

A collection of dark art, fantasy & sci-fi to entertain & horrify!

# ASYLUM INK

Oct. 11

Mature  
Content



# LEVELS OF THE ASYLUM

**SHOCK THERAPY:** They pave the way with their obsessions.  
**PATIENT SCREENINGS:** Curb violent tendencies with a look into horror cinema.  
**FEATURED PATIENT:** Your retinas will burn at the sights you will behold.  
**ISOLATION WARD:** Tales too disturbing for the outside world.  
**SELF MEDICATION:** Drinks of the Asylum used to quiet the voices.

**PSYCH EVAL:** A review of the inmates psychosis.  
**ACUSTIC THERAPY:** Eardrums will burst after sampling these audio treats.  
**CONFISCATED ITEMS:** Objects of beauty & uniqueness that have no home.  
**MEET THE PATIENTS:** Stop by and say hello!



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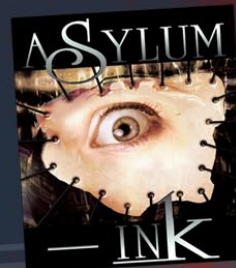
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ASYLUM INK MAGAZINE  
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A horror-themed poster. On the left, a Grim Reaper with a skull face and a scythe stands in a dark, hooded robe. On the right, a woman in a white, long-sleeved dress stands with a cracked, bloody face. The background is a dark, industrial setting with bright blue lightning bolts striking down. The title 'Shock Therapy' is written in a stylized, white, serif font across the center.

# Shock Therapy

Your retinas will burn at  
the sights you will behold!





**"Haunt 2"**  
**April Taylor**



**"She's Dead 2"**  
**April Taylor**



**"Locks 1"**  
**April Taylor**





**"Corazon en  
llamas"**  
Elena Dudina



**"Reina de espadas"**  
Elena Dudina



**"Asylum"**  
King Zombie





**"Calle Rio"**  
**Elena Dudina**



**"Locks 2"**  
**April Taylor**



**"Twisted 13"**  
**April Taylor**



**"Triste Danza"**  
Elena Dudina



**"Fallen One"**  
Logan Knight

*L. Knight 2011*





**"Like The Back  
Of My Hand"  
Logan Knight**

*L Knight 2kn*



**"~~"  
Liliana Sanches**



**"Blood Tears In The Wind"**  
**Liliana Sanches**



“~”  
**Liliana Sanches**







“~”  
**Liliana Sanches**



**“Dance Me To  
Eternal Sleep”  
Liliana Sanches**

**“Goth Queen”  
Susan Coffey &  
Sio Alvina**





**"Forest Of  
The Dead"**  
Logan Knight



**"Snail"**  
Larissa Kulik



**"Jacks Summons"**  
Logan Knight





**"Zombie Hunter Iza"**  
Jason Tamvakis



**"Dragonfly"**  
Larissa Kulik

**"Essence"**  
Larissa Kulik







**"Gallery"**  
Larissa Kulik

**"Reflection"**  
Larissa Kulik



**"Myself"**  
Larissa Kulik





# Patient Screenings

Curb your violent tendencies  
with a look into horror cinema





**PATIENT NAME:**

Tucker and Dale vs Evil

**STATE OF MIND:**

The perfect love story... with a high body count...

**PATIENT HISTORY:**

Tucker & Dale are on vacation at their dilapidated mountain cabin when they are attacked by a group of preppy college kids.

**MANIC EPISODE:**

☐ Less Than a Lot Of Killing
 ☐ More Than A Little Killing  
☒ Just Right Killing
 ☐ Biblical scale killing

**FETISH:**

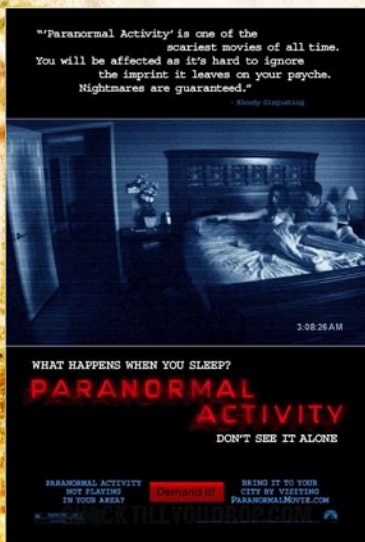
☒ Piercing
 ☐ Silk, satin, leather or latex
 ☒ Role playing  
☐ Nudity
 ☒ Cutting

**SHOCK THERAPY:**

It's so hard to blend horror and comedy - this movie does it brilliantly!

**DIAGNOSIS:**

☒ Psychotic Break -A
 ☐ Schizophrenia -B
 ☐ Bipolar Disorder -C  
☐ Voyeurism -D
 ☐ Narcolepsy -F



**PATIENT NAME:**

Paranormal Activity

**STATE OF MIND:**

Don't See It Alone.

**PATIENT HISTORY:**

After moving into a suburban home, a couple becomes increasingly disturbed by a nightly demonic presence.

**MANIC EPISODE:**

☒ Less Than a Lot Of Killing
 ☐ More Than A Little Killing  
☐ Just Right Killing
 ☐ Biblical scale killing

**FETISH:**

☐ Piercing
 ☐ Silk, satin, leather or latex
 ☒ Role playing  
☐ Nudity
 ☐ Cutting

**SHOCK THERAPY:**

Slow but with huge suspense - Not for everyone but I loved it.

**DIAGNOSIS:**

☒ Psychotic Break -A
 ☐ Schizophrenia -B
 ☐ Bipolar Disorder -C  
☐ Voyeurism -D
 ☐ Narcolepsy -F



# Featured Patient

They pave the way with their  
artistic obsessions...







**"Remembrance  
Of Things Past"  
Marcela Bolívar**

# THE ART OF:

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**"Gravity"  
Marcela Bolívar**





**"The  
Nightmare  
Trinity"**  
Marcela Bolívar



**"Wounded Machinery"**  
Marcela Bolívar



**"Pan's Broken Mirror"**  
Marcela Bolívar



**"Frozen Illusion"**  
Marcela Bolívar







**“Feeding The Disease”**  
**Marcela Bolívar**



**“Mercury & Ashes II”**  
**Marcela Bolívar**



# Isolation Ward

Tales too disturbing for  
the outside world.





# -Monster-

By Damon Teufel  
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<http://soulofmisery.741.com/damonteufel.html>

My breath sings lyrics of bloody lust and craving  
over the quickening rhythm of my ravenous heart  
Anticipation thrills my eyes to widened white readiness  
attuning my senses to the savage potential of this moment  
An instinct so primal and hoary I can smell the salt of flesh  
urging me from shivering fear on into frenzied excitement

Bound wood groans with the weight of my quarry upon it  
as if subtly warning the doomed of my presence and intent  
A glossed paper rag captivates the creature's attention  
filling its mind with opiate delusions of security and future  
My heedless prey saunters through the illuminated passage  
enjoying the very light that spawns the shadow in which I hide

A soft, white gown flutters about its tiny feet  
gaited swiftly but falling in short succession  
A stride that thrusts its hips from side to side  
offering the alluring impression of vital vibrancy  
It is an innocent pace that screams of youth and energy  
drawing forth saliva in my mouth to coat my teeth and tongue

I strain to quell my compulsion to pounce upon it now  
and ruin the potent pose of slumber, which I so relish  
I must compose my eagerness with refinement and purpose  
lest it be wasted in a manic display of feral brutality  
No, I must maintain a balance - both beings must be fed  
the savage, unclean man and the calculating, tasteful monster

It has been hours since I've become the intruder  
skulking my way inside this den of latent anguish  
I invaded as the civilized fauna plied wares for wages  
instilling itself with the hope of a summery morrow  
It was safe from me there amid the solidarity of its herd  
but it has strayed from the flock without noticing the danger

The grip of desire seized me what seems an eternity past  
with the clicks of locks and the cry of hinges turning  
Solid heels bounding from one room to the next with futile toils  
brewed my blood to a vicious concoction of silent angst and  
quiet revelry  
Seething, I bid my time savoring the spices of anticipation  
while it fed, fattened and rested its way to violent oblivion

But its turning now, from the lighted hall into its fragrant  
chamber  
where soft music and dimmed bulbs create an ambiance of  
tranquility

Perhaps it will read for a while, imagining distant lands and times  
exciting itself with tales of torrid love and tragic affairs  
So I will wait until darkness consumes this delicate domicile  
and motivated to retire, it will close its crystalline eyes

...

Each and every light was systematically extinguished just  
moments ago  
after the clatter of metal on porcelain announced the end its day  
My time has come, my hunt commenced and my veins are  
pulsing with heat  
as my steps proceed meticulously forward inch by adrenaline-  
filled inch



I peer down the hall with a ferine grin that could glow in this darkness  
and open my ears to the most subtle of sounds that would decry  
an alert calf

I hear only the refrigerator's hum and the voice of Death, itself  
assuring me of my station and the penultimate sanctity of my  
duty

Master of Flesh, am I - The Card Dealer and the Life Stealer  
nothing can relent my inevitable progress across this plane of  
existence

I reach its chamber door, left ajar as only the foolhardy might  
and slip my head within its confines to partake of that sacred  
vision

Hemmed into a pillowed corral and shrouded by a flowery duvet  
its torso beneath is only visible by the rise and fall of its breath  
A single, smooth, pale limb juts out from the warmth of its  
blanket

bended slightly back in on itself but parted from its partner,  
inviting my advance

An arm is curled under a profiled face lavished by lengths of  
amber curls  
and emitting the whispered coos of slumbering innocence and  
dormant awareness

I am within the chamber and my will more certain than gravity  
as I stalk ever nearer to the bedside of an angel soon to fall  
I am above her now - it has a sex now - I can smell it  
the damp musk of feminine ardor summons my blade to my grip  
I am poised to strike and fill my famished soul with blood  
the purity of her torpor will be torn silently from this world  
Legends of ghost, hauntings, and black magic have been a part  
of human history for as long as man has been keeping records.



## An Unfinished Task

By John McCarthy  
Jemccarthy13@gmail.com

Stories of ghouls and the supernatural have led many to believe that, given an abrupt and sufficiently shocking end to life, a spell, or simply a task left unfinished, a spirit will remain on earth, and take residence in the "in between."

The old man was in his sixties, and he sat upon a sturdy rocking chair, one that he had crafted himself twenty years ago, designed for this perch.

Looking to the purple, exsanguinous scar on his leg, he remembered that abhorrent day forty years ago, the day he came to possess that scar. He raised his head and lifted his eyes to look at the mannequin corpse hanging from his barn, chains fastened around its legs and arms. With one hand he wiped the sweat from his brow; with the other he adjusted the shotgun on his lap. Time was almost here; twenty years had almost come to pass. It was almost Hallow's Eve. He reached into his shirt pocket, retrieved the kerchief, and wiped his brow again. The burden and curse of being a guardian had taken its toll, although



his body had not aged a year, his mental state had deteriorated over the decades. A breeze blew through the barn, a chilly August wind, and a shiver went through his spine. It was not the breeze that caught him, for he was wrapped in a sweatshirt and blanket. It was the stillness of the mannequin hanging above him. He glanced again at the bear traps and chains that secured the wispy gray carcass to the barn wall. Duke's thoughts flashed again to that autumn day, forty years ago.

"Duke, where are we going?" Sally asked. Her blonde hair was back in pigtails, her black fleece jacket unzipped slightly to reveal the tee shirt underneath. Rain fell against the windshield, wipers beating in rhythm to keep the window clean, and the high beams of Duke's car illuminating the dirt path littered with leaves ahead of them.

"Don't worry Sally, I know a shortcut, this won't take long."

Despite his best efforts to keep her calm, she was worrying, especially as Duke braked before a roadblock, and a sign reading "Road closed for repairs." The windshield wipers still beat frantically against the rain, and Duke opened the door.

"Duke, what are you doing? Get back in the car, let's turn around and head back to the highway. I really don't like this road," Sally warned him.

"Nonsense," Duke said, "I know this road will lead us to the Inn, I know where I'm going."

Duke slipped out into the rain, holding his leather jacket above his head, the end flapping in the wind. Sally reached for the volume control on the radio- Alice Cooper's House of Fire was playing in the background. She shut off the radio and turned

the heat controls all the way up. Glancing through the window, she peered at the tree line to one side of the road. A figure was taking shelter under a tree, a large-brimmed hat covering his face. A large meat cleaver glinted under his sleeve. Her heart skipped a beat as the door slammed shut. Duke was back, and next to her again. She glanced again to the trees and found the man in the black trenchcoat had disappeared.

"What's wrong?" Duke asked, water dripping from his spiked brown hair.

"How could you tell something was wrong?" she asked.

Duke looked down. Sally had his hand in a death grip.

"Oh. Sorry, I think I am seeing things," she explained, laughing it off. "I swear I saw a man with a knife in the trees over there."

He looked where she was pointing but could see nothing.

"Sally, you are letting your nerves get the better of you. We are almost to the other side; I can hear cars driving by on the highway. Look, I moved the roadblock, we can continue on now, without problem."

And continue they did. For several minutes, they sat in silence. Duke let the heat from the vents warm him up; the rain was freezing. As he thought about the rain, the clouds above them dissipated and the moon shone down upon the path, giving the woods an eerie blue light. Duke drove a few more feet and out of nowhere a dense fog engulfed the vehicle, impenetrable by the headlights.

"No sense driving in this fog, we're likely to hit a tree," Duke said,



his tone light. "We should park and wait for the fog to lift."

Duke slid the black 2005 Ford Expedition into park, and turned the ignition off. The couple was thrown into pitch black, a void of sight.

"Duke, I'm scared," Sally voiced to him.

"Oh Sally, you have nothing to be afraid of," Duke comforted.

As Duke said this, the fog lifted. Standing ten feet in front of the car was the man with the black coat, the meat cleaver by his side.

"Oh piss!" Duke said. He jammed the keys back into the ignition and frantically tried to start the car, with no result. The man lifted his head slowly, the large-brimmed hat tilting to reveal his face, shrouded with a mask. The only visible feature of his face was his lifeless red eyes, seeming to bore into Duke's soul.

"Duke... I'm scared." Sally whispered.

Duke said nothing.

In a blur of movement, the black robed man vanished. The couple sat in silence a little while longer, waiting for the black man to make his next move.

After a long moment of silence, Sally turned to Duke with a look of horror on her face.

"What is today's date?" she asked her voice thick with concern.

"October the 30th," Duke answered, "Why do you ask?"

A look of shock appeared on her face.

"Duke, That... is no man."

"What are you talking about sally?"

"Back in town, do you remember the old man who sat in front of the convenience store, with his gun, just sitting there waiting?"

"Yeah, Sally, what about him?"

"Well, one day, after I had finished shopping I went over to talk to him, and I asked him why he always sat in the same chair, all day. He studied me for a few moments and then explained. When he lived in Mexico, there was a myth of a living scarecrow. A sorceress of the middle ages cast a powerful curse on peasant farmers, saying that by scaring crows, the familiars and partners for witchcraft, and mocking man she would create a plague on mankind. The curse she cast transformed the scarecrow into an indestructible monster for one week, beginning on October the 28th to November 4th. The bloodthirsty scarecrow could not be killed, no matter how hard local farmers tried or what instruments they used. The scarecrow ended up killing all members of the village, save one- a wise old man. On the morning of November the 4th, the old man heard a horrid wailing coming from the village square. He ventured outside to find the scarecrow had gone limp, rigid in the sunlight. To prove the scarecrow was lifeless once again, he stabbed it 100 times. The scarecrow remained motionless. He knew he could not last alone in Mexico, so he migrated north, to start a new life. He brought the scarecrow with him, afraid that its curse would one day wreak havoc on the world again. He locked the scarecrow in an enormous tower, weighted with a thousand heavy chains. And twenty years later, his prediction came true. The scarecrow returned, hungry for human flesh. With superhuman strength, the scarecrow escaped his entrapment, and feasted on the wise old man's second home village. The old man was bitten, but escaped with his life. He passed on the secret of the curse of the



scarecrow to his son, who passed it through the generations, all the way to the old man who sat outside the shop. He told me that his family had been charged to watch over the scarecrow as its Guardian. He told me the scarecrow was now locked in the basement of his store, and that all Guardians are destined to die. We have been out of town for three days; the store has been locked for three days prior. The old man described the scarecrow exactly as we see him now... Duke, that black man is the scarecrow of Mexican myth!"

Duke wasn't paying attention to Sally as she ended her explanation. He was looking over her shoulder, out the passenger window, with a look of horror on his face. Sally slowly turned, to find the scarecrow peering through the window, his breath heavy and condensing on the glass. Sally screamed, and the scarecrow's hand flashed through the glass of the window and around her throat. The scarecrow took a deep breath, and it looked as if he was trying to suck the oxygen out of the car. Duke and Sally blacked out, unable to breathe.

Duke opened his eyes, turned his head, and immediately regretted doing so. His head started pounding with a force like a hammer on anvil. He noticed a dim light illuminating the room, and looked around at his surroundings. He noticed several instruments and chains hanging from the ceiling, and started shifting nervously. He wasn't able to move anywhere, however, provided his hands were bound and legs chained to a chair. He looked to his right, and noticed a wood table, old and worn, with many nicks and scratches decorating it. Beyond this was a fire burning slowly in the fireplace. What, in God's name, would live here?

Sally woke up to a similar sight. She groaned and regained consciousness slowly. The first thing she realized was that

she was cold. The second thing, her wrists were chained to a wooden table. She turned her head right as far as she could, hoping to escape the heat of the fire to her left. She soon wished she hadn't. Her eyes were soon fixated on the devices hanging from the ceiling, and she didn't see the dark figure sitting on the stool in the corner.

The figure in the corner stood and crossed the room, stepping up to the table. His bony hand reached for her face, grabbed her chin, and forced her to look at him. With his other hand, he removed his hat and reached for the cloth wrapped around his face. Layer by layer the cloth fell. When the last strand was removed, Sally gasped in shock. She saw his true form- an exoskeleton like that of an insect, with three pairs of pincers comprising its mouth. A foot-long tongue protruded from those pincers, a long muscle of black, rotting flesh ridden with disease. The scarecrow leaned over the table, and ran his tongue across her forehead. As he did so, an assortment of arthropods, arachnids, and aphids scuttled across its tongue and moved randomly on her forehead. His inch-long nails dug into her cheek and neck, opening three shallow cuts. His tongue licked the cut and lifted the blood from her face, before running his nails down her thigh, opening three cuts there as well. Sally's eyes darted back and forth as she struggled against the chains. The scarecrow vanished and she screamed.

In the room down the hall, Duke heard Sally scream, a scream muffled through the layers of cinderblocks, mortar, and bricks. "Sally!" he screamed back. "Sally! I'm gonna get out! I will come for you! Sally, listen to me! I will come for you! I--"

Duke turned and silenced at the sound of metal on stone, his voice catching in his lungs. The scarecrow was dragging a fire poker across the cobblestone floor, sparks flaring every time the poker struck a crevice between stones. It stepped up to



the table, the poker sparking one last time against the concrete ledge of the step in the floor, before the scarecrow threw the poker into the fireplace. The scarecrow stared at Duke for a few minutes, allowing the poker to become red-hot in the flame. With the voice of death, in a coarse whisper, he told Duke, "You broke one of my rules. There is to be no speaking to her. If you should speak again, this is not all I will do." The scarecrow walked to the fire and reached for the poker. Its hand wrapped around the poker, feeling nothing of the heat. He brought the poker to face Duke.

"Why are you doing this?" Duke asked, "Surely it would be easier to simply kill us and be done with it!"

The answer was simple. "It is my curse. I am bound to serve the witch in her task; I am bound to exact her vengeance upon the world for the sin of torturing crows."

It swung the poker like a sword, the heated tip searing through the sinew and muscle of Duke's right calf. Duke shut his eyes in an attempt to block the pain, tilted his head back and screamed. When he opened his eyes again, the scarecrow was gone, the poker swinging gently on the wire of devices, still red-hot. Duke looked down at the floor, and saw a drop of his own blood; the heat had sealed the wound.

As an old man, Duke's barn was not necessarily what anyone would call a barn. The wall holding the mannequin body was made entirely of concrete, the heavy chains with bear trap cuffs holding the mannequin were buried in the cement in an attempt to prevent the monster from freeing itself. Thinking of Sally, and his broken promise, still hurt to this day. They had been in love, and he had been unable to fulfill all of his promises to her. The scarecrow had made sure of that.

Duke, shortly after the pain of the wound on his leg had receded, had time to think about how to escape. He maneuvered the chair to the line of devices, and slammed his shoulder into the stone wall in an attempt to shake loose one of the instruments. Repeatedly he smashed his shoulder into the wall until the skin was raw from impact. Three times more he tried, and his shoulder started bleeding. With tears streaming down his face, he mustered all the strength he could from the chair, and swung his full weight into the wall. Luck was with him, and the cable, which had been shaking, dropped the poker to the floor. Duke moved to where it fell, and rocked on his heels, causing the chair to lean backwards and tip over. His hands, having been tied behind the chair, where crushed under his weight and Duke winced in pain. Turning the chair on its side, he used his now misaligned fingers to grope for the poker. His fingers came within inches, but the poker remained slightly out of reach. With the desperation of a cornered wolf, he lifted his arms, attempting to break the rope that bound his arms to the chair. Although he was not strong enough to break the knot, he succeeded in pulling the length of rope more taught, giving him enough room to extend his arms enough to reach the poker. He played with it, fumbling to find the curved hook on the end. Ignoring the warmth and the tip still wet with blood, he wedged the poker under his chair to keep it steady, and ran the rope along the curved tip, hoping the rope would break. After what seemed like an eternity but in reality was only a couple of minutes, the tip of the poker wore through the rope, and his hands were free. Using his hands he cleverly manipulated the poker to cut through the ropes that bound his arms to the chair. When this was finished it was a trivial issue to cut through the ropes securing his legs and feet. Within minutes he had freed himself.

He went to the door, tried the handle and found it locked. He paced the room, puzzling over how to escape. An idea struck



him, and he formulated a plan. Looking down at his injured leg, he judged the feasibility of what he planned to attempt. The reward was worth the risk. He took a deep breath, went over to the fire, and unzipped his pants. The fire extinguished with a hiss as Duke emptied his bladder. Knowing the scarecrow was with Sally, and knowing he didn't have much time, he hastily swept the ashes and leftover logs to one side using the fire poker and his boots. For a moment he breathed heavily to catch his breath. The next part was going to hurt, and he needed all his strength. It was a great day to wear steel toed boots, Duke thought. It was also convenient that he always carried leather gloves in his back pocket, a pair which he now slipped his mangled fingers into. Ducking his head and stepping into the fireplace, he felt the heat radiating from the surrounding bricks. Reaching high above his head, he felt around for finger holds he could use. Catching hold, he lifted himself, and shimmied up the chimney. When he got above the opening, he put his legs ahead of him, pushing forward with his left leg more than his right, attempting to keep the wound from opening. The gloves, jacket, and boots protected most of his body from the heat of the bricks. The pain in his fingers was unbearable, but he slowly lifted himself inch by inch up the bricks. As he ascended, the air grew cooler and cooler, and the soot covering the bricks made it difficult for him to keep a hold. With his leg burning and fingers in pain, he stopped, pushing with his back and only his left leg. He looked up and down, and realized he had gone more than three quarters of the way up.

Only a few more feet to freedom, echoed in his mind, a chant that kept his strength coursing through his arms and legs. He started climbing again. After two more pulls, his hands slipped, and he was forced to push both legs forward to violently act as a brake to keep himself from falling down the chimney and breaking most of his body. Duke winced as the cut from the poker pressed against his jeans and tore the gash open again.

The denim stained a deep ruby red as warm liquid ran down his leg. With three more pulls, he was free from the chimney and on the roof of what appeared to be an abandoned shack. He hoisted himself up to the edge of the chimney, and leaned too far backward. With a heavy thud Duke landed on the tip of the roof, where both slanted edges met. Duke groaned, drained from the exercise, fingers and leg, and now his back, throbbing. He closed his eyes, trying to forget the throbbing.

Ok, he thought, so I'm on the roof. How the hell do I get down? Looking around for anything that could be of use, he spotted a cluster green leaves creeping around the edge of the roof. He crawled to the edge, and discovered a bunch of vines growing up the gutter drain. He swung himself over the ledge, grabbed the vine and began to climb down. If he had inspected the vines closer, he would've realized that the vines had thorns.

Damn it... Ouch!... Oh well, too late to turn back now.... Duke thought, as several thorns penetrated the thin leather gloves. About eight feet above solid ground, the vines snapped, unable to bear his weight. Duke scrambled to reach something sturdier to break his fall, but only succeeded in shifting himself so that he fell on his stomach. With a quiet "oomph" he hit the ground, winded, his stomach landing on a rock hidden beneath the leaves. He rolled onto his back, cursing his bad luck. Officially sore in every corner of his physique, all he could do was tilt his head and embrace the pain.

Minutes later he could feel his breath and strength returning, and decided to sit up and walk around, addressing the situation. Limping, he surveyed the property, looking to gain entrance to the shack to find Sally. On a first pass around the hut Duke only found one way to enter the shack- a double cellar door, padlocked shut. There was no way to open those doors without



heavier equipment. Upon further inspection he found, buried beneath a dune of leaves, a faint glimmer of light emanating through a single-paned window. Duke dropped to his knees, landing heavily on his left. Sweeping away the leaves, he realized the window overlooked a cobblestone corridor, illuminated by the gentle glow of four torches. Shadows licked the walls, dancing like puppets in the soft light. He stood and moved back away from the house a few paces. He looked again to the shack and realized there was an evil presence surrounding the hut. The window he had been peering into now looked much like a yawning mouth, a portal into the depths of hell. The moonlight that softly caressed the house gave the gray of the wood a pallid and morgue-like hue, which cast the appearance of a void for emotion; a black pit of illusion and emptiness. Duke shuddered, hobbled forward, and threw his left boot into the window. One more reason wearing steel-toed boots was a good idea. In the silence of the forest, the thought echoed in his mind. But Duke was mistaken. The glass, with a gut-wrenching cacophony of nails on a chalkboard was completely cracked. Although it cracked, the glass failed to break. His leg vibrated from the force of the impact, going slightly numb. He grimaced and kicked the window again. The area of glass in the center of his kick fell through onto the stone of the hallway. A few kicks cleared enough glass for him to squeeze through. He pushed his feet through first and slid through, bringing armfuls of leaves into the hallway with him. Dangling from the concrete windowpane he attempted to gain a foothold to control his descent. Before he could, however, several small shards of glass pierced his fingers, and he lost hold of the edge, falling flat on his rear on one of the cobblestones. Great. What a day I'm having.

The shotgun stirred in his lap again, and Duke looked at his fingers. Arthritis had come, after the wounds he received that

day never fully healed. His hands were torn to pieces from the repeated wear of the thorns and glass and hot bricks. Duke's body never fully recovered, mentally or physically, from that evening.

The scarecrow, having its claws around Sally's throat, heard the breaking glass. Mistaking it for metal on stone, he disappeared in a flash and reappeared in Duke's holding room.

Duke, in the hallway, covered his ears as the scarecrow screamed with the intensity of a thousand crows. He felt an enormous pressure on his head as the sound threatened to implode his ears. When it seemed he could no longer handle the pressure, it disappeared. He stood carefully, and clambered to the nearest door, which he hoped was Sally's holding room. He tried the door and found it locked. Running his gloved hand through his hair he tried to think. Turning to his left he noticed a table with a ring of three keys on it. He tried the first key and luckily it opened the door. He entered the room and closed the door behind him. Duke was unprepared for the grotesque sight he saw when he turned around and looked to the wooden table. Sally was lying on her back, chained to the walls by bear traps, her body mutilated by various cuts and gashes from various instruments. Her black jacket was on the floor next to the table, sitting in a puddle of blood. Duke's eyes riveted and fixed on her neck, where a large red line stared blatantly across the room, blood dripping from the wound. Her white t-shirt was dyed red, torn to shreds by the creature's claws. Duke crossed the room, and grabbed Sally's hand.

"Sally, can you hear me?" Duke said, hopeful, "I came for you." Tears streamed down his face. "Sally, I came for you, we can go home now..."



Unable to deal with the emotion, he fell to his knees, bawling. He eventually controlled himself, and as he did, the scarecrow screamed again, finding the blood trail leading through the chimney. Duke fell to the floor, and slid under the wooden table as the scarecrow entered the room.

There was an audible Ting! of metal against metal as the scarecrow took each step towards the wooden table. Duke closed his eyes and prayed. The last ting! was heard as the scarecrow stepped up to the elevated section of floor next to the table. Duke opened his eyes and saw the scarecrow's cowboy boots and black pants from his view under the table. The scarecrow's pincers made the sound of a person sucking on their teeth, and Duke heard the scarecrow growl. Or was it a purr? He asked himself. This continued for a while, and Duke's back muscles started to cramp. When the scarecrow had finished whatever he was doing, Duke heard him sniff the air. It was tasting the air to try to tell where Duke had gone, where the blood led him. With a little luck, and perhaps the fact Sally's blood was covering the floor, the scarecrow was unable to smell Duke and the blood on Duke's leg below him. The scarecrow left to search the outside perimeter of the shack.

Duke, still under the table, allowed his heart to calm down before crawling out from under the table. He thought he had seen the worst, but there was a surprise waiting on the table. He turned to look at Sally one last time, to close her eyes which, last time he looked, were frozen in a gaze of shock and fear. What he found caused Duke to gasp. Sally had been completely transformed. Her tan complexion had disappeared. In its place was a dusty, dead corpse material. She looked as if she had had the blood sucked out of her by a giant spider. With a hole in the center of her chest, this was the perfect analogy. Duke saw three sets of cuts from the scarecrow's pincer mouth and a black ring around

the hole from its diseased tongue. Her mouth, which had been open in a scream, revealed dagger-sharp teeth, making her mouth look much like that of a werewolf's. Duke reached for her forehead and ran his fingers through her hair, causing the wispy, straw-like material to fall from her scalp. With a poof of sand and dust, part of her head crumbled, as if she had been buried for centuries and was only now dug up. Unable to look away, he could only stare in horror.

Sally, I swear, if you can hear me, I will avenge you. It will be my responsibility to make sure this... thing... whatever it is, does not kill anybody else. I swear to you! In his mind, he was certain he heard an echoing voice. I love you, Duke.

I love you, Duke. Those four words he remembered, through the ages. As he sat before the very creature that killed her, those four words came back with haunting clarity. I love you, Duke... echoed over and over in his mind, and he was unable to get them out. The shotgun still rested in his lap.

After leaving the room, he looked to the window, and realized the sun was rising. Outside, he heard a horrific wailing; a sound he knew could only be one thing. He checked his watch and realized they had been imprisoned for quite a while. It was now November 4th. The scarecrow's reign had ended. Outside, he found the scarecrow's gray husk, a car key hanging from its belt. Duke grabbed the key, and pressed the panic button. Down a path to his right he could hear his Expedition's alarm, and he limped to the car. Halfway down the path he turned and looked back to the shack. In the sunlight, the leaves and trees cast beautiful colors on the ground and reflected an assortment of oranges and browns onto the gray wood. Duke's panting breath was visible in the crisp air, and he was thankful to have the



leather jacket. I love you, Duke... The spirit's words kept coming back to him. He knew it was a spirit because the voice was too clear and he remembered it too well for it to be his imagination. Duke reached the Expedition and opened the door, inserted the key into the ignition, and turned the key. He breathed a sigh of relief when the car started and the heat blared. The car hurried backwards down the path, and in a matter of seconds he was back at the shack. He pressed a button overhead that opened the trunk, and he limped out and over to the body of the scarecrow. He shoved the carcass into the SUV, and drove back to the village.

The old man had been waiting, and had greeted him kindly. He told Duke of how, in the midst of the night, Sally's spirit had come to him, and shared with him her experiences, and the promise Duke made. For the first time in history, an outsider, not one of the family, would become Guardian. For some time the old man spoke and Duke listened. He told Duke of the responsibilities and curse of being a Guardian. Duke gladly accepted, in Sally's memory. The old man and Duke traveled together to a secluded barn, in the middle of nowhere. The old man directed him through many twists and turns on many back roads, until they reached a cement prison-like structure, the stone doors thrown open, as if waiting for the trio to arrive. Duke swung the Expedition around, backing into the cement barn. Duke opened the trunk again and the pair of men lifted the scarecrow's body out of the SUV and laid him out on the floor. The old man moved to the rear of the barn, and unwound a length of chain, with a bear trap on the end. He turned to Duke, This is what you shall use to bind him, he said. With sledgehammers we will drive spikes through him, nailing him to the concrete. Each time he escapes we learn how much we misjudged by. We shan't be making many more mistakes. When the chains were unwound, the old men stepped to help Duke

lift the scarecrow. As he did so, his button-up shirt caught on one of the chains, and he stopped short. Turning, he unwound the shirt from the chain, and stepped to the Expedition. Stupid thing, he said, I forgot to tuck it in. Laughing, he was unaware that the chain he moved was holding a pitchfork hanging above him. It swayed back and forth, dangerously, before falling straight for his head. Another chain just below it caught the fork in time to prevent the old man's death. Quickly, I haven't got much time, the old man told Duke. The two of them hoisted the scarecrow up to the bear traps, and secured his legs and wrists to the cement wall. Next, they grabbed spikes, stakes, and an assortment of metal rods to drive through the scarecrow with sledgehammers. They pounded at the stakes for a while, but the scarecrow's skeleton prevented the men from penetrating the body. It bent and collapsed but refused to be pierced. Duke was able to get a few of his stakes slightly into the scarecrow's flesh, and the old man followed suit in short time. Duke went to the SUV and rammed the stakes with his Expedition. The force of the blow against the wall shook the pitchfork loose from the second chain, so it was hanging by a prong. The body of the scarecrow looked like a sick mockery of voodoo when the pair was finished. Duke pulled the Expedition forward, exited, and walked to the rear. He sat in the trunk, using it to support his injured leg. Taking a look at Duke's leg, the old man said, You should get that looked at. Duke just nodded. I understand your grief at the loss of Sally's life. Remember, my whole village was destroyed, all of my relatives gone. Duke just nodded. My time has come, the old man said, Good luck... Duke just nodded, and the pitchfork swung loose of the chain, plummeting straight down for the old man, who made no efforts to avoid his fate. The chain swung, dragging the bear trap down to close on the old man's neck. The bodiless head rolled on the floor a few feet before coming to a stop. Blood poured out of the neck of the old man and Duke stared in shock. The body fell to its knees, then to its stomach,



He remained in this chair since, ever watchful. His life had ended that August day, when Sally was taken from him. He fixed his countenance, with a set look in his cheekbones, and gripped the shotgun, aiming at the creature's head. He reached into the pocket of his leather jacket and retrieved a cell phone.

The scarecrow shuddered, and a black liquid oozed out of its mouth. With a loud wail, the scarecrow was reanimated. Duke quickly hit the first speed dial on his phone and the phone rang three times before the recipient picked up.

Dad? The voice on the other end said. What do you want? The two men had not talked for twenty years, since the last time the scarecrow was reanimated. Then, Duke gave his son a letter, after his son's girlfriend had been killed by the scarecrow. Duke told him to wait to open the letter until he told him to. Inside the letter was the legend of the scarecrow, and Duke's will to pass the Guardian's responsibilities to his son.

It's time, Duke said, Please, open the letter. He knew his time was up. And as he said this last sentence, the scarecrow lifted its arms to its chest and wrenched a rod free. Duke picked the shotgun off his lap and fired twice into the belly of the beast. The scarecrow threw the metal spike like a javelin right into Duke's head, and proceeded to tear free of the bear trap chains holding him to the barn wall. With a vengeance worthy of the sorceress, the scarecrow tore Duke's limbs from his body, and proceeded to devour him, and transform him into the corpse he saw Sally as. The cell phone fell from Duke's dead hand, and hit the ground, landing on the leaves scattered about the barn. The screen's backlight flashed a few times, in a pattern much like the faint beating of a heart, before going black one last time.

As the author I would like to point out, for those who haven't

been paying attention, that the ending of this paragraph marks 5,666 words in the story itself, excluding page numbers, title page, and introduction. Coincidence? Perhaps not... Black magic penetrates every aspect of legends... including those who dare tell them. The time has come... Good luck.





# Fog of The Night...

By Bradley Howington  
<http://bradleyhowington.com>

The orange street light shining bright,  
The Fog whistles as it floats on by.  
Behind the street light a man awaits,  
Filled with intense rage.

Dressed in black, a trench coat to his boots,  
He stands and watches,  
In hot pursuit.

A young girl, with wavy dark hair,  
Walking alone at night,  
Not knowing she's in for a scare.

He comes forth, with death in his eyes,  
No way of knowing if the young girl has died...


She picks herself up off of the ground,  
Her blood scraped hands have a story to tell.  
The man grabs her and whispers in her ear,  
Her face lights up with such horror and fear.

He brings her to his shop of death,  
He will torture her until she is put to rest.

He lay her on a wooden table.  
Cuts her hands until she is unable,  
To scream for help in the dead of the night.

A man dressed in dark, reflecting in her eyes...



The image features a person whose skin is covered in a network of fine, glowing blue cracks, suggesting a fragile or distressed state. They are holding a small, clear glass filled with water. The background is a dark, textured collage of various elements, including fragments of newspaper text, a small portrait of a man, and abstract patterns. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, greys, and the glowing blue of the cracks.

# Self Medication

Drinks of the Asylum used  
to quiet the voices



## Bloody Sunday Cocktail

1 1/2 parts Basil Hayden's Bourbon  
1/2 part Orange Juice  
1/2 part Grenadine  
1 dash Peychaud's Bitters  
1 barspoon of Crème de Violette  
1/2 Vanilla Bean

Shake bourbon, orange juice and bitters with ice Strain into cordial glass Sink the Creme de Violette and slowly drizzle grenadine over the top Place one half of a split of vanilla bean in glass and stir







# Psych Eval

A review of the  
patients psychosis



# A Brief History Of Horror Movies

By: Adriana Noton

**HORACE WALPOLE  
THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO**



Horror movies has been around for almost as long as movies have been made. Before looking at the horror movie it may be best to look into horror in literature. Knowing this can help our understanding of horror films and where they come from.

Horror in literature left a legacy that helped to propel this genre into films. If there had not been such a legacy of literary

works then we may not have the same movies we do now. The term horror was first coined in 1764 in a book by Horace Walpole's called The Castle of Otranto which was full of the supernatural. In the following centuries literary giants like Edgar Allan Poe championed this genre with great works like The Raven. Some of the great horror movies of today are based on old horror stories like Frankenstein and Dracula which were both written in the 1800's.

At the beginning of horror movie history these movies were often ones that had the supernatural in there. In the late 1890's short silent films was where these movies start. The Frenchman Georges Melies is thought to be the creator of

the first horror film with his 1896 short silent Le Manoir du diable. Around this time the Japanese also tried their hand at this genre with Bake Jizo and Shinin no Sosei.



The first full horror film was an adaptation of the hunchback of Notre-Dame. Many of these first horror films were created by German film makers as the early 1900's were the time of the German expressionist films. These films have

influenced horror film makers for decades to Tim Burton. During the 1920's Hollywood started dabbling in the horror genre with Lon Chaney Sr. Becoming the first American horror star.



It was in the 1930's that the horror film was first popularized by Hollywood. Along with the classic Gothic films Frankenstein and Dracula there were also films made with a mix of Gothic horror and the supernatural. In 1941 The Wolf Man was an iconic werewolf movie created by Universal studios. This was not the first werewolf movie made but is known as



the most influential. During this era other B pictures were created like the 1945 version of *The Body Snatcher*.

In the 1950's there had been many innovations in the technology used to make films. Additionally in this time the horror film was divided into two categories being Armageddon films and demonic films. During this time social ideas and fears were placed into movies but in such a way that it was not direct exploitation.



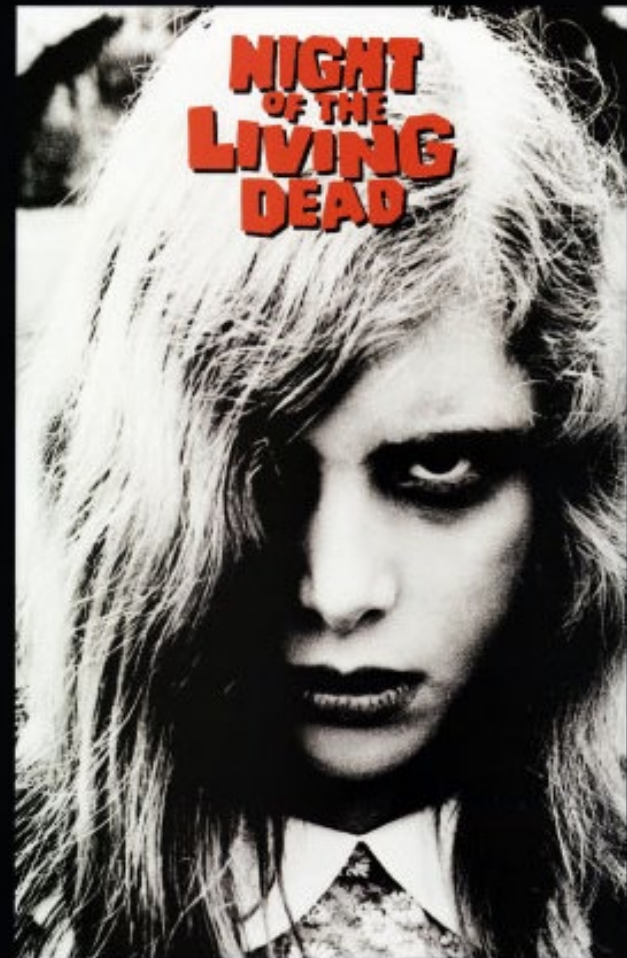
The 1960's were the time when many iconic movies came about. Hitchcock's movie *The Birds* was against a modern backdrop and was one of the first American Armageddon films. Perhaps one of the most influential films of this time was *Night of the Living Dead*. This movie brought zombies into the mainstream and it also moved these movies from the Gothic horror to what we know today.

The history of horror movies goes back to the beginning of movies. The long history shows how they changed from Gothic classics to what we know today.

Article Source: <http://www.articlesnatch.com>Bottom of Form

About the Author:

When searching online for the largest selection of horror





# Confiscated Items

Objects of beauty and uniqueness with no other home...







**"Paper Art 2"**  
Angelika Dlugozima

Devil Claw Cerberus

7 1/4" tall  
9" long  
4 3/4" wide



**"Devil Claw Cerberus"**  
Cara Bevan

**"Tararegeel & Key"**  
Shannon Qarrezel







**"Steampunk Airship  
Pirate Ring"**  
Daniel Proulx



**"Lilac Sea Foam ACEO"**  
Chris Kapono



**"Devil Claw Mermaid"**  
Cara Bevan



**"Earthtone Swirl Journal"**  
Chris Kapono



“**==**”  
**Tom Banwell**



“**Purple Steampunk  
Bracelet**”  
**Daniel Proulx**



“**New  
Steampunk  
Bracelet**”  
**Daniel Proulx**







**“Mix Of  
Stone Pendants”  
Chris Kapono**



**“Hellcat”  
Shannon Qarrezel**

**“The Golden Beast”  
Shannon Qarrezel**



**“Touch Of Vanity”  
Angelika Dlugozima**





"For me, insanity is super sanity. The normal is psychotic. Normal means lack of imagination, lack of creativity."  
~ Jean Dubuffet

### NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER:

We publish on a quarterly publishing schedule for 2012 as we prepare for the end of the world. Gathering supplies for the impending zombie apocalypse is time consuming work but we won't disappear on you. Expect new double stuffed issues in January, April, July, & October. Remember to subscribe to our mailing list at [SUBSCRIBE@asylumink.net](mailto:SUBSCRIBE@asylumink.net) to always get the latest in Asylum info!

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NEXT  
ISSUE...



April showers bring  
dead flowers!  
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