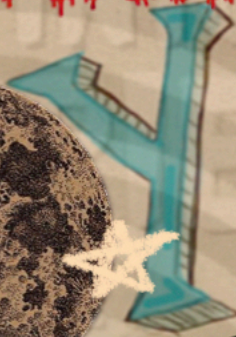
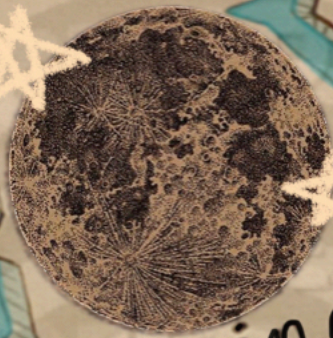




**HALLOWEEN SPECIAL**

SINCE  
2025



Magazine

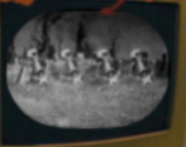
A publication of intellect & vision



LOCK UP  
YOUR  
"DAUGHTERS"



**TONIGHT'S REGRET  
IS TOMORROW'S FOLLY**



Issue #3





something inside you has  
changed. You are  
ravenous.  
hairy. and  
afraid. Most of all, you  
are an  
active  
danger.  
so  
they  
all  
say. But  
you are  
part of  
a  
brotherhood  
you are all monsters.

# The Princess and the Knight

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## Part 3

By Forgotten Writer (She/Her)

After almost a day of travel, she came to the centre of the dark and murky place. And as the air crawled with flies, and foul scents assaulted her nose, she happened upon a great and dark cave. Twisted vegetation hung from the rocky lips, and vines swayed in the breeze as little channels of venom ran from the floor and pooled in the stagnant swamp.

There came a great sound as she approached the cave, and the darkness began to move. Something massive and ancient reared out of the entrance, and the princess froze with terror. It was a dragon, if a dragon were made of craggy, black stone. Its hide was thick and gnarled, and swirling wounds and scars covered its body. In size, it was three or four times as big as her horse, with great, bat-like wings and a slender tail that swished through the air behind it. Its eyes were violet, and its mouth was jagged and bristling with teeth.

“Who comes to my den?” It growled slowly, and as it moved, the princess began to realise that it was old. Truly old. In places, its scales had lost their lustre, and some of the scars were badly healed. Its left leg was awkward, as though it had once been broken but not properly set. Yet, for all that, it was still a dragon. Still powerful and dangerous and primal. The kind of creature that does not, sadly, exist in this day and age.

It was one of the last of its kind. The great dragon which had blighted her kingdom. It gazed at her levelly, fixing her to the spot with a heavy glare.

“If you are a challenger,” it said, “then you have come to die. Your bones will join those of the others and feed the swamp! And if some damn fool village has sent you as a sacrifice, turn back! I have no interest in you! I am not some beast to be sated!”

“I am neither,” the princess said softly. “I am a princess and I have come to you because you are my last hope.”

The dragon laughed. The sound was booming. Resonating. Bouncing between the crippled trees.

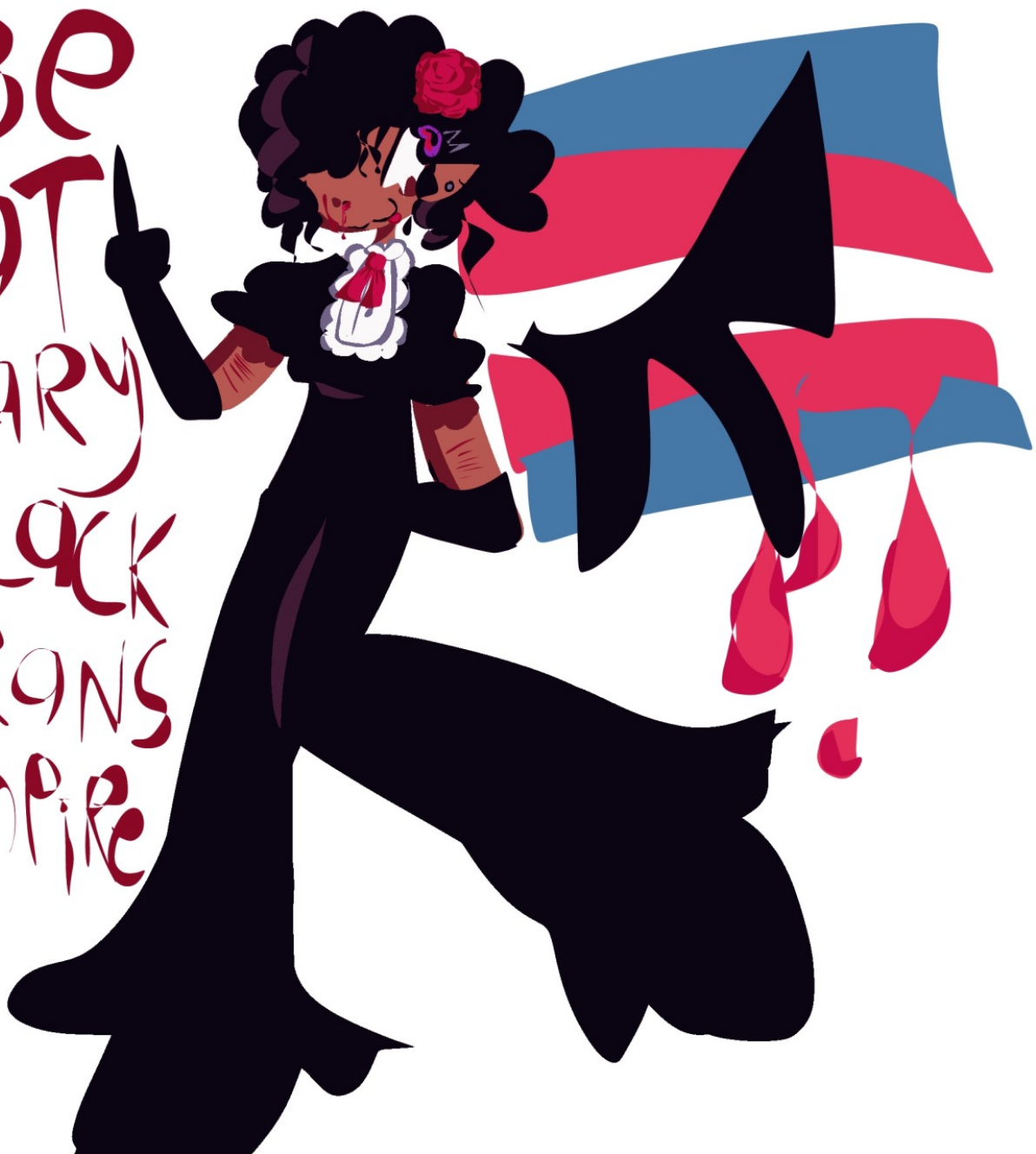
“I am your last hope? Me? Yes, I can see the royal blood in you now. In your face and bearing. I knew your ancestors, girl. I was there when they first took this land! Do you think you are entitled to my aid? I was here before you! And I will be here after. This is my land, my place, mine, mine, mine! It belongs only to me!”

The princess shook her head again. The dragon’s roar had rocked her to the core, and terror threatened to seize her heart. Yet still, she plunged on.

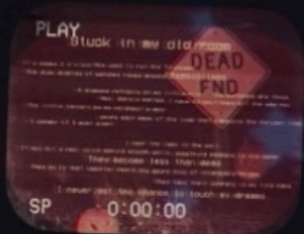




BE  
THAT  
SCARY  
BLACK  
TRANS  
VAMPIRE







### STUCK IN MY OLD ROOM

It's maybe 20'clock. Mom used to run the TV to sleep. The disk display of watches roves around. Ring-a-ling

A diamond refracts at my little pillow. The curtains are thick. Red. Barely parted. I have to shut them all the way now. The little lantern by ~~to~~ my neighbor's door skips each peak of the tide that conducts the horizon line. I wonder if I ever slept.

I hear the lady in the wall. If you put a real voice ~~through~~ behind enough walls, something happens to its owner. They become less than dead. They go to that immortal realm, the azure glow of intangible things. They take their company in my tiny hand. I never got the chance to touch my dreams.





THE

years of

of

society

CRUSH

my

bones

And

FORM

them

into

Something

I'm

not

meant

to

be

THEY

call

me

A

girl

Girl

And

they

me

to

hide

Hide



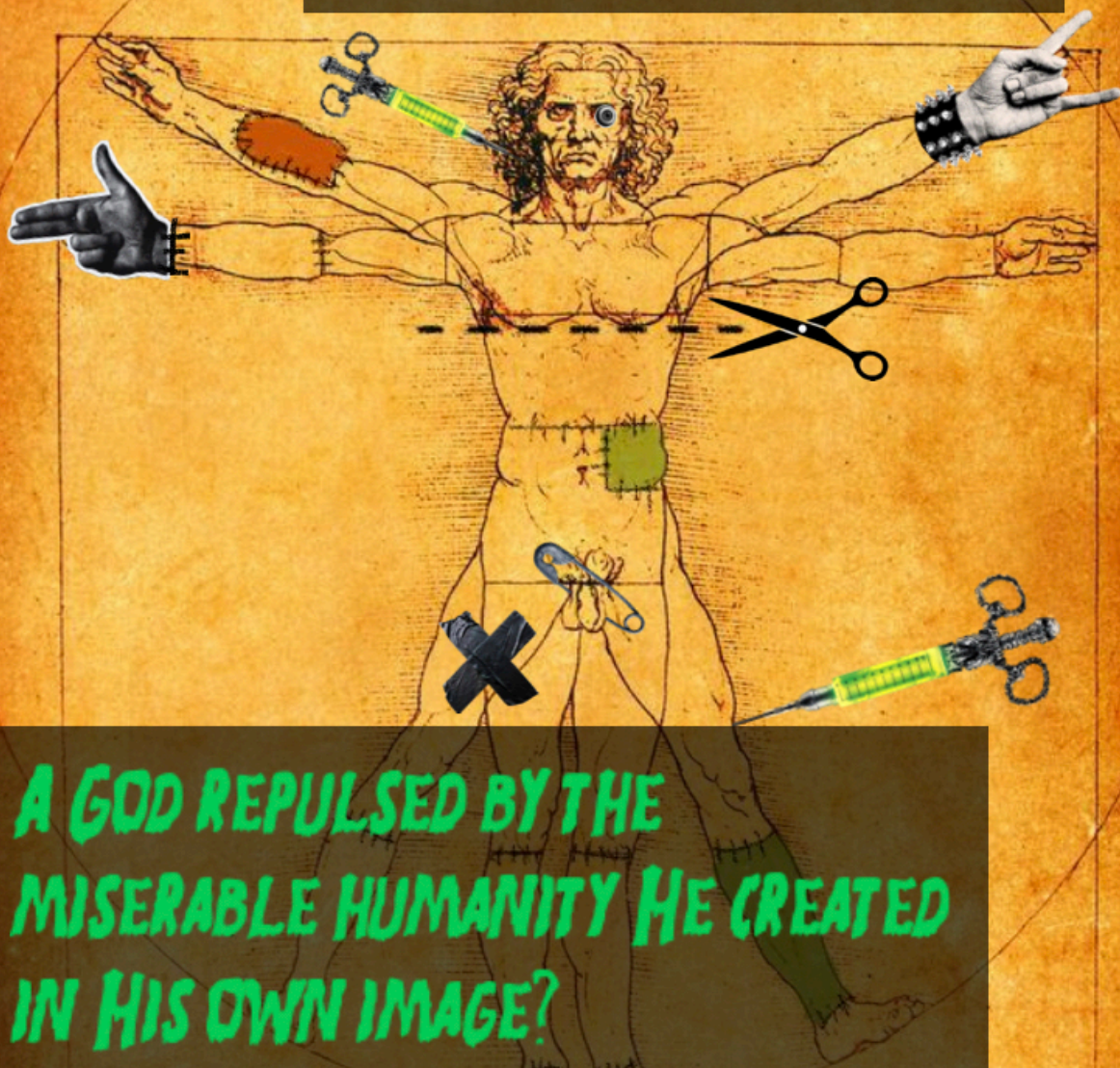
Fearful  
But are fearful of the  
their of me  
provide





**BLASPHEMY?**

**BEFORE WHAT GOD?**



**A GOD REPULSED BY THE  
MISERABLE HUMANITY HE CREATED  
IN HIS OWN IMAGE?**

**I WILL NOT BE SHACKLED BY  
THE FAILURES OF YOUR GOD.**

**THIS IS MY CREATION**



# CREDITS

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PAGES 1 & 8

LOGAN (HE/HIM)

TUMBLR: @GHOSTBOYRAVENIGHT

PAGE 2

RHAT (HE/IT)

PAGE 3

FORGOTTEN WRITER  
(SHE/HER)

TUMBLR: @FORGOTTENWRITER

PAGE 4

VICTOR (HE/HIM)

TUMBLR: @BRIANTHEINSOMNIAC

PAGE 5

ASHE (HE/SHE)

TUMBLR: @SWEETASHE

PAGE 6

C.X. AMBROSE (IT/HE)

PAGE 7

ELIAS (HE/HIM)

TUMBLR: @NOT-LINKACHU