Steve said, and then, slowly, began to talk.



Anna Sieradzińska

**Witold Konikowski**

## Fury

His hand was itchy. It wouldn't have been anywhere near as annoying as it was, were it not for this room. This room... It was a small room, maybe four by five metres. Walls adorned with nothing but a cheap painting bought in the market square. Walls that could have used a repaint twenty years ago. Now they were beyond all hope.

The owner knew that, so she had covered them with furniture. Not fancy furniture by any means... The kind of furniture you could find at any given corner, thrown out by tacky people, who found it too tacky even for them. The kind of furniture that made you realize just how sad the place of your stay was.

As it was, the tackiness of this room was that drop almost driving him insane. And, still, he knew he had to withstand it all. He had to finish the essay before midnight, or he could kiss his scholarship goodbye. And that would have set him back three years, if not more. It was simply out of the question.

The lights dimmed suddenly... Perfect, the eighth time in the last hour. An-

other tiny thing that drove him even closer to the edge. Worse yet, in such dark light, he could very easily make a mistake. He could never afford a laptop, these heavy and power-hungry paperweights, wonderfully convenient when it came to scientific work, were far and above any kind of money he has ever seen in his whole life. He had to make his way with an old typewriter, the kind one would see in movies, or read about in books. Heavy, easily jamming, annoying as hell.

The lights went back on, that was a good thing. At least now he could see that he'd made a nice big typo near the end of the page... Perfect. Swallowing a few curses, he pulled the page out of the typewriter and crumpled it up into a ball and threw it into the trash can. It bounced off all the other crumpled paper balls that created a nice pile around the bin and rolled off near the base, disappearing amongst them.

A moment later he was kneeling down by the bin, cursing loudly and searching for the piece of paper. He'd of course forgotten that he had to retype it all, he didn't have it written anywhere else. And just as he found it...

'Blezinsky! It's past ten, stop shouting out your faggotry, you're disturbing the other tenants!'

Ah, Miss Tessmayer, the bleeding heart and altruistic landlady of this hell-hole of an apartment complex. Of course she would choose this moment to come, drawn by his angry voice, full of understanding and comfort.

'Keep this up and I'll throw your sorry faggot ass out of here!'

'Sorry, Miss Tessmayer, it won't happen again.'

His voice was strangely even. He was doing his best not to explode violently, clenching his fists and teeth, crushing the poor, innocent piece of paper even more.

'Like if I'd believe you, faggot! Keep it down or you'll be sorry. Youth these days, all a bunch of bloody faggots, each and every last one of them!'

Her voice grew quieter as she headed down the hall, towards the stairs, cursing the youth, Jews, niggers, liberals and cyclists.

'You're going to get what you deserve one of these days, bitch.'

'You said something, faggot?'

'No, Miss Tessmayer...'

'Good. I've had enough of your faggot bullshit.'

He got up and walked back to his desk, sitting down in front of the typewriter and pulling the crumpled note open, trying to desperately even it out. He then started retyping it, teeth still clenched...

Great, now the heater was clanking, probably air in the pipes. Clanking, clanging, ticking, annoying as hell. He could barely concentrate... The fact that the typewriter was running out of ink didn't make it any better. The grey now, not black, letters strained his eyes more as he squinted at them. When would this end? When would the nightmare finally end?

But he was near the end now, he was almost done. He smirked, reaching his hand out for the cup of now lukewarm coffee standing on the desk by him... And bumped it with his fingers, causing it to fall over, spilling the brown liquid right on all that he'd written so far. His heart sunk as he stared at all the destruction, pastel streams trickling down the desk. Then he screamed in rage, getting up so abruptly that his chair slammed down against the wall, the top breaking off.

'That's it, faggot! I want you gone before morning!'

Miss Tessmayer didn't leave after all... She waited, listening under his door. He made gurgling noises as he grasped the air around his neck, overcame with rage.

'What are you even doing in there? Another of your faggot meetings? That's it, I'm coming in!'

A key scratched the inside of the lock, which started to open. His vision was red as he grabbed the typewriter, then became black. Then red again, as he saw her entering the room... He thumped towards her, his ears deaf to her barking voice. Barking, yammering, annoying sounds as she flapped her fish-like lips, buffeting him with words he cared not for. Her eyes, first angry, changed to fear as he hefted the heavy, mid-fifties typewriter above his head. She raises her hands and tried to step back, but he brought it down on her forehead with a loud clang mixed with a sickening crack.

She screamed and fell over, blood trickling down her forehead, from the broken skull bone. He lifted the machine back up again, screaming in rage, and

brought it down again, breaking her hand, which flapped pathetically, bone exposed through the flabby skin of a seventy-year old. Then again, he slammed it down on her head, crushing her other hand between his typewriter and her head.

Her eyes rolled back into her head, exposing the whites, and she gurgled as the broken bone pushed on her brain. He did it again, again and again, pounding her head into the tacky carpet of his room, spreading the blood and grey matter around, until her head was flat, almost like a cartoon, only with much more blood and red strewn paste that was once her head.

He took a few moments to breathe deeply and then got back up, calmly walking back to his desk and seating the typewriter on it again. He sat down, pushing the broken top of the chair aside, and started typing, returning the typing module back to its original position after each line:

*It is widely known that violence is never a good answer to anything. –ding-  
Yet, humankind keeps reaching for it, as if it was a panacea for all problems.  
–ding-  
It can be seen thorough all the ancient cultures and countries. –ding-  
Be it Neanderthals, fighting among each other even if they had enough  
–ding-  
food, our ancestors, the first Homo Sapiens, systematically e (I knew it, the  
bitch broke the letter x) terminating –ding-  
their cousins, these Neanderthals, or each other. Or gangsters in our cities  
–ding-  
of today, fighting for their ‘turfs’, eksterminating each other with surprising  
–ding-  
mercilessness despite their often young age, not even considering a –ding-  
peaceful option, such as negotiations and peace talks. This all shows –ding-  
that violence is a core part of the human psyche, it is present in all of us,  
–ding-  
just waiting to be let out to act freely, without the bounding constraints  
–ding-  
of our culture and our imperfect morality. (...)*

!!!SLAM!!!

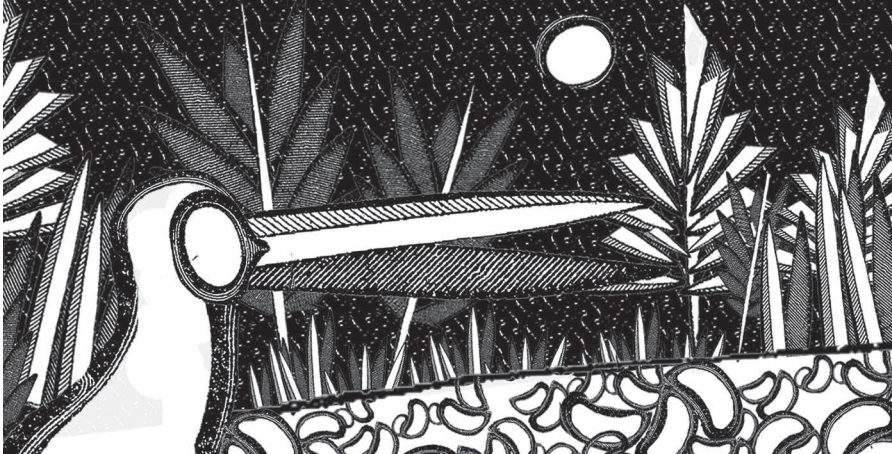
He jerked in place, thrown out of his stupor, as the landlady brought her hands down on the desk in front of him, shouting incomprehensible at first words.

'What is WRONG with you, faggot?! Why are you smiling?! Are you deaf!? I told you that I want you out of here! Start packing, now! Or are you too busy jerking off to your own work in your own filth?!'

He blinked a few times, looking at the clean typewriter.

*Violence never solves everything.*

And he grabbed it...



Joanna Charczuk

**Witold Konikowski**

## Trip

The swishing sound turned into an ear-splitting whistle as the elliptical object got closer and closer and began its descent towards the ground. The metallic

grey burst into a fountain of light and the saucer finally touched down...

I was as if floating on my back in a grey darkness, looking at the sky... The grey, rusted and weathered sky of metal, punctuated by bleached colourful spots showing smiling people and new TVs and sunny beaches...

I tipped my head forward, giving it back its normal vertical position, and looked at the scratched window in front of me, finally taking my eyes off the old, rusted and scratched hemispherical lamp in the ceiling. Etched in the window pane I saw a swastika, accompanied by swear words describing someone's genitalia. Behind it, an inferno of movement, sharp metal edges jumping up and down, between then swishing darkness. The whistle again, then a sudden pull to the left. The whistle became painfully loud and I stared to the front of the subway cart I was in. Other people, looking around and holding onto anything they could, expressions warped with fear. And a young girl, staring back at me, her eyes widened in terror.

I wanted to go to her and hug her, it was strange.

Then she slid down as I rode up. Everything was drowned in a cacophony of sharp and hurtful sounds of bent metal and crushed glass, and then I was watching the saucer again.

This time, however, it was ascending, becoming smaller. I thought I saw the girl looking down at me, but it could've been my mind playing tricks on me. I don't know.

"He's coming round!" a voice suddenly sounded, a dark shape moving in front of me, blocking the sight of the saucer. I blinked a few times, waiting for my dazed eyes to focus on this new arrival. A nurse, wearing a green face mask, her eyes showing concern. And behind her the saucer, a round operation room lamp, staring at me unblinkingly. "Mr Gillborne?"

"I... What..." I started, but couldn't finish. I was floating again, vaguely aware that I should be in one hell of a pain, but something was blocking it.

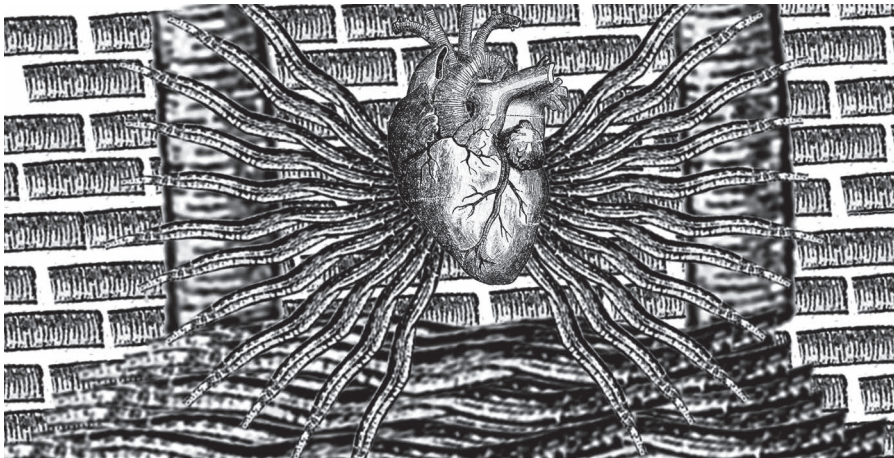
"It's alright, Mr Gillborne, you've been in an accident, but you'll make it. There won't even be any permanent damage." the nurse said, smiling. However, her eyes had sadness in them.



"I... The girl... Where...?" I managed to say and saw her eyes widen in surprise, briefly glancing to the right. Fighting the sickening dizziness I turned my head to the right to see the face of the girl I remember... Then it disappeared behind a black veil, a corpse bag zipped up by two paramedics. The bed she was on was pulled away, accompanied by random squeaks of its wheels.

"I'm so sorry, Mr Gillborne... There was nothing we could do", the nurse sighed, attracting my attention again. "Was she a friend of yours?"

"... No, just someone I saw."



Michał Maćkowski



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Part Four:

# It Came From The Fridge

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# It Came From The Fridge

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## It Came From The Fridge

radio drama by **Witold Konikowski**

*To fully appreciate this piece one should be familiar with Stephen King's prose. Also, in-depth knowledge of B-class horror movies from the 1950's will help see the text's comic nature.*

(MUSIC: K.A.B. THEME)

ANNOUNCER: Hello, folks, Pat Castlerock here on this beautiful evening in Derry. It's going to be a beautiful clear night here, clouds will be scarce and stars will be bright. Frank says that we should have clear weather until Thursday evening, when the Northern storm front reaches us. So if you are in a mood for a little stargazing, you better hurry, or you might not get another change until the 20th. Wish I wasn't cooped in the station and could just go out on a walk. Well, one can dream.

(MUSIC: SHORT K.A.B. MUSICAL CUE)

PAT: Time for some local news, folks, though there really isn't much to report.

If you folks need some new furniture, Cal's Furniture Depot at 27 Pine Grove on the west side of town is still running it's going out of business sale. Poor Cal, his family's been in the business for generations. Oh, well, times change, I guess. Still, lend the guy a hand by buying some merchandise off of him, if you can.

In other news, the Forest Service still advises you to stay near the forest's edge. The weather's been dry as cheap whiskey for weeks now and a single spark could set off the whole area. So, folks, play safe with fire, and if you live or work close to the woods and need to go out for a smoke, do it on the sidewalk and put it out. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires. (chuckle)

Miss Rainey is still looking for her poor lost Calico, Shephard. If you see the rascal anywhere, please, either try to catch it, or give her a ring at 555-653-424. The cat's wearing a jade collar, really hard to miss it, and reacts to "Sheppie". He's been declawed last week, so you needn't worry about the claws.

Sheriff Entragian is still looking for the hilarious folks that decided that it'd be a good idea to spray paint hearts all over his cruiser. If you know anything about it, give him a ring, I'm sure he'll appreciate it. If those who did the prank are listening, better turn yourselves in before Collie gets angry. You wouldn't like him when he's angry.

That's all for breaking news for today, folks, I hope it wasn't too much. Now we're starting the Call Night. For the next three hours I'll answer your calls and questions. Whatever you need to ask or know, call me up at K.A.B. station, Derry, phone number 555-KABRADIO. I'll be waiting.

(MUSIC: OLD GODS OF ASGARD – POET AND THE MUSE, QUIETLY, IN THE BACKGROUND, STARTS)

Let's listen to some music, folks. Here's an old favourite, from our own local old boys, though they weren't so old back when they recorded this. From Odin and Thor and the Old Gods of Asgard, a surprisingly poetic and thoughtful piece – Poet and the Muse.

(MUSIC: TRACK CONTINUES PLAYING, VOLUME INCREASES)

(MUSIC: 30 SECONDS FROM END THE VOLUME DECREASES)

PAT: Looks like I'm not the only one staying up late. Caller, you're on the air.

ARNIE: Hello, Pat, it's Arnie Cunningham.

PAT: Hello, Arnie. What are you up to on a serene evening like that?

ARNIE: Well, Pat, I was just taking Vin out on a walk.

PAT: Vin?

ARNIE: My dog, a rusty old mastiff, all heart, never believe what they say about them. Er, anyway, I work late, so I can't take him on a walk with him earlier, you know.

PAT: It's the best of times, Arnie, it's so beautiful out there, isn't it? You can just feel the night around you, wrapping you up. From here up on Antonio Peak I can almost see the first stars.

ARNIE: Well, yes, but it's not why I called. You see, we were on the old scout's trail by the Devil's Knee when Vin stopped all of a sudden and started growling. I thought he was having one of his spells, you know, when he jumps at someone and ruffles them a bit. But all he really wants to do is to play with them, of course. But then he took off into the bushes! And didn't return. I looked for him, but I couldn't find him, only managed to step on some empty yoghurt cups.

PAT: Oh, he probably just smelled a rabbit. You know how dogs are.

ARNIE: Yeah, Vin loves rabbits, he always run after them.

PAT: See? He'll probably return in the morning, once he's caught or lost it.

ARNIE: I guess... Still, Vin's not the brightest bulb in the chandelier, if you know what I mean.

PAT: Heh, I sure do. My poor old Sam could barely figure out where to eat and where to relieve himself.

ARNIE: Sounds just like my Vin. Anyway, Pat, I figured that, you know, if anyone runs into Vin or he runs into someone's backyard they could, you know, grab him. My number's on the collar and I'll be up most of the night anyway.

PAT: Sure, Arnie. Vin's not a biter, right?

ARNIE: Oh, no, he simply loves people, he always grabs at them playfully or licks their faces.

PAT: Right, that'll surely help.

ARNIE: You know, he usually comes back on his own, but we were pretty far away from home and I it sounded like he really went all out, I bet he'll keep running for a while and won't know the way back himself. I love him and he's a great dog, but sometimes he's just too dumb for his own good. Seriously.

PAT: (Laughs) Well, Arnie, I wish you and Vin best of luck. Your message's in the air, so I hope that either somebody finds him or he comes back home soon on his own.

ARNIE: Thanks, Pat, I feel much better now.

PAT: Well, it's nothing, Arnie. You have a good night now.

ARNIE: Will do, Pat.

(CALL ENDS)

(MUSIC: BARRY ADAMSON – THE BEATEN SIDE OF TOWN, QUIETLY, IN THE BACKGROUND, STARTS)

PAT: That was Arnie Cunningham. Folks, if you do see Vin anywhere out there, don't hesitate to call. And if you can't read the number for some reason, just call me and I'll send the message along.

Let's now listen to some more music. For you, folks, Barry Adamson and the Beaten Side of Town, the perfect song for stargazing.

(MUSIC: TRACK CONTINUES PLAYING, VOLUME INCREASES)

(MUSIC: 20 SECONDS FROM END THE VOLUME DECREASES)

PAT: Folks, it seems that the phone lines are on fire tonight. Caller, the waves are yours.

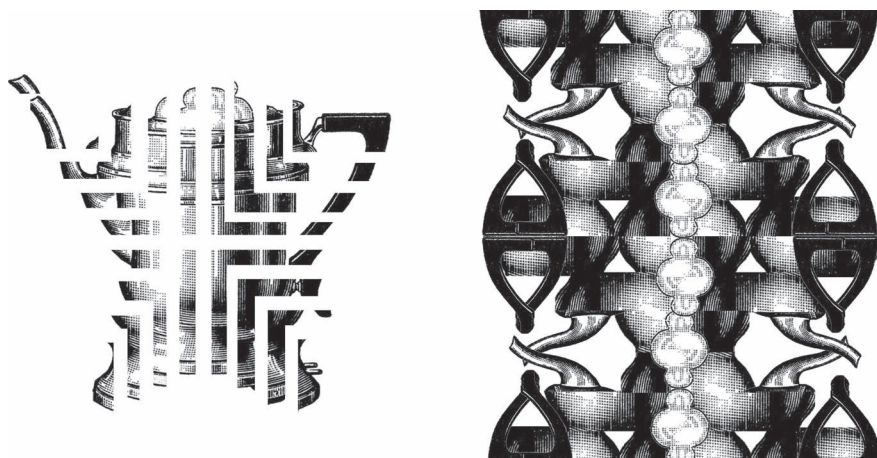
MOONFLOWER (Old male hippie sounding like he was constantly high): The waves are certainly mine, friend, Pat.

PAT: What's your name?

MOONFLOWER: I am the serene Moonflower, maaaaan, that basks in the moon's warm glow.

PAT: ... Moonflower?

MOON: Yeah, man. My parents had the souls of the sixties and surfed the positive energy, maaaaaan.



Karol Górski

PAT: That's... Great, Moonflower. Mind if you call you Moon? My memory's not so great these days.

MOON: No problem, dude, it's all chill.

PAT: Right. Well, what do you want to talk about, Moon?

MOON: Well, I want to talk about the environment, you know, our environment, our nature that we are trying to kill, maaaaan.

PAT: ... Sounds like an interesting topic, Moon, but isn't it a bit broad?

MOON: Broad like the nature itself, maaaaan. But nature's hurtin', especially here.

PAT: What do you mean, Moon?

MOON: Well, I just came back from a nature cruise, you know, in the forest, soaking up the moon waves and nature radiation, helping myself with natural medicine, maaan. But my vibe got totally busted, maaaaan, harshed like you wouldn't believe, when I saw that there are tons of damned yoghurt cups everywhere in the woods. That's bogus, man, why are the fine people of Derry leaving their trash out in the beautiful forest kingdom, maaaaaan.

PAT: Pity to hear that, Moon. Did you check the brand?

MOON: No, man, I don't go anywhere near such trash, it harshens my vibe.

PAT: Well, if my memory serves me well, and it still sometimes does, our own

local Old Auntie Yo Gurt's Dairy Farm was under investigation for allegedly dumping expired yoghurt in the woods. The whole case fell through with the disappearance of the primary witness and the police failing to find any dumps, but maybe you somehow found one of them?

MOON: Old Auntie Yo Gurt's? Man, this brings back memories. I remember the summer special, Strawberry Surprise! I loved that stuff, but they never put it back on the shelves after that summer... What was it?

PAT: 1957, if I remember correctly. Yeah, it was just about that time that the case fell through.

MOON: Maaan, good times. Yeah, maybe it's one of those... But, they were all empty and clean.

PAT: ... I thought you didn't look at them?

MOON: Must be my medicine, the voices make me lie a lot.

PAT: That's... Er... Okay, Moon. Glad to have heard your story.

MOON: Don't mention it, maaan, may the vibes always better your waves.

PAT: Thanks... I think. Oh, looks like someone's really persistent in trying to get to me, so we should probably switch over to them. Thanks, for the call Moon.

MOON: Peace out, man.

(Sound of call being ended and another call starting)

PAT: Hello, caller, you're on the K.A.B. What brings you to our waves?

DONNA: Hello, Pat, I'm Donna. We've been trying to contact you for some time.

PAT: Sorry for that, I had an, umm, interesting call. And who's "we"?

DONNA: Me and my boyfriend, Rick. I think we found that dog you were talking about earlier. We found him on the old Elm Grove Avenue, you know, the one leading to Old Auntie's place. He looked sick, head down, tail tucked and all that, and he was shaking!

PAT: That doesn't sound good.

DONNA: Yeah, we thought the same. Rick managed to get him on the back of our truck and we took him down to Chase Matthews's Animal Care on Maine Street. The doc's looking him over right now.



**It Came From The Fridge**

PAT: Ah, the place near the Town Park and City Hall?

DONNA: Yeah, that's the place.

PAT: Glad to hear he's getting some help. Well, Arnie said something about his number being on the collar.

DONNA: I didn't see any collar on him, Pat. He might've lost it, and his neck's swollen.

PAT: I see. Well, I'll try to inform him on the waves, then. Thanks for the call, Donna.

DONNA: Don't mention it, Pat. I couldn't just leave the poor thing out when it looked sick like that.

PAT: Glad to hear it, hope he'll get better. As my personal thank you, I'm going to play you a song.

DONNA: (laughing) Thanks, Pat. Bye.

PAT: Have a good night, Donna. And here is something for you and your boyfriend.

(CALL ENDS)

(MUSIC: HOWARD JONES – WHAT IS LOVE, QUIETLY, IN THE BACKGROUND, STARTS)

PAT: Well, now that that's done. Arnie, if you're still listening, the lovely Donna and her boyfriend Rick found your dog and drove him to Chase Mathews's Animal Care on Maine Street. You should probably go there and have a look, he reportedly looked sick and his collar was missing. It's probably nothing bad, but it won't hurt to check tonight.

(MUSIC: TRACK CONTINUES PLAYING, VOLUME INCREASES)

(MUSIC: 20 SECONDS FROM END THE VOLUME DECREASES)

PAT: Well, folks, it seems to be one lively evening today, looks like we've got another caller. I don't the last evening I had so many calls. Caller, what's on your mind.

AMY: Hello? Is it you, Patrick?

PAT: Yes, this is Pat Castlerock on KAB Radio. You're on the air. Wait, is this Amy?



Nazarii Petroneskyii

AMY: It is Amantha for you, youngster.

PAT: Yes, m'am. What are you calling with?

AMY: Well, I was getting to this, please be patient, my dear boy.

PAT: Of course.

AMY: I was just watching my favourite soap, the All my Young and Restless Days in Dallas General Hospital, and I dozed off for a moment. I must have been asleep for but half an hour when a terrible racket just outside woke me up. I got up and looked out the window to the driveway and I saw that something overturned my trashcans. I thought of a raccoon, but then I saw that there were dogs, cats and others small critters running around the street. They all seemed well looked after, so I think they must have been pets, but where did they come from? And there were so many of them!

PAT: Maybe it was just a group of homeless dogs? We've had some problems with them a few years back, near Spivy Point Ridge.

AMY: I would have assumed that, but then why were there also cats and other animals running with them? Someone should do something about it, because I find it very disturbing. I mean, they are all alone out there, what if something happens to them? It makes me think of my poor Shephard, he also is somewhere out there, alone, with nobody's lap to curl up on.

PAT: Miss Rainey, you probably should call animal services about that, they are the most capable of handling such a situation. I'm sure they will gladly help you.

AMY: Oh, I probably should... Well, thank you for listening to an old lady's worries, your boy.

PAT: It's been a pleasure. And thanks.

AMY: Oh, you do not need to thank me for anything.

PAT: You called me young, doesn't happen often nowadays.

AMY: Well, for me everyone is young.

PAT: It was nice hearing from you, Amy, take care.

AMY: Amantha. And goodbye, Pat.

(CALL ENDS)

PAT: Well, folks, looks like we've got the busiest night of the year, another caller's on the line. Evening, caller, what's on your mind?

ARNIE: Hi, Pat, it's Arnie again.

PAT: Arnie, good to hear from you. I take it you've heard my positive wav- I mean heard me? Did you pick up your dog?

ARNIE: Yeah, about that, Pat, I'm in the phone booth in front of the place. I went there and I couldn't get anyone to answer the door. It's like the whole place is deserted! I saw a flickering light inside, but that's all. Better, yet, the windows look painted white! Is this some kind of a joke?

PAT: If it is, then I'm not in on it, I just know that Donna and Rick were taking your dog there. Have you tried the back?

ARNIE: No, I haven't yet, but shouldn't the front door be open?

PAT: Normally, yeah, but it's late and ol' doc Matthews may be closing for the night already and closed the front door, you know, so that he doesn't need to deal with anyone stumbling in.

ARNIE: Oh, I guess that makes sense.

PAT: Try the buzzer in the back, if he's working up late, he'll hear you for sure.

ARNIE: Okay, I'll do that, Pat. I'll call you up once I'm do-

(SFX: someone frantically slamming their hands on the phone booth door)

DONNA: (screaming, a bit hollow sounding since she's outside) HELP! PLEASE, HELP ME!

(SFX: the phone booth door opening)

DONNA: Oh, god, thank you! I need help!

PAT: Arnie? What's going on over there? That sounds like Donna.

ARNIE: Calm down, miss. What happened?

DONNA: My boyfriend needs help!

PAT: Arnie?

(SFX: the phone is put down and the call ends)

PAT: ... (coughs) Looks like there's some excitement on Maine Street this evening, folks. Let's hope it's nothing serious, I'm sure we'll hear from Arnie before long. But, for now, let's get back to the mu-... Well, scratch that, looks like we have another caller on the line. Caller, you're on the air!

DUDE1: HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELP!

PAT: ... Umm... With what?

DUDE2: We're being attacked by yoghurt in the park!

PAT: ... Are you high?

DUDE2: ...Well, yeah, but that's beside the point!

PAT: ... Get a job and stop prank calling people! Good bye!

DUDE1: Wait, we really need he- (SFX: the call ends)

PAT: Kids these days, crying wolf for fun. Ehh... Well, maybe now we'll finally get back to mu-or not, looks like we have another call. Caller, you're on.

DYLAN: Hello, Pat, Townsend's here. So I heard there's some excitement going on in town today, eh?

PAT: Ah, our intrepid young daily news reporter, Dylan Townsend. Already on a case, eh?

DYLAN: You betcha. I'm cruisin' down Vorhees Boulevard, I should be on the scene in a moment. You should really get one of those car phones, Pat, they are helluva useful.

PAT: As I don't have a car, Dylan, I don't think I really need one.

DYLAN: Put one on your horse buggy or whatever you're using.

PAT: Very funny, Dylan.

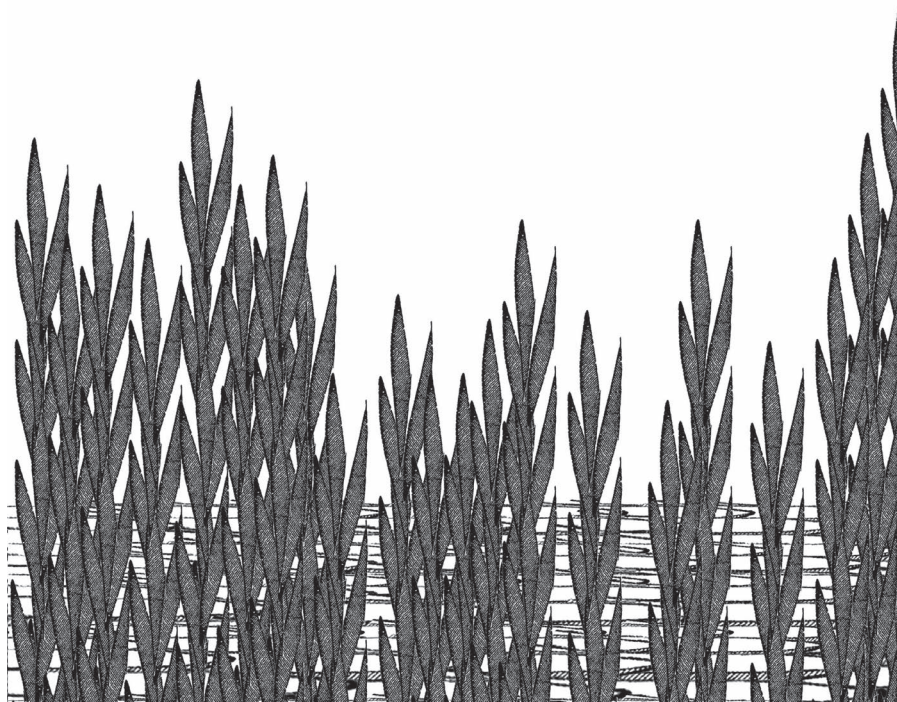
DYLAN: I know, Pat, I'm the man. Anyway, after hearing all that talk about dogs

## It Came From The Fridge

being lost, animals escaping and all that other mayhem happening in our quiet and peaceful town, I just had to investigate. Don't worry, Dylan Townsend's on the case.

PAT: ... That's what worries me and I can practically hear you pointing dramatically.

DYLAN: I am. Right now. I my stunning Mercury Cougar luxury sedan. Speaking through my flawless Motorola car phone system.



Emilia Bienczak

PAT: ... (SFX: audible sigh)

DYLAN: Anyway, the Doc Matthews Animal Care wasn't the only place hit by a break-in tonight. I've heard bluebirds singing that there's been a lot of reports of disturbances in the south part of town, especially around old Elm Grove Ave. Break-ins, destroyed property, smashed windows, you name it! Some people reported seeing forest animals in town, so it could always be another

er outbreak of rabies. I told those rustically inclined people at the forest service to put more vaccine out, but did they listen to your truly, noooooo, geni-uses are always so misunderstood. Oh, and some people were reported missing.

PAT: Wow, Dylan, those are some disturbing news you just-

DYLAN: Brought to you by Motorola!

PAT: ... (SFX: another audible sigh) Can you tell us anything else about what's going on, Dylan?

DYLAN: Not until I get there, Pat, which should be pretty quickly in my brand new sparkling Mercury Cougar with a 400 cubic inches V8 engine purring under the hood! Transferring its mighty power through the outstanding Select-Shift Cruise-O-Matic C6 three-speed automatic transmission. (SFX: gasps for air.) Seriously, Pat, you should buy one.

PAT: ... I'll keep that in mind while I wait for your report.

DYLAN: It's good to have an open mind, Pat! And for you listeners back at home, while Pat will do his best at relaying the news I report, you can always tune in to the 4 PM news hosted by yours truly, the one and only Dylan Townsend, for the best, broadest and most accurate news the government wants you to hear! Dylan Townsend out.

(CALL ENDS)

(MUSIC: SWIMMING POOL Q'S – CORRUPTION, QUIETLY, IN THE BACKGROUND, STARTS)

PAT: Good ridd-I mean, I'm glad we have a man on the case. You have heard it here first, folks, seems like the disturbances we were reporting are not an isolated thing. We'll keep you updated every hour, on the hour. Now, maybe let's listen to some music soothe our nerves while I try to whittle down the number of calls a bit, it's like half of the town is calling at once.

(MUSIC: TRACK CONTINUES PLAYING, VOLUME INCREASES)

(MUSIC: 20 SECONDS FROM END THE VOLUME DECREASES)

PAT: Well, folks, apparently this is indeed a very busy night, as I've just been informed. Disturbances, vandalism, break-ins, you name it. Seems like there's something restless lurking in our peaceful little town and it's chosen this very

night to rear its ugly head. (Short pause) We have a new caller and it's our one and only Sheriff, Collie Entragian. Sheriff, you're on.

COLLIE: Thanks, Pat. (Short pause) All you listeners hearing my voice right now, I have an important request: stay in your houses this night, lock your doors and don't open for anyone who's not police or public services. We've been getting reports about a group of punks that decided that they should make "good" use of the disturbances caused by the animals roaming the streets tonight and wreak havoc. They are young, they may be under influence and they are titanicly stupid. We can't rule out that they have something to do with the reported disappearances. So, listeners, for your own safety, please stay inside and keep listening to the news. We'll keep updating you as we find anything out.