



SORGEN

GAZINE

Issue No. 5
August 13, 2010

Gothic Poetry

By Various Artists

Goth Etiquette

Being Polite to Each Other

The Devil's Hoof Prints

Bringing your Vision
into the Mainstream

Fiction Bites:

- ◆ That Time of the Month (4)
- ◆ Beyond the Doors of Daylight (4)
- ◆ Victoria's Asylum of Maggots (2)

Resident Evil

Extinction Reviewed



MEDUSA'S MAKE-UP

what's your color?

www.medusasmakeup.com

Letters From the Editor

Dear Readers,

My new life philosophy: Screw pretense.

I won't be using my pen name anymore. I'll be going with my actual nickname. I know it might be a little confusing, but using a pen name seemed like a good idea at the time. In this day **and age, though, it's almost impossible to keep up** the pretense of a pen name or stage name without people noticing. My legal name is Amanda, but **"Max" is the name I usually go by for online correspondence and a handful of friends, so I'll be going by Max from now on.**

I bet you're wondering "How did she get 'Sophie' for a pen name?" and even if you're not wondering, I'll tell you anyway. A while back I had a dream where I befriended a little girl (maybe 3 or 4) whose name was Sophie. I didn't know anyone else named Sophie at the time, and I started obsessing over how beautiful the name was. A short while later, I was founding Sorean and I decided that the three of us (my sister, my niece, and I) should all use pen names just for fun and to keep our privacy and whatnot. My sister chose "Alyson," my niece chose "Kaimelar," and I stared at my list of nicknames--I've had a lot over the years--**and realized I didn't like any of them at the time, so I used "Sophie," and it just felt right.**

Since then Sorean has grown a lot, and the tone of what I do here has gotten more and more **serious.** I'd always intended to pursue Sorean's success, even if it meant making issues myself until I was old and gray, without a single reader. But now, with all of the wonderful people working on each issue and the hundreds of people checking the website for updates and to see what

we're about, my dream is being realized... and I'm realizing that it's your dream, too. To thank all of you for that, I thought the least I could do was stop hiding who I am.

To all my contributors and readers, thank you, and I love you guys with all I've got.

Love and Peace,

Max
Editor in
Chief

~~Sophie~~



Link to our social networking pages from our website:
www.sorean.net

Check out my friend Tahlea Moonwater (and her awesome pagan podcast) at www.geekwitch.org



Letters From the Editors

Hey readers!

It's Amber again, here for another fabulous issue of Sorean. In this issue, you'll find three pieces written by me, two musings on the world of Goth, and the second part of Victoria's Asylum of Maggots. If you haven't read the first part, you absolutely need to.

I mostly want to spend time thanking all of our marvelous readers for downloading and reading issue 4. We've expanded greatly for this issue, and we can only keep expanding further. I'd like to thank LS Murphy for helping me get the word of Sorean out there. You can find her on Twitter at @LSMurphy. I'd also like to thank Viktor Aurelius for having me on his radio show "Whispers in the Dark" and allowing me to talk a little bit about the magazine. You can find him and his show at <http://www.blogtalkradio.com/viktoraurelius>.

I know last issue I said I'd try to hold a photo shoot in humble Georgia, but sometimes things don't go as planned. What I plan on doing instead is accompanying my articles with

photography that I put together myself, that way you guys can at least get a glimpse into my photo skills in case the photo shoot for the next one is a bust as well.

I hope you all enjoy this issue, and it would be awesome if you spread the word about us through the flyer that comes with the issues. I don't care if you e-mail it.

Thanks,

Amber

Model: Bria & Katie ☠ ☸ ☹ Photographer: Gary Queen



Alyson's Cookbook

Cuddly Fluffy Strawberry Cake

Cake Ingredients: & Butter Cream Frosting

- ♦ Nonstick vegetable spray
- ♦ All-purpose flour, for pans
- ♦ 3 cups self-rising flour
- ♦ 2 cups granulated sugar
- ♦ 3/4 cup vegetable oil
- ♦ 1 1/2 cup pureed strawberries, strained
- ♦ 1 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
- ♦ 4 large eggs, beaten



Frosting Ingredients:

- ♦ 1/2 cup shortening
- ♦ 1/2 cup butter
- ♦ 1 1/2 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
- ♦ 5 cups confectioner's Sugar
- ♦ 3 tablespoons milk

Cake Directions:

Preheat oven to 325 degrees.

Spray three 8-by-2-inch round (or a different shape) cake pans and set aside. I used heart-shaped pans to make it cute.

When preparing the cake batter you'll want to use a large bowl.

Stir to combine self-rising flour, sugar, oil, pureed strawberries, vanilla, and eggs.

Divide batter evenly between prepared pans, smoothing with a spatula.

Bake, rotating pans halfway through, until the tops spring back when gently pressed with your fingertips: about 26 to 28 minutes.

Transfer pans to a wire rack to cool 10 minutes, then invert cakes onto wire rack and invert cakes one last time. Let them cool completely, top sides up.

- Prepare the butter cream frosting (or a frosting of your choice). Frost as desired and refrigerate until ready to serve.

Frosting Directions:

Cream butter and shortening with mixer for 3 minutes on high speed.

Add vanilla and milk.

Gradually add sugar, one cup at a time, beating well on medium speed. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl often. Mix on high speed for 5 minutes.



Tips:

Cake: Use fresh or frozen strawberries. If frozen, let them thaw first.

Frosting: Don't taste from the mixing bowl, or you might not have any left to frost the cake.

Both: Add red food coloring to make it pink, or use a lot to make it red.

Garnish with adorable fluffy stuffed animals, and a "festive" pink umbrella toothpick.

Contents

Cover Photography:

Model: Katie

Photographer: Gary Queen

- 3 Letters From the Editor
- 12 **FB: Victoria's Asylum of Maggots (2)**
- 16 Issue 5 Photo Shoot
- 18 Goth Etiquette: Being Polite to Each Other
- 22 Resident Evil: Extinction, Review
- 26 **The Devil's Hoof Prints: Bringing Your Vision into the Mainstream**
- 32 FB: Beyond the Doors of Daylight (4)
- 38 FB: That Time of the Month (4)
- 53 Printable Sorean Flyer
- 57 Meet the Staff



Sorean's Official Sponsor, 2010



Ebony Tara Scurry
The Career Architect

Eidolon Career Solutions helps people like us (goths, nerds, and other “weirdo’s” as dubbed by the general population) succeed in a corporate setting and find (and land) our dream career/job. (See the ad on the back cover) Check them out at www.eidoloncareersolutions.com

City in Shadow

A Poem By Edward J Mount

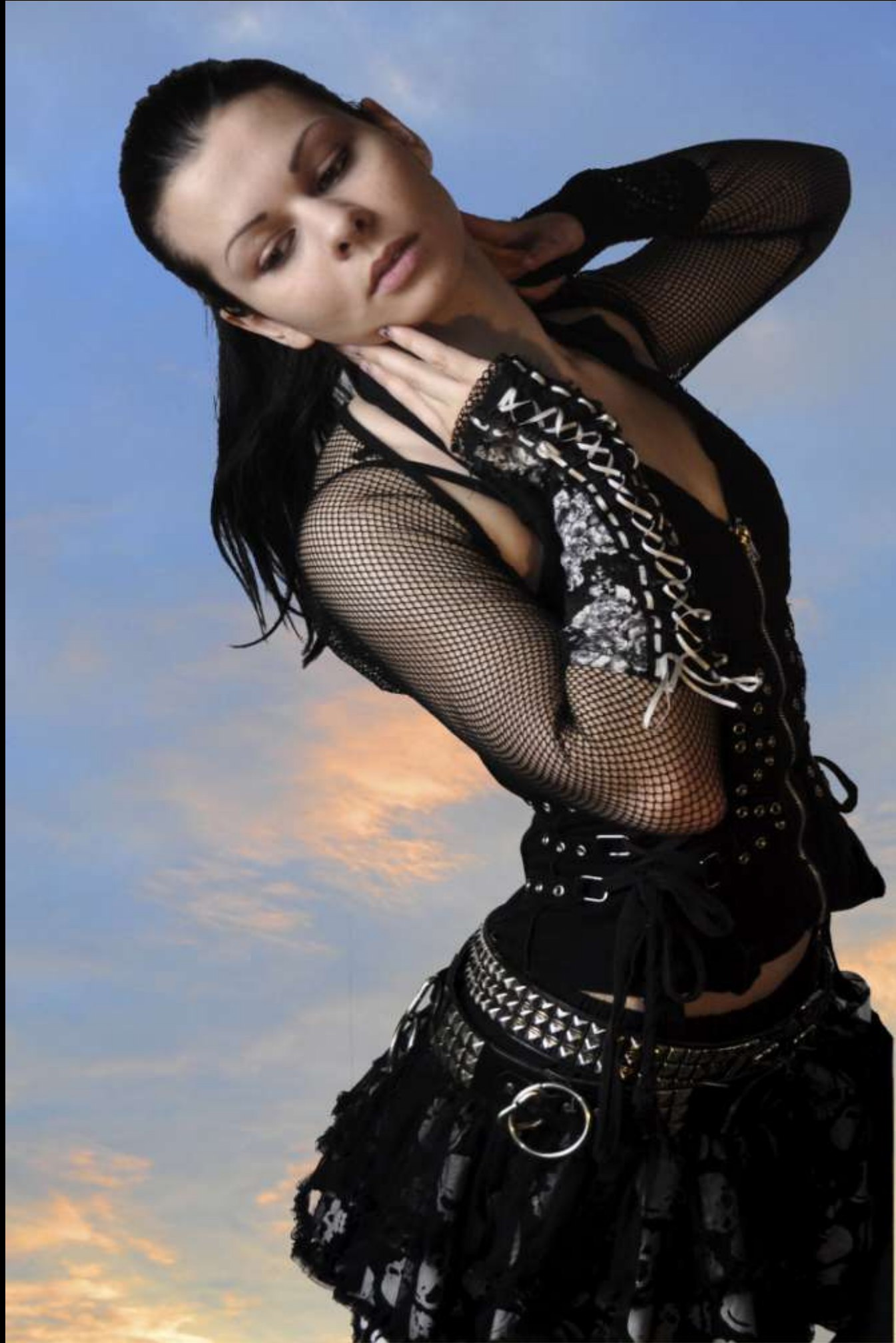
I am
Wondering why I'm unconcerned as
Well manicured hands conduct heart attacks
and coax malignant cancers with polyphonic rage

Witches wearing beauty's face
On pencil legs and stick figured arms
Coo lovely words behind sneering lips
In the hallway Insect feet chitter across tile floors
Clicking and hissing
Pausing
Clicking and hissing
Skeletal hands screech slowly down cobwebbed dusty windows
Accompanied by cowled mourning doves moaning dirges
Shadows echo down abandoned hallways
Blood drips slowly down the walls
Forming words that...
Sorcerers prepare
Giggling like schoolboys reading fuck magazines
Macabre whispers from manhole covers
Woo delighted children with ice cream and darkened carousel rides
Pulsing eerie light
Green as fresh death
The night is punctuated by screams
Drowning amid angry wind and studious ignoring
Everywhere
Forced smiles and the stench of fear
Souls are caged in skulls
Skulls are sewn into the bodies of torn heroes
Mounted on stakes
Eyelids and lips removed
Lidless eyes smile and stare perpetually at anyone
Who would challenge
A city in shadow
Hiding from itself

Model: Katie



Photographer: Gary Queen



Suspended in Time.

By Sarah Ashley



Do you sometimes feel that moments of your life are slipping away, gone forever? Just once wouldn't you like to be able to hold on to a special moment, let it be suspended in time to enjoy over and over again? To have more than just a memory, to have that special moment to hold for eternity?

I used a variety of props and equipment, glitter, scrapbook embellishments, and gel lights. I wanted to capture the feeling of suspended time, just floating there . . . not moving, mine to enjoy for an eternity.



Model: Bria ☠️ 🕸️ Photographer: Arie (Winged Creations)



WINGED CREATIONS

Victoria's Asylum of Maggots

Installment 2

By Amber Forbes

Part Two

A maggot has turned into a fly within me. Spread gossamer wings, pupil-sized body, spindly legs--it flies around me, weaving my mind on a loom. Cranberry eyes look at me, its corset head bound by a stiff weave. It lands on my nose, combs the bridge.

The drug pumps fast through me. I see thousands of such flies, all their cranberry eyes, their corset-bound heads, their hairy bodies. There are still thousands of maggots in me, I know, with thousands of ways to make me go mad. Only one maggot at a time, however, turns into a fly, leaving me with an endless amount of sanity I can cling to.

My eyelids become heavy as the drugs warms inside me. One-by-one the flies dry up. Their juices drain, and they splatter black around my cell. Their husks fall limp to the floor. They crumble; the wind crawling through the cracks sweeps them away.

The drug forces my eyelids shut, though I do not fall asleep just yet. My mind, though trapped on a loom, flashes pictures of a time before Bedlam, of me in a white dress on a hill of clover outside a picturesque house. A smile mars my china face. I do not move. The smile stays there, motionless. Although I do not move, the door to the house opens, and out steps a man in a crisp, brown suit and bowler hat. He has a jagged smile and a crop in one hand. He grabs my frail arm, pins me against the house, and beats me.

The smile stays. I remain motionless.

Nurse Hayes, in her white uniform, kidnaps my mind, leaving me with a glimmer called a dream, something I **haven't had since coming to Bedlam. Or perhaps it's more of a memory, for dreams are not real, and this one I can say surely is.**

John's in a dreadful mood again. I sit outside our white cottage, rubbing an arm that bruises to a ripe plum. The rest of me remains a virgin, untouched by the vicious crop he so often uses on me for one reason **or another. We don't even have horses. He** bought it just for me, on my thirteenth birthday before he asked my hand in marriage. Back then, I thought it was for a horse.

The afternoon is warm and wet from last **night's rains. The green hillocks beyond** thrust their flowers to the afternoon sun. The larks and warblers croon to the sun swept rays, and the poplars, cedars, and oaks surrounding the cottage release their green, earthy scents that do nothing to stay my sawed nerves.

Eduoard Manet, a famous French painter, is inside our house, and John wants him to be paint me nude.

He has never seen me naked. He has never had me carnally. Despite being **married to him for a year, we haven't done** the deed of which people say officially consummates marriages. He once desired me in that way, back when my father worked in his factory for a mere wage and

John came over for pity tea, but after marriage, something happened.

Now it seems he wants to revive that.

I'm fine with his not knowing what I look like nude. I'm also fine with never sleeping with him.

The door creaks open. John steps out, his posture indicating nothing ever happened.

"You've had to time to think about refusing to be painted. Come inside and remove your garments, Victoria, sweetheart." He smiles that jagged smile, with crooked teeth and dried lips that have scraped my cheeks so many times before.

He doesn't wait for me to rise. He grabs my arm, yanks me up, then drags me into the house, leaving me no room to protest. I should have run away while I had the chance to, but where would I have gone? Over the hills and far away?

John lets go once we enter our gaudy parlor filled with statues of nude women, **paintings of nude women I don't even know,** and Grecian vases and amphorae with primitive paintings of more nude women with pointy breasts. He is deprived. He is so very deprived.

Eduoard Manet is positioned by the leaded-glass window, his canvas prepped, his paintbrush hand frozen on the muslin. **He's an old man, with black hair** surrounding the baldness of his head like a nest. His beard flows like ocean waves, tumbling in curls down to the hollow of his throat.

"Is the young Victoria ready?" he asks in his thick, French accent.

"Of course she is."

John pushes me forward. I stumble several paces and take a seat at the settee.

"Would you like some tea, Mr. Manet?" John asks.

Eduoard nods. **"Tea would be lovely, sir."** I get up to fetch the tea, but John stays me with another jagged smile. **"You stay there, darling."** The way he says 'darling' sends leeches swarming through my stomach. **"When I get back, I want to see Mr. Manet painting you already."**

In John language that means I should be undressed and splayed across the couch like a seductive Greek goddess. I am anything but.

John disappears from the parlor, leaving a hallow tree of a girl sitting alone, staring blank-faced at a famous painter who has made art of hundreds of nude girls like me. **I've seen those paintings before. They're all young girls, frail as broom handles. None of them smile: their eyes convey all that needs to be said. Their eyes whisper thousands of stories of husbands who have confined them in python's grips and planted vampire teeth on delicate flesh. They've been sapped of life, drawn forth from the Ninth Circle of Dante's hell where victims are forever freezing in lakes of ice.**

I cannot do this. I cannot be one of those girls. I refuse to be one of those girls.

Eduoard does not look at me. He stares at his canvas as though contemplating what **light I'll look best in, how best to display me** on the settee, and whether or not to paint the emotions that color my entire being. To him, I am but a vase on a table.

I wish John would see me that way.

I sigh and look down at my own frail being. I lift up my skirts, revealing stockings that droop at my ankles. I continue lifting them until they reveal my frilly bloomers. Curling my fingers beneath the frills, I pull, and they slide down easily. Next come the stockings, then the petticoats, until I am left in a dress, corset, and slip. I am able to remove my dress

without reserve, but now I'm stuck on the corset and the slip just beneath it.

I contort my arms behind me, my fingers freezing on the laces. Just one pull, and it'll be off. Just one pull...

John comes into the parlor bearing a tray of tea.

He leers at me. "Still a little hesitant? You're making good progress, dear." Good progress. So that's what he calls it.

Now that John's in the parlor, my fingers stay frozen on the lace. My muscles and ligaments have drawn themselves taut within me. My joints mesh into my bones so that I cannot move my forearms separate from my upper arms.

"Go on, Victoria," John says. "I can help, if you need it."

I try to shake my head, but the individual vertebrae in my spine seemed to have meshed together as well, forming a smooth piece of bone that only serves to keep me upright.

John closes his eyes. "Come into the kitchen, Victoria." His voice is calm, patient, like a father on the brink of snapping his daughter's bones.

Despite my statuesque being, my heart thunders in my chest, my nerves are broken violin strings, and my skin crawls with mites and lice and ants.

"Excuse me, Mr. Manet," John says.

He returns to the kitchen and comes back without the tea. He rips my arm out from behind me and drags me away. Eduoard doesn't seem to notice the cruel way my own husband handles me. Perhaps he's used to seeing husbands treat their wives this way. Yet, he does nothing to stop it, never will do anything. He is a painter. Not a hero. He'll only paint the truth, but won't try to stop it.

John throws me against a cupboard. The knob of the cupboard gouges into my back,

forcing a cry from me. I shield my trembling body with my arms. A membrane of tears extends across my eyes and softens my vision. He stands over me, imposing as a mountain.

"Victoria, dear, when I ask you to do something, I expect it to be done." He paces the kitchen, runs a hand across the wood stove that traps smoldering ashes within its hearth. The stove should still be hot, but John rubs his hand across the top anyway, never flinching.

I blister just looking at him.

His signature jagged smile makes a presence on his face again.

I press myself again the cupboard, the knob digging more into my back. I'd rather feel the pain of the knob than see the sight of John's crooked smile, the smile that splays across his face every time he has an idea of what he wants to do with me.

I should run. I know I should run. There's space to run, but my vertebrae and joints stay frozen.

John takes his hand off the stove and approaches me. The underside of his palm is blistered red.

I keep pressing myself against the cupboard as though the door will break off and I'll be able to crawl in and hide amongst pots and pans.

"I'll give you one more chance, Victoria," he says, standing over me again. "One more chance."

I close my eyes. I'll take whatever beating he has planned for me. Any beating is worth not being painted in my most vulnerable state. Any beating is worth not having a constant mirror in the parlor of how I feel everyday. Any beating is worth--

John throws his entire weight on me, a hulking elephant on top of a gazelle. I struggle beneath him, beating my fists against his meaty sides. My legs kick out as

though I'm swimming. I am too much of a porcelain doll to fight against him.

He buries his fist in my corset and drags me upward. "What would your father say if I told him how rebellious of a wife you are?"

His breath laps against my neck, licking the skin like flames to a combustible curtain.

I don't answer him. Only wrap my petite hands around his massive ones. I let out a cracked cry.

He lets go of me, lifts up my dress, and there is only this pain, this awful, awful pain. He pulls me into him, and I feel this pain for God knows how long. Go away, go away, go away.

The sharp pain soon disappears after what feels like an eternity, leaving me with a throbbing ache that pumps out rivulets of blood down my naked leg. John rips of my clothes and tosses them to the side. His crooked smile curves into a triumphant one. He pulls himself away from me, a towering redwood, and lets his gaze wander up and down my exposed frame.

"This is what you've hid from me for so long. Such a shame."

A knife slices open my skull, and the exposed brain begins to crack.

"Perhaps being with child will tame that spirit of yours."

A moderate earthquake starts in my head.

"I hope it is a boy."

The plates of my brain shift and rub against one another.

"Girls are too foolish and silly and... pretty."

An enormous crack splits my brain in half. I scream, and the screaming is enough to numb the pain and send life to my limbs. I lurch forth and ram into him, knocking him against the stove. He cries out.

I look around the kitchen, wild-eyed as a huntress, for some weapon. The tea sits on the table, steam curling from the brim like an active volcano. I grab the tea and splash it on John's crotch.

John screams, his eyes bulge, the veins pop from the whites, and there is so much hatred for me in his dilated pupils. I can tell he wants to say so many things to me, but the most vulnerable part of him swims beneath heat and hurt.

I join him in his screaming and dance around him. Flies fly into the open wound of my soul and lay their beastly eggs in me, thousands upon thousands of them.

This is the most freedom I've had since coming into this world. I wallow in it, even though I know I am done for.

Even though I know he can do as he wants with me.

Even though my word against his is laughable.

Even though he sends me to Bethlem Royal Hospital.

Issue 5 Photo Shoot

Thank you so much to all those who participated in the shoot. A special thanks to Arie for hosting and to Gary for travelling so far to join all of us.

Model: Bria & Katie

Photographer: Gary Queen





Model: Dolly Dangerous
Photographer: Gary Queen

Those of you who want to kick-start your modeling (or photography) career or build your portfolio, email us. We're always looking for fresh faces and new contributors.

Goth Etiquette: Being Polite to Each Other

By Amber Forbes

Now that one has integrated oneself into the Goth culture, and understands that despite how much one may love him Marilyn Manson is not Goth, there is a code of etiquette we as Goths should abide by. Since mainstream culture tends to look at us with a queer eye, and likes to respond to our eccentric dress with snark, we must respond to this rudeness with extreme politeness. Why should we do this? Because by responding with rudeness, we are perpetuating the stereotypes the mainstream culture has ingrained in their minds. It may seem painful when all one wants to do is crack skulls, but we must not give in to what the mainstream expects. We must be more polite than the average person.

Of course, Goths do not necessarily only have problems with outsiders, but also with other Goths, which is this young lady's main concern. This young lady can understand the rudeness of outsiders, but she cannot understand Goths being rude to one another. This is why she has outlined a short code of etiquette, so that the Goth community can hopefully follow these and understand that part of being Goth is following a strict code of etiquette.

Elitism is not okay. Goths who hold this attitude believe others should look up to them, admire them, and even emulate them. Such an attitude is dangerous because it implies they know everything and hold the definitions for what Goth is. This young lady wants to make it clear there are no strict definitions for what Goth is. It is all subjective, and elitist views beg otherwise. Nobody likes elitism, whether one is Goth or not. This elitism is also called being 'Gother than thou.' No one is 'Gother than thou,' and no one should act like it. If one stumbles across someone who believes he or she is 'Gother than thou,' smile and ignore, or be polite and reasonable when arguing why you do not agree with said views.

Where there are Goths, there are also mall Goths. This young lady, however, wants to stress that she would rather have mall Goths trying to fit in our culture than jocks dressed in athletic wear trying to barge in. A mall Goth is generally someone who primarily shops at Hot Topic (this young lady loves

Hot Topic, however, and realizes it's a great place to find pieces for one's wardrobe) and fits the stereotype of a Goth (depressed, moody, ect.), because they think that is how Goths are supposed to be. They tend to shop for things they think are Goth instead of shopping for what they like. Mall Goths can carry the attitude of 'Gother than thou,' but this does not mean the full-fledged Goth should carry that same attitude. When confronted with a mall Goth that carries this attitude, the best thing one can do is politely ignore him or, or challenge the mall Goth to reveal his or her own ignorance Goths should not mock the mall Goth, nor should they think they are better than the mall Goth. There are mall Goths who are just doing it because they believe it is cool, or are rebelling, but there are mall Goths who genuinely want to be Goth, but have not adequately done research and are struggling with Goth identity, as in "Does this really suit me? Let me try a bunch of different things until I find something I like."

Now what happens if someone accuses one of being a mall Goth when one clearly knows one is not? Not everyone who accuses a person of being a mall Goth is always correct. Those elitists Goth this young lady has mentioned earlier are guilty of lobbing the term around with no real reason. When confronted with an accuser, the best one can do is employ sarcasm: "My apologies. I did not realize I was being a mall Goth. Please teach me your Gothy ways." Make obvious that it is sarcasm. Elitists insult other Goths to pull negative responses from them, and one should not give into that. Sarcasm will push them away, and they will move onto someone else to terrorize. Realize that sarcasm isn't necessarily being rude. Sarcasm is only rude when the tone itself is rude.


Goth etiquette goes far beyond what this young lady has outlined, but Goths being rude to one another seems to be more insidious than Goths being rude to outsiders. If Goths cannot learn to respect each other, why should we expect the mainstream culture to respect us? Remember, being respectful to a rude Goth is more important than delivering them comeuppance.

Model: Bria ☠️ 🕷️ ☠️ Photographer: Gary Queen



Boy Without a Face.

By Sarah Ashley



Do you sometimes feel that nobody sees you, no one notices you there? You are the “Boy Without a Face.” You know what I mean: the boy that sits in the back row in class, the one who could not make the basketball tryouts, the boy who has no friends. You wish someone would notice you, would see your face and know your name when you walk into a room? You tell yourself . . . someday I will have a face, I will be seen.

I used a combination of gels on my lights (red and blue). I wanted to capture the feeling of being someplace where no one knows you.

Model: Bria & Dolly Dangerous



Photographer: Gary Queen





Resident Evil: Extinction

(Notes-format Review by Max)

Released: September 21, 2007

Director: Russell Mulcahy

Unlike the peaceful suburbia of its predecessor, Extinction starts off with Alice explaining what has happened between then and now. These years have left the world dried up and dying. The idiots who started it all are still sitting pretty in their underground labs, thinking only of how to save themselves and return to the surface, regardless of any potential survivors outside.

The tricky bit begins when Alice responds to a radio transmission, a plea for help. One swift and fluid motion and Eddie is dead. How was he to know that his relatives couldn't keep Alice pinned down. She is, after all, more than human, but he didn't know that, and now he's dead.

Clair's Convoy is probably the first cool thing (other than everything Alice is and does any given second she's on screen) and apparently half the convoy would be willing to kill for some cigarettes or sex. The first big mistake of the movie, other than the radio-folks' mistake of trying to trap Alice, is LJ's neglecting to watch his own back. All he wanted was a waterbed, a Jacuzzi, and a porno. What he got was a cheap mattress and a lap-dance from a zombie. I'm sure some people out there can probably relate to the feeling.

Meanwhile, in the lab whose conference room is almost 600 feet below ground, Alice 2.0 number 87 is being activated while Alice 1.0 is asleep in the desert. If you take a psychic, and give her a sibling (or a clone) then you know what happens? They can feel each other. As 2.0 "number 87" is twitching in her bubble, Alice 1.0 is levitating rocks in her sleep. When 2.0 suddenly wakes up, so does 1.0. A single rock hits the ground, and Alice has her gun pointed in that direction faster than the other rocks, and her motorcycle, come crashing down around her.

Now stuck hoofing it, Alice happens to notice the giant swarming cloud of crows on the horizon. At this time, the convoy is being attacked, a lot, by half-zombie crows. 7 casualties on the convoy, marked later by 7 graves, but the absolute coolest thing in the entire movie takes so much of Alice's power to accomplish that she literally passes out mere seconds after it's done. When Carlos (Oded Fehr) is faced with yet another suicidal heroic task involving a flamethrower, Alice creates a bubble-like force-field around him and then directs the flames



Third installment of 3 leading up to the new movie, Resident Evil: Afterlife, in theaters September 10, 2010 (Look for the review in our October 2010 issue)

upward to burn away all of the crows. It's the single most amazing piece of CG artistry that I've ever seen, or at least that I ever remember seeing at the moment.

The majority of this movie revolves around a place they only visit for a short time: Vegas. The desert took it back, and the crows had picked it clean and safe, but Dr Issacs isn't okay with following orders that tell him not to go after Alice yet.

LJ's stupidity reaches its boiling point in Vegas, and a lot more casualties ensue, especially after Alice is "shut down" by the satellite signal that Issacs sent her way. The coolest thing Alice has ever done thus far (yes, even cooler than flame-throwing with her mind) has got to be reaching up, with her mind, into that satellite, and blowing up that little computer chip. I think it was a CPU, but don't hold me to that. Either way, she knocks it out and regains control of herself, and it's pretty awesome.

Pretty sure K-Mart is some kind of ghost. She pops up on the rooftop with Alice when Issacs escapes on his helicopter. Perhaps she's just a plot device puppet, or something, since her purpose there is to ask why Alice didn't shoot down the helicopter. Why? Because she wants it. Anyway, Issacs escapes, but not unscathed. He was bitten. And not just by any zombie, but by his first little "pet" that he tried to domesticate. His former subordinate sentences him to "Summary Liquidation" which is just a fancy way of saying "Just die" but learns quickly that his attempts at curing himself, (all 10 or so of them) have done nothing, and his mutations don't allow a shot to the chest or two to kill him permanently.

A self-sacrificing hero can only risk his life so many times before it sticks. Having so many of these in this movie makes you wonder how so many of them have survived this long. Carlos decides that his idea is the only way that any of them are getting to that helicopter, so he's just going to go for it. He finds some "alternate" and offers his thanks to LJ, and after he lights up, he blows up.

Had Issacs not been bitten, what was Alice's plan to get in? The robot-girl wouldn't have let her in. And another thing, why are the AI's for these facilities always little British girls in nightgowns? Seriously.

Finally, the fight that we've all been waiting for, Alice vs. Issacs, and for being really action packed and the "moment you've all been waiting for," the fight is really anticlimactic.

Easily Five out of Five skulls.

The Knight's Dream

A Poem By James Dye

Cockles of the inmost heart of hearts mystically
is a public broadcast from the upper balcony.
A sword in hand searches for the pot of gold
up a ladder of angels.

Eagles flutter under hermetically sealed beams
with each twin twinkling in every shadow,
but every glimmer is overpowered,
for dreams go where we cannot follow.

It is a desolate location up in the clouds;
a bag of bones is covered in shrouds.
A black and white shadow lengthens.
Night progresses as darkness strengthens.
Thus recurring under every moon,
showing what's already seen
glowing of what's coming soon,

serpents corner my snarled dreams.
It is a reflection of the screen
craving fear and desire it seems.
Part of a machine fails to mobilize.
As long as I sleep, I am paralyzed.



Model: Dolly Dangerous



Photographer: Gary Queen

The Devil's Hoof Prints

Bringing Your Vision into the Mainstream

By F Lennard

In Topsham, England in 1855, townspeople woke up to a maze of strange footprints that appeared after a heavy snowfall. The prints went around, over, and through both their homes and the town's landscape. The strides of the tracks were measured to be eight-and-a-half inches from each other, and the track itself was shaped much like a donkey's shoe. The average length of a human and donkey stride are very close, being about three feet long. But the prints seemed to have been made by a bipedal animal, and they moved in impossible ways. They went over wagons and rooftops, through walls, and branched out into different directions -- almost as if the creature split off to take numerous routes at once. One local priest alluded that perhaps a kangaroo had made the tracks, while another spoke plainly and proclaimed that the devil had come amongst them due to their impiety. The superstitious (of which there were likely a great deal more than today) attached to this idea, and thus today the occurrence is still called "The Devil's Hoofprints".

So what left the tracks across Topsham? Satan himself? A strange and rare natural phenomenon? Some unusually agile and energetic animal? Or just someone's idea of a joke? It's doubtful we'll ever be certain what caused the shocking and mysterious occurrence that took place one hundred and fifty years ago.

I went for a late afternoon walk in the thicket near my house (it can't be called a

proper forest because of a fire that thinned it out several years ago. The bark on the trees is still mostly ash). On the deer path I had taken, there were--shockingly--deer tracks. The petite cloven prints made me stop a moment to admire them, and I began to wonder what it would be like to see a print much like these ones, three or four times bigger, and suspect that a malefic spiritual entity had made them? Depending on your perspective, it could be intriguing, mysterious, or terrifying. At the very least, it shakes society out of its ever-growing routine. At best, it opens up realms of possibilities, and jars us far enough out of routine to consider things that may have been forgotten.

It's one thing to come across something so arcane, but what if you were the one on the other side of it? How would it feel to be the trickster, as opposed to the tricked? To be the demon or fairy or deviant neighborhood prankster? On one hand, at the most shallow end, it's great fun to muddle people's heads. At the same time, something like this has the potential to alter someone's outlook. Even if it's just that tiny bit of curiosity that gets sparked, it has the effect of shaking someone out of what is often blind complacency. It has the power to open said person, even if it's only for an instant, to what may be lurking in the shadows, waiting just beyond our view.

Any kind of trick, prank or unorthodox idea or image can be viewed as a magical act. It's similar to the visible magic of medieval

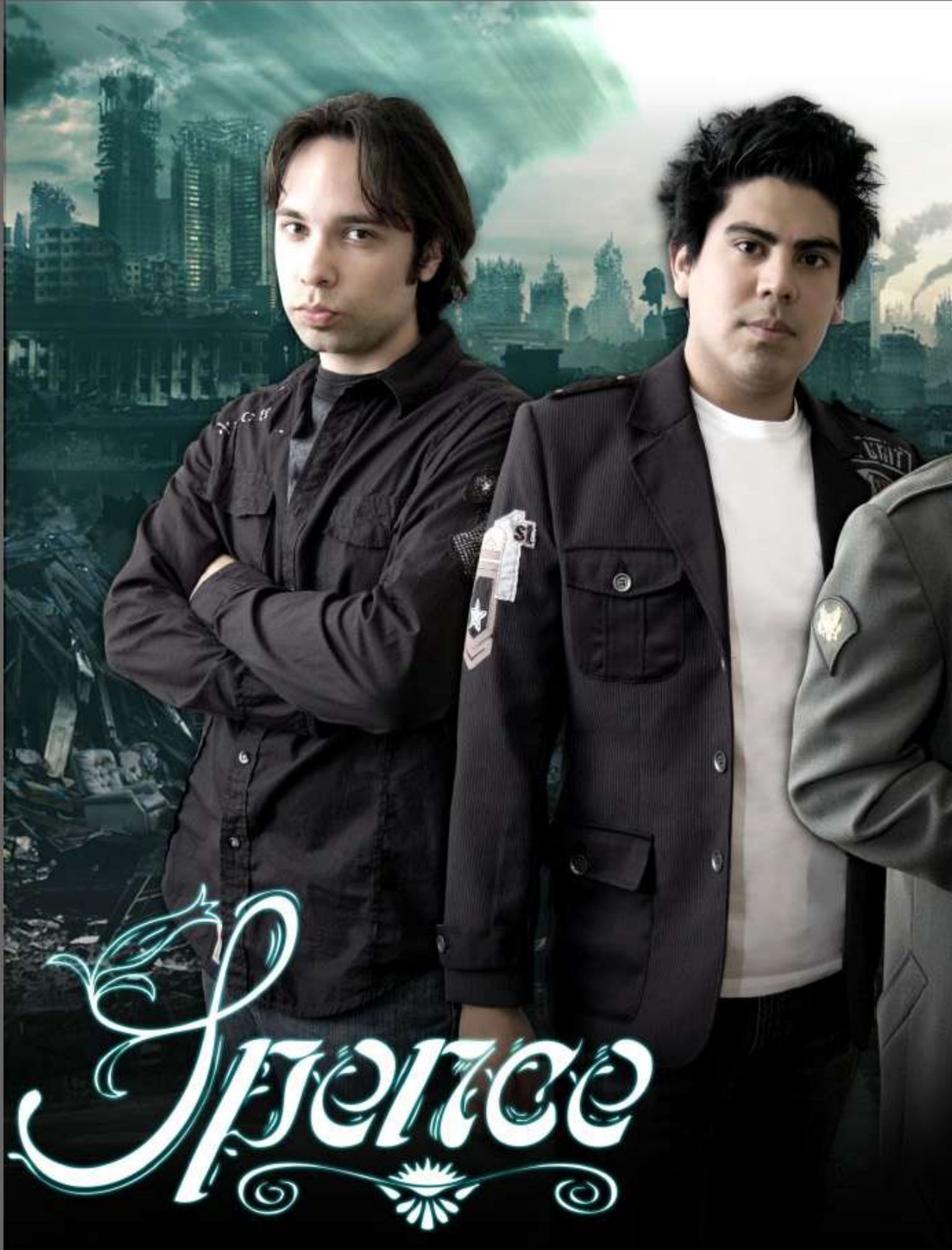
witches who were supposed to be able to perform easily perceivable (and quite impossible) feats. These things have the effect of jolting people out of their routines, even if only to raise their eyebrows for a moment.

The dark aesthetic of Goth culture is a simple yet effective method of shaking people out of the everyday. Most people don't expect to see a woman dressed in full mourning clothes reading in the park, or a young man in an elegant and tattered gender-bending ensemble striding through the library. Why do we attach ourselves to this dark subculture? Any subculture is a rejection of conventional society, fueled by a strong dissatisfaction with the status quo. Ideologies, values, aesthetics--one or all of these can cause a rift between an alternative individual and his or her 'host' culture. In our case, there is a curiosity and appreciation of the darker aspects of both the universe and ourselves: the hidden, forgotten, and ignored. So while our modern society assaults us with diet plans and fashionable necklines, stiff and limiting gender roles, and so forth, we have found a niche that allows us to express ourselves philosophically and artistically. What we've found in Goth culture is missing from mainstream society; otherwise, we would have never had the need to search for it.

Sometimes, we as Goths can be standoffish and elitist. This isn't always a bad thing, but for me it raises a question. Being that we do, in fact, live in a sun-worshipping and generally vapid society, shouldn't we do a little more to incorporate our worldview and aesthetics into it? Whether or not we admit to getting some kind of enjoyment from the shock factor, there are other equally noble reasons to bring our vision into our shared society. However, the reasons why we might do this don't matter. What matters is that we make a solid attempt at it. While I could be one of the

few who would gain tremendous amusement from hopping about on cloven hoof-soled boots, how many of you don't enjoy seeing the raised eyebrows, the curious, horrified, or jealous glances? While each of us may play a key role in our own personal cosmologies, shouldn't we create echoes of it beyond ourselves?

Leave something behind besides the memory of a pretty corpse. Scratch your favorite Vodou VeVe into one of the dirt paths snaking through the state park, leave a few pages of your desperate correspondence with a professor at Miskatonic University in the news rack, or misplace your eulogy for Lenore in the discard pile at the library. Shock, if that's what you want, but give people the chance to wonder at what they fear or don't understand. Let them see the poetic allure of what they've never come across, or question the boundaries of life and death. Make them wonder; make them think. Bring some of the beauty of the Goth aesthetic into the mainstream. Make your own tracks, and leave people asking questions and searching for answers.



Spelzee



<http://www.myspace.com/spencetheband>

Mad Professor

A Poem By Mike Berger

They told him it was impossible;
you can't genetically engineer a
super human clone. Those words
only drove him. Without a funding
source, he'd have to go it alone.

After two dozen failures, he finally
got it right. Then he discovered
something was terribly wrong. He
had created a creature with a blood
lust. The monster ate three of the
professor's graduate students.

Fearing that he would be next, he
lured the monster into a trap. When
the beast tried to catch him, the
professor threw a switch. A million
volts arced out and fried the monster.

If you are interested in the details,
you can find the professor's article
in the journal "Nature."

Model: Bria ☠ ☹ ☠ Photographer: Arie (Winged Creations)



WINGED CREATIONS PHOTOGRAPHY

Beyond the Doors of Daylight

By William H. Nelson

Installment 4

I look on in horror as the gargantuan man moves stealthily towards me, his arms positioned carefully and knees slightly bent. Glancing around, I realize that I will literally have to go through him if we intend to escape. Mike still lies unconscious at my feet; the energy that he was hit with has momentarily stunned him. Even though it has been but a few minutes since our arrival in Japan I note, somewhat absentmindedly, that I can already hear the faint sounds of sirens closing in on our position where we stand at the top of the partially **constructed airport expressway. They're not going to like what they find splattered all over the walls of their new terminal, but it couldn't be helped: the** agents of the Corporation must not be allowed to recover the data disks. Already they have become too strong.

The man smiles, the wind riffling through his bleach-blonde hair in cadence with the ripples of **power moving across the surface of his flesh. "They tell me you've acquired some skill at using your new found talents,"** he whispers with deadly intent. **"Well, now's your chance to prove it!"**

With a powerful backslash of his arm, he sends me slamming into the pavement, my weakening shields barely deflecting the energy. Snarling, I spring forward, flipping up and over his outstretched arms to land an energy infused punch **directly to his spinal column. It's like striking a steel bar.** My entire arm goes numb and, before I can react, he turns, driving me to my knees with a blow to the neck that would have felled an elephant. My mind reels down dark corridors of pain, and I gasp with the effort to control my harrowing flight. **"Now, little man, you're coming with me!"** Hew announces from what seems like a hundred miles away. **"Or do I have to 'convince' you some more?"** He stands over me, his bronzed, well-muscled frame

outlined by a glow that is only enhanced by the brilliance of the sun. This man means to kill me. I can sense it. The agents that Mike and I destroyed were his responsibility and, even though he tried to play it down, I can tell that he means to resolve his humiliation here and now. If I let him get control of the disks, there will be no hope for reversing the effects of the Genetic Engineering Osmoregulator **pod in Mike's already rapidly altering physiology.** Also, that evil, twisted fiend, Vintor Nambulous, will possess all the research he needs to continue his plan. I cannot let that happen. He crushes me to his chest in a massive bear hug, forcing the air from my lungs. I feel the waves of **power coursing through him. They're most formidable, and I make a desperate move to escape.** Somehow ripping my right arm free, I concentrate my inner energy. Then, closing the middle two fingers to my palm, I let loose a vicious bolt of power aimed at his head. As the other ridged fingers connect, the energy flows around him, pummeling him like a giant fist. He only shrugs and smiles.

"So, the little mosquito has a stinger after all? Ho, Ho! Too bad it's just about as effective as poking me with a sewing needle. Your powers can't save you now." His arms tighten, **squeezing me with a force that is almost rupturing. "This is where it ends, little man. This is where I destroy you and your funny looking friend. Nambulous won't like it, but, after all, it is in 'self defense', right? And he'll still get the disks he's looking for. Take a look around you, Teiresias, for it will be your last!"**

As his arms tighten, the bones in my chest begin to buckle inwards. The pain is excruciating, **but I fight back in desperation. It can't end here, not like this. Not now, when we're so close to enlisting the help of Mitchell Laboratories here in**

Tokyo! At the edges of my hearing, the sirens draw closer, or maybe it's just the blood rushing through my head. I must deal with this situation immediately or there will be no hope for the future of mankind.

I search through my mind, frantically looking for a means of escape. Wait! What was that he just said about a sewing needle? It gives me an idea. With all the force that I can muster, I drive my ridged index finger sharply into his temple. At the moment of contact, I focus all of my energy into one, tiny burst of power and create a miniature explosion of inner force. It moves through his flesh and bone at the molecular level, phasing through him as easily as I myself had phased through the double doors but moments ago. It's my final attempt, perhaps even my final act upon this earth, for I feel the darkness returning to swallow me up.

"Ha! Is that all you got, runt?" He laughs at my feeble struggling. "You ain't got nothing on me! I could handle the two of you weenies any day of the week! And now you die, and your weird looking friend there as we--"

Suddenly, his grip loosens as the smile drains from his incredulous face. He stares at me through eyes beginning to bulge from their sockets.

"Wha...what's happening? What did you do to me, you son of a..."

He releases me and I fall to the ground, my head spinning in and out of focus as my bruised lungs try heroically to fill themselves with life-giving air. The big man stumbles backward, clawing at his face and neck as if to ward off a swarm of unseen insects. Crashing against a pylon, he begins to stutter.

"Wh-what d-did you d-d-do t-t-to m-me? Oh m-my g-g-g-god!

My energy 'needle' has found its mark. His head warps outward as he thrashes to and fro against the concrete pillar, bulging from within like an over-ripened fruit. It's a ghastly sight, but I can't seem to tear my eyes away from it. Clawing at his face, his iron-like fingers sink in, gouging chunks of flesh from his cheeks and neck. A fountain of blood rewards his efforts, and he's soon lathered in its

frothy redness. My last assumption was correct: it is possible to focus my energy and strike on a molecular level. I have altered his blood chemistry and trifled with his central nervous system. It's unfortunate that I didn't pay more attention to my anatomy classes in college, for there is no way for me to tell exactly how or what the final outcome will be.

I look on in a state of hazy alertness, wanting to see it all and, at the same time, loathing the creature that I've become. In the space of the last few days, I have been forced to repeatedly defend myself at the expense of many others, and, while I'm no killer, the feel of it has been morbidly euphoric. As I sit and ponder this, his head continues to bulge outwards, the blood spilling in great gushes from all his orifices. Pulsing and rippling, his head warpulates outward as he screams. Then it explodes, sending tiny fragments of sticky debris sailing through the noonday air. In slow motion, he topples, the gore flickering from his twitching fingers and pulsating, exposed neck cartilage. I slip deeper into a shock-like state as my mind records the horrid scene for all time. Slowly crawling away from the headless corpse, I move towards Mike. His body, in its current state of unconsciousness, has reverted back to something like his true self. Around me are many colors: reds, blues, yellows. They swim in and out of focus as I numbly roll onto my side, no longer able to support my own weight. My energy is drained from the incredible amounts of force that I've had to use since we escaped from my lab and the clutches of that monster, Vintor Nambulous.

I'm almost gone now. I can feel myself slipping into unconsciousness. Rolling my head to the side, through tunnel-like vision I see about a dozen cops leveling their guns at me from behind the open doors of their squad cars. So that's where all the colored lights are coming from. As the last traces of sight fade from my tortured eyes, I hear, through the shrill of sirens, the call of something else. Something dark and menacing. With a small shudder, I slip away...

Two Faced.

By Sarah Ashley

Which face will you display today? The left face is shy, hidden away. It is a face that wants privacy, a face that can be moody at times. A face of thought, of reasoning, a face that weighs the facts before making a decision. Then there is the right face, bold and spontaneous. It is a face that wants everyone to notice it, it is a face full of fun and laughter, hair blowing in the breeze. It is a face that leaps into new adventures without much thought.

This is a self portrait. The double image is two separate shots taken using a fish tank. The camera used is an infrared camera, which made the image look blue / purple.



Model: Bria ☠️ 🕸️ Photographer: Arie (Winged Creations)



WINGED CREATIONS PHOTOGRAPHY

Hushed

A Poem By Megan Moira

Under a quilt of pink vaginas
in the middle of trains passing by on tracks
rattling soul from sweet-scented skin,
he plucked her beauty.
Candy it was not,
it slid into mouth of a child—
intruding, burning innocence to pulp . . .
She is no more.

He was faceless.
Doors left unlocked.
Clocks singing over footsteps.
Hand silenced scream—
in daze of awe, she listened,
his whisper unfamiliar, breath roaring of liquor
Trust thrown into fire, reduced to ashes
She is no more.

In the mirror she stands, gazing.
Woman grown, child repressed.
Biting lips from singing song.
Suffocating in lack of worth.
Traumatized by past—
she cannot open her legs.
Wanting, not able,
she is no more.

Too many men stuffed her throat with a hush.
She adores, she loves.
She cannot fathom touch.
Cries at thought of—
feels dirty, ashamed.
Her rainbow Braille,
smile drowning in rain
She is no more.



THE GOTHIC CRUISE

& MASQUERADE BALL

2010

WITH

COVENANT

AND

THE

CRUXSHADOWS

ALSO FEATURING

funkervogt

!PANZER AG!

PROGNOSIS

with DJ performances by

DJ JET, DJ ANNABELLEVL, MAMA C, DJ XERXES & DJ HALON


of VampireFreaks

ALL GENRE TRAVEL PRESENTS

THE 2010 GOTH CRUISE & MASQUERADE BALL SEPTEMBER 25TH, 2010

7 NIGHT WESTERN CARIBBEAN CRUISE WITH STOPS IN COZUMEL, GRAND CAYMAN & JAMAICA

ROUND TRIP FROM MIAMI, FL ONBOARD THE CARNIVAL LIBERTY

 **Carnival Liberty**

Ship Registry: Panama

Gothic Beauty
Magazine

 **VAMPIRE
FREAKS**
COM

BOOK THIS ONCE IN A LIFETIME ADVENTURE NOW AT:
WWW.GOTHICCUISE.COM OR CALL 813-325-7435

That Time of the Month

By CS Anderson

Installment 4

CHAPTER FOUR:

The van pulled up to the clubhouse and parked. The driver honked three times and waited. Trevor, Hammer and a club member named Dirty Nate walked through a light rain and got in.

“This is where we are going.” Hammer handed the driver the address the bartender had gotten from Geek.

“Here.” Trevor handed Dirty Nate a Firestar nine millimeter loaded with silver bullets.

“Here.” Hammer handed the driver a forty four-magnum derringer loaded with a single silver bullet.

“Hey, what the hell do I need a piece for? I was hired to drive man, and that’s all I had in mind to do.” The driver protested.

“Call it a precaution, numbnuts. If things go haywire you will be damn glad to have it so shut up and drive.”

The driver started to say something, took a good look at Hammer and changed his mind. He swallowed hard once and nodded. The van pulled away from the club and joined the flow of traffic headed east.

“Someone want to let a brother know what’s going on?” Dirty Nate asked mildly. He sat calmly in the backseat with the gun tucked into the waistband of his pants.

Hammer and Trevor exchanged a glance. They had chosen Nate because he had a reputation for being impossible to rattle. He was known for a cool head when shit was coming down. Still, did they really want to try and explain to the man that they were out to kill a werewolf?

“This bitch has been ripping off and killing bikers. When we get there we are going to blow her

away. She likes to get all messed up on angel dust so watch her ass. She could do anything.” Trevor told him.

“Gotcha boss. Wake me up when we get there.” With that the biker closed his eyes and promptly fell asleep. Soon he was snoring lightly.

Aside from that sound the four men rode in silence.

“Leaving?” Annabelle asked softly as she staggered into the room. Her voice sounded hurt, drunk and hurt.

“Yes, I have to, please don’t ask me to explain.” I tried to make my voice sound empty and flat but I could hear the sorrow and pain coloring it. Damn! I had planned on being gone and missing this particular horror show. The note I was thinking about leaving would have been way less painful than this was going to be, at least for me.

She is standing there looking so sad, it takes all of my self control not to cross over to her and take her in my arms, stroke her soft hair and whisper that everything was going to be all right into her ear. That would be just another lie and I have told her far too many already. I don’t think that I can bear to tell her anymore.

“You don’t have to explain, I know what you are now. No more secrets, Lana. I know everything.”

“Whatever it is that you think you know, Annabelle, I doubt very much if it is anything as bad as the truth. I love you, I am sorry that it has to be like this, I am sorry for all the pain that I have caused you but I do have to go.”

“You are a werewolf Lana. Jesus Christ,

that sounds even more insane spoken out loud than it does when I say it to myself. But, somehow it is true. I should be afraid of you, but I think that I **love you too much to be afraid of you.**" Her voice was unsteady but it held conviction.

Absolute shock raced through me in a blinding, paralyzing jolt. She knew, somehow she knew. I stood there stunned, just staring at her. Completely unable to believe what I had just heard her say. Waves of panic washed over me, the thing that I had always feared the worse was here, discovery.

Aunt Betsy had filled my head in the early days with terrifying scenarios about what would happen if I got caught. One of her favorites entailed ending up in a secret government lab as they carved me up over and over again trying to figure out just how my rapid healing process works. Recording my screams as they worked to be analyzed later.

Another favorite, locked in a cell to go mad as the moon calls me. Trying to claw myself to death as I bounce off of the cell walls in either human or wolf form. After I change, I must kill. **The beast in me demands it. I can't change back until I have hunted and fed. I don't know what** would happen to me if I was locked up. I think that I would lose myself a piece at a time, more and more until there was nothing left of me but the beast.

It is not a theory that I wish to test.

I am paralyzed it seems, all I can do is sit here with my jaw hanging open. I turned my gaze away from her and stare out of the large picture window facing the street.

We have made love and then lain in each other's arms and stared out of that window. She is saying something to me but the words bounce off of my mind and scatter away like meaningless echoes. I look up and I see her walking towards me.

Don't touch me, I implore her silently. I can stand all of this if you just don't touch me. Your touch always undoes me, leaves me defenseless to you. So, please just don't touch me.

She touched me.

She takes me in her soft arms and holds me, her hands begin stroking my hair and her breath tickles my ear as she whispers to me that everything will be fine.

We always love the ones that lie to us the best.

The van pulled up in front of the furniture store and parked. The three bikers stepped out and looked the building over. Their eyes tracked up to the apartment window above the store itself. A small light was on and Hammer could make out the shadows of two people talking behind the drapes.

"Looks like she's home. Also looks like she might have company." He told his boss.

"Too bad for the company I guess." Trevor said with a small tight grin. He took out his gun and held down the side of his leg so that it was out of view.

"Some one want to tell me what to do?" Dirty Nate asked as he picked his nose, inspected his finding carefully and then wiped his finger on his leather vest.

"Shoot anyone we find up there, especially shoot a bitch with long dark hair." Hammer told him.

"Gotcha." Nate drew his weapon and held it like his President. If he had any questions he kept them to himself. To his thinking he was a soldier and soldiers followed orders. If Trevor had told him to kill either the driver or even Hammer he would have done it without hesitation.

"Whatever happens you keep your ass here. If our ride is missing when we come out someone will find you and kill you slowly and painfully even if we get smoked, understood?" Hammer glared at the driver.

The driver nodded. He knew it to a simple truth of dealing with these biker pukes. Even if these idiots died he had to worry about the entire gang. Besides, he was a professional. He had taken the job and he would finish the job. This would not be the first time he had driven get away from a

bloodbath.

“Well all right then ladies, what do you say we go do this thing?” Trevor asked playfully. He felt almost giddy, he recognized the adrenal rush from his old days of being street muscle. He hadn’t always been boss. Lately he had been standing away from the action more, hell he was a businessman now not a common thug. He was forced to admit to himself that it felt good to be back in the saddle again.

“After you my dear.” Hammer said with a flourish of his hand. He had caught his leader’s mood perfectly and played along with it. It helped in a way, they were both hard brave men but hell, they were going up against a friggin werewolf for Christsakes. A slight case of nerves was understandable.

“No, no, my dear Hammer, after you. I insist. Age before beauty you know.”

“Oh for christfrigginsakes, lets go and kill people you assholes.” Dirty Nate said with a crooked grin as he began to walk towards the stairway on the side of the building that led up to the apartment.

Laughing softly the other two men trailed behind him.

We sat together, entwined. Hugging and holding hands. Offering and receiving comfort from one another. I had just told her by bizarre life story in one long confessional, stammering sobbing gush. To her credit she didn’t go running shrieking into the night but drunk as she might have been when she got here she seemed sober as a judge now.

“I can’t lose you, I don’t give a damn what you are or how you got that way. I love you, Lana and I could not stand to be without you.” She whispered fiercely into my ear.

“I can’t ask you to live like I have to, Annabelle.” I breathed into her soft neck.

“You aren’t asking me to, darling. I am just telling you the way that it has to be. You and I have to be together, no matter what.” Her tone was

very final.

Suddenly I sat bolt upright, all my senses flaring into startled life. The beast within me stirred and popped open a baleful eye. Annabelle let out a little yelp as she tumbled to the floor. Without a thought I reached down and tugged her roughly to her feet. Danger was coming, every nerve of my body screamed the news to me.

“Lana! What the hell...” She began to complain.

“Shhhs!” I hissed as I clamped a hand over her mouth. I held her still next to me effortlessly. I sniffed the air even as I heard someone step on the creaky third step from the bottom of the staircase outside. I smelled men, more than two less than five. I smelled guns. Yet another smell tantalized me, familiar but not immediately identifiable. It smelled lethal and frightening, it promised peace yet threatened agony and death. Recognition filled me with horror.

Silver. The men had guns loaded with silver bullets.

Now I can hear their steps thundering up the staircase, I can smell their fear and their determination to kill me. Time seems to congeal and slow as the first one kicks in the door and comes in firing.

There is no time for a plan, my body simply reacts. Pulling Annabelle with me I begin to move. The first bullets slam into where we had been standing seconds ago. The next few shots track me as I move us towards the window, Annabelle is screaming wordlessly as we run. More guns are firing now, the blasts deafening in the small studio. A bullet tugs at my sleeve as we go airborne, as I launch us at the window. The sound of the glass shattering outward is almost lost in the hail of gunfire and then we are falling.

As we fall I twist so that the brunt of the impact will be felt by me. The street rushes up to meet us and then slaps me hard. I feel a couple of ribs snap and something twist in my ankle but there is no time for the pain now. As we came down I saw the van that they must have come in, there

must be at least one of them down here with us.

I roll us hard to the right just as they fire at us from above. I hear one of the men curse as he ejects an empty clip. Before he can slam in another I have us up and moving. The beast is laughing madly to itself in my head, it thrives on moments like this. I give myself up to it a bit to keep us alive. We are still close enough to the full moon that I am healing even as we move but God it hurts.

I zig to the left and feel bullets whiz by millimeters away and I can hear the bastards screaming as the fire at us from above.

Annabelle is too frightened to scream now but her eyes are huge and her mouth is set in a rigid grimace. I put on more speed, trying to shelter her from the bullets and move us as fast as possible at the same time. As much as I love her the beast does not, it screams at me to cut her loose, she is slowing me down, endangering my survival. Well, the beast can go fuck itself because she is coming with me.

We circle behind the van, I am hoping that **won't fire on it for the few seconds that I need.** The driver is in full panic mode fumbling for a small handgun stuck in the waistband of his pants. I will strength and power into my arms and I rip the van door off of its damn hinges and toss it aside like an empty soda can.

"Let me help you with that!" I snarled as I reach down and pull the trigger for him. He screams as the bullet tears down through his groin and thigh. I toss him out of the van and he lands several feet beyond the door. Annabelle stares in the direction he flew for a moment before I shove her none to gently into the van.

Thankfully the van is running because as far as hot-wiring it goes, well I have seen it done in the **movies but that's about as close as I have come.** I slam the van into gear and we roar away leaving burning rubber on the road. Two more rounds punch through the top and then we are gone.

Wild laughter erupts from me as we careen down the road. Nothing beats down a sub conscious deathwish quite like almost actually dying. People

trying to kill you has the odd effect of putting things in a certain perspective. I am alive and damn glad of it. I look over at Annabelle and the laughter dies in my throat. She is staring at me with tears running down her face.

"Are you ok?" I ask her softly. She isn't wounded, I would smell the blood if she were. At least she isn't wounded physically. Shock and trauma are written all over her face as she continues to stare at me.

"Sorry, sweetie. Welcome to my world."

"Jesus Christ! Did you see the way that she moved? Jesus! Nobody is that damn fast! She killed the damn driver!" Dirty Nate swore as the three of them pounded down the stairs.

"Shut up Nate! Look, we split up. Walk away in three different directions, ditch the guns in a sewer drain or dumpster. We'll meet back at the clubhouse. Now, both of you, move!" Trevor ordered as they hit street level.

Hammer nodded curtly and took off down an adjacent alley. He never so much as glanced at the dead driver or the van door. Nate muttered under his breath but he followed orders and began walking quickly away from the scene. Trevor wiped his gun down carefully on his shirt and tossed it in the general direction of the driver as he rushed past him. Give the cops something to think about when they tried to figure out just what the hell happened here.

It had all gone wrong. Didn't really matter how or why. Already his businessman's mind was working on solutions, damage control and alternate plans. The direct approach had not worked out so especially well. Next time they would try her from a distance.

A silver bullet fired from a sniper rifle a thousand yards out would make her just as damn dead as a pistol round point blank. At least they had already likely succeeded in shutting down her operations. Mexican Dave would not be buying anymore bikes from her. No more of his men would fall prey to her, he had seen too at least that much.

Now she knew that they were on to her. She would skip the area, he was sure of it.

Any lingering doubts that he had held onto about what the bitch was were gone now. Nothing human moved that damn fast, nothing human jumped out of a second story window and got up running and nothing human tore the doors off of vans.

Onto damage control.

The rest of the club wouldn't understand this weird crap. They had to stick to the story that they had already passed around. Nate had to be told to keep his mouth shut. He was a good man **and knew how to follow orders so he wasn't truly** worried about him. Still, it might be a good idea to find an errand to send him on to get him out of town for awhile. He would send him up to Vancouver to check on some club run warehouses, that ought to make for a nice distraction.

He had no idea what the damn cops would make of the fact that all of the bullets splattered in and around the crime scene, including the one in the very dead driver were silver. It ought to stump them a bit. They would probably end up writing it off as some gang related weirdness. A thin smile flickered across his face at the thought of them investigating the nonexistent Lone Ranger gang. Hi Ho friggin Silver.

A squad car with its cherries blazing sped past him, he managed to resist the impulse to wave.

Annabelle sat numbly in her seat as the van raced down the road. She was stunned, everything had happened so impossibly quickly. Looking down at her hands she saw that they were shaking violently. Her throat felt raw from the screaming that she had done. One knee throbbed dully, injured no doubt in the fall from the window. She realizes that it will hurt more later, when the shock has had a chance to wear off.

"What...the...hell...just...happened?" She stuttered as she wiped tears away.

"Apparently I have been even more careless lately than I feared. I explained to you that I am a

predator, men like the ones who just tried to kill us are my usual prey. Somehow they have figured out that I am responsible for the deaths of their friends. Worse, they have figured out what I am as well, they came packing silver bullets. Seems to be my **day for being outed from the lycanthropic closet.**" Even through her shock Annabelle can hear a note of fear in her lover's voice.

"Now what?" She asks, her voice sounding just a little less shaky to her now. She takes a few deep yoga breaths and slowly feels her hands stop shaking so badly.

"Now what? Now you come to your senses and realize that you can't be a part of my life. Now you leave me and I go far from here and take the danger that I have put you in with me."

Annabelle looks at her lover steadily for a minute. Lana is in one of her favorite poses, all tough butchiness but she can hear the need and grief in her voice.

"Screw that, sweetheart. You need a damn plan B because where you go I go." Annabelle says sternly as she moves to the front seat to sit next to Lana.

Lana returns her glare grimly for a few moments and then her face lit up with a wicked grin.

"Ah, darlin' of mine, you have no idea how much I was hoping that you would say something like that." She pulled the van into an alley between two condemned buildings and parked. They both got out and stood looking at each other.

"Kiss me, you fool." Annabelle told her.

Lana grinned and did what she was told. The kiss went on for sometime and when it ended they still had all the wild problems that they had before the kiss.

They both felt a hell of a lot better about them though.

Hammer had ditched the gun in a dumpster behind a Chinese take out place a block or so from the furniture store. He walked casually down the street trying to blend in as much as someone who

looked like him could. Sirens still sounded from the direction that he was walking away from.

A bus pulled up to a bus stop just as he walked up to it. He quickly decided to get on, no matter where it was going. Wherever it was going would be better than here. He had no desire for a long cozy chat with the police. They would be unwilling to believe that he just happened to be strolling through a neighborhood where a shooting **had taken place. Even the cops who didn't know** him by sight would take one look at his biker colors and run him in on general principle. A quick test of his hands would show that he had indeed fired a gun rather recently.

He wasn't worried about his boss or Nate. Both of them had been around and know how to walk away from crap like this. He settled into the bus seat and let his mind replay what had just happened.

She had moved so damn fast. It just wasn't possible, how fast she had moved. The three of them had blazed away at her and they had never touched her. The dive out the window had happened almost to fast to react to. He had seen a brief glimpse of the woman who had been with the targets face and then they had both been gone.

He was a strong man, as strong as he was he knew that he would not have been able to rip a door off of a van like that. He was a tough man but he knew that he would not have been able to run away after leaping out of a second story window like that.

This was a total and complete head-trip, he had been around the damn block and had seen some strange shit in his time but this went way beyond all that. Werewolves, what the hell next? Vampires? Zombies? He remembered something that he had read in a book a long time ago. Something like, once you have eliminated all the possibilities what was left, no matter how unlikely had to be the truth. He was now forced to rethink all of the things he had thought he had known as facts. Such as, there is no such thing as werewolves.

He pulled the cord for the stop signal and got

off of the bus. A dive bar he had been to before **called Jack's was around here somewhere. If he** was forced to rethink the nature of the universe nobody said that he had to do it sober.

It was time to talk things over with his old friend Jack Daniels. A shot glass was such a good nonjudgmental listener.

If Jack didn't do the trick then there was always the rest of his old friends, Jim Beam, Jose Cuervo and the rest of the crew.

I watch the sun come up slowly through the dirty window of the cheap motel room we rented. Annabelle is snoring daintily on the queen-sized bed. She fell asleep after we had made spectacular love, nothing like a little mortal danger to get the old juices flowing, you know?

Me? I have been awake thinking and staring out of the window at nothing. Thinking about the trouble that we are in.

Soon we will have to be moving, it isn't safe to remain here for too long. We will hit the safety deposit boxes that I keep traveling money in and then we will have to get the hell out of town.

The bikers will not give up easily. They will keep looking for us until they find us. I can kill a **lot of them but I can't kill all of them. As we get** farther and farther away from the full moon all of my powers will fade. I will become less and less able to defend us. By now my description and maybe even my name will be all over the local biker scene. My hunting grounds are suddenly off limits to me. We have to leave this area all together. All of the clubs that I have taken prey from are local, mostly known just here in the state. None are national. I have to leave their sphere of influence and go somewhere no one will be hunting me back.

I watch Annabelle sleep for awhile. I am glad that she is here with me but I know this to be a selfish gladness. The sad truth is, I could very well be the death of her. It felt so good to tell her everything, such an unburdening thing to be able to do. After hiding for so long it felt so damn good to let the secret go. It felt dangerous and thrilling.

She must be out of her damn mind, she must be able to accept me for that which I am. No small trick that.

Her face lit up like the proverbial Christmas tree when I told her that there might be hope for a cure. Aunt Betsy's little dreamtime visits were another thing requiring a bit of explanation but Annabelle seized on the idea that there might be a cure. Hope is such a dangerous thing.

So, we need to run and I suppose that there is only one place that we can go now. Back to where it all started, what seems like centuries ago.

I go over to Annabelle and kiss her gently awake. She smiles up at me with those big trusting eyes that break my heart so. Nobody should have eyes that beautiful, it just isn't fair. I smile back at her with the haunted, ghostly little smile that I can scrape together. The knowledge that we are both likely doomed sticks in throat like trying to swallow fish bones. I force my voice not to reflect my grim thoughts.

"Get up sunshine. We are going home."

Hammer sat once again across from his boss. He had drunk steadily all night and it was now way too early in the morning to be up and dealing with all this crazy shit.

"I sent Nate up to Vancouver with orders to keep his mouth shut. He doesn't come back until this is over. So far no heat has come down on us about yesterday's fiasco. There shouldn't be anything to connect us to it."

Hammer nodded. His thoughts were elsewhere. In his mind he kept seeing what had happened above the furniture store over and over. Such speed, such raw power and strength. What the hell was it like being her?

"Words been spread. The bitch is finished hunting around here anyway. Lots of rumors flying around the clubhouse right now. Let them pick the one that they like best and stick with it. Nothing going around come anywhere near being as crazy as the truth." Trevor said as he ran a hand wearily through his hair.

"Most of them think that she is just a demented little dusthead. I've got Geek digging around for more information on her." Hammer said with a small yawn.

"Check these out." Trevor handed him a stack of papers.

He looked at the top flyer. It had a picture of the bitch and a couple of paragraphs underneath accusing her of ripping off and killing bikers. In big bold-faced type across the top a twenty thousand-dollar reward was being offered for her. It also warned that she was a psychotic dusthead and was to be considered very dangerous.

"That is on the wall of every Fallen clubhouse everywhere, I sent some to The Banditos as well. Screw the Angels. It is also up in some of the tougher non-biker bars around here. The bitch may be fast but we will see if she can outrun a fax machine." There was a note of satisfaction in Trevor's voice.

"Some brothers might get ripped up trying to collect that reward." Hammer noted arching an eyebrow.

"This is war, old friend. People get hurt in war. We can't tell them what they are really up against. None of them would believe us and they would vote my ass out in a heartbeat if they thought I was losing my grip that bad. Hell, we are only assuming that silver bullets can hurt her. For all we know silver bullets could be so much Hollywood bullshit. If they can't kill her they can hurt her, make her feel like the hunted one for a change. I want to mess with her life until she gets rattled and makes a mistake and I want her dead." Trevor's voice and a very final note to it.

Hammer heard that note but his mind was beginning to form its own ideas. He knew his own strength and he had seen it eclipsed by female less than half his size. If a mere woman could be made that powerful by becoming a werewolf what would someone like himself become? Watching her move had been staring dark power in the face. Now one thought was slowly filling him about that power.

He wanted it.

The wanting was becoming a flame that burned in him. He would be like a dark dire God, like something out of Norse mythology. An unstoppable force of nature. He would become in actuality the powerful beast he had always pictured himself as, instead of the tiger tattooed on his arm he would be a wolf.


The bitch would die but not before he and her had enjoyed a little chat. Before she died she would tell him all of her secrets. She would tell him how to become like her, then she would die.

None of this was allowed to show on his face, it was the same impassive mask that it always was. His hands that itched to hold the crossbow with the barbed silver quarrels to her throat and demand his answers sat still in his lap. He regarded his leader steadily, the very model of a loyal and competent lieutenant. He would give the man no reason to mistrust him, no reason to suspect that he had his own agenda now. No reason to suspect what was on his mind right this minute as he waited for his orders.

There was more than one way to become leader of the pack.

3rd Dimension.

By Sarah Ashley



You can feel the energy of bursting through the water as it surrounds you. It engulfs your face like a frame of thick water bubbles, bursting free as you force your way out. Your hair floats above you as bubbles emerge in all directions. The stillness of the water surrounds you as you are lost in thought; you focus on keeping your eyes open, you focus on not breathing. You stay still, as still as a statue so your image can be captured in an instant, forever framed in water bubbles bursting through a new dimension.

This image was taken using a fish tank.

Model: Dolly Dangerous ☠️ 🕸️

Photographer: Gary Queen





Kerli's debut album "Love is Dead" has been out since July 2009, so if you don't already have it, get it!
<http://www.myspace.com/kerlimusic>



Estonian Musical Genius,
Kerli
Pictures by
Vespertine



A close-up, high-contrast portrait of a woman with vibrant pink hair. She has dark, dramatic eye makeup, including thick black eyeliner and dark eyeshadow. Her expression is somber as she looks slightly away from the camera. She holds a lit cigarette between her lips, with a small amount of ash visible. The lighting is moody, with strong highlights on her face and hair, and deep shadows elsewhere. The overall aesthetic is reminiscent of 1970s or 1980s glam rock photography.

Smali

Model: Bria ☠️ 🦋 ☠️ Photographer: Arie (Winged Creations)



HappyGoth Productions

Freelance Graphic Design, Writing, & Modeling

Benefits



*Personal attention and emphasis on customized results
Specialized diversity and alternative content experience
Knowledge of a writer recognized for excellence in writing
by the University of Kansas
Advertising experience in the literary magazine market
Quick, high quality project turnaround*

Services

*Ad Copy, Brochure Writing, Press Releases
Ad Design, Logo Design, Web Graphics
Article Writing, Column Writing
Editing, Type-setting
Illustration
Modeling
Other projects as negotiated*



<http://www.happygothproductions.com>

Anyone looking for a reliable, professional, and diversity-focused writer will find this and more in Melissa. Her unwavering reliability, natural creativity, solid understanding of diversity and alternative lifestyles makes her an invaluable member of the Eidolon Career Solutions team!

~ Ebony Tara Scurry, PHR, Eidolon Career Solutions

Model: Katie ☠️ 🕸 ☠️ Photographer: Arie (Winged Creations)



WINGED CREATIONS PHOTOGRAPHY

SOREAN

GOthic MAGAZINE

SPREAD THE WORD!

SOREAN:

(SOAR • EE • IN)

AN ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE CENTRALIZED AROUND GOTHIC CULTURE;

“GOTH IS ABOUT MORE THAN THE SHOCK FACTOR”

WWW.SOREAN.NET



SOREAN IS AN ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE THAT CATERS SPECIFICALLY TO GOTHIC INDIVIDUALS OR PEOPLE WITH AN INTEREST IN THE GOTHIC SUBCULTURE. WE ALSO SMASH STEREOTYPES AND BOUNDARIES; WE ARE ABOUT THE GRASS-ROOTS BASICS OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE GOTH — RATHER THAN ABOUT FREAKING OUT “EVERYONE ELSE” — WHICH IS A CURIOSITY AND FASCINATION ASSOCIATED WITH DEATH AND/OR THE MORBID.

WE RELEASE AN ISSUE ON THE IDES OF EVERY OTHER MONTH. THE IDES OF THE MONTH ARE THE 15TH OF MARCH, MAY, JULY, AND OCTOBER AND THE 13TH OF THE REST. AS SUCH, EVERY EVEN NUMBERED MONTH (FEB, APR, JUN, AUG, OCT, DEC) SHOULD PRODUCE A NEW ISSUE.

SOREAN IS ALSO A GREAT PLACE TO ADVERTISE YOUR BUSINESS AND A GREAT COMPANY TO WORK FOR. VISIT SOREAN.NET/CAREERS FOR MORE INFORMATION. WE’RE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR NEW WRITERS, POETS, ARTISTS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, MODELS, EDITORS, AND MORE!



Model: Sad Charlotte
Hair/makeup: Pamela Grieco

Helene Hawthorne Clothing

<http://www.etsy.com/shop/hhfashions>



Advertise with us

Do you want to run an ad in Sorean's next issue? What about an ad on Sorean's website? Email us (through the contact form on the website) and start the dialogue that could get the word out to potential customers for your business! If you want more information, go to Sorean.net/careers and click the link that says "Click here for information about advertising with Sorean" and you'll be directed to the advertising information page.

How to Subscribe

Right now the only way to subscribe is to contact us (via our website) and sign up for updates to receive an email when a new issue comes out. Don't forget to use a valid email address otherwise we won't be able to reach you.

We plan to go to print in 2011, at which point physical magazine subscriptions will be available and the .pdf versions will not be.



Link to our social networking pages from our website:
www.sorean.net

...accidentally
discover something
fabulous!



SerendipityLicious

Modern and gothic inspired handmade jewelry
at an affordable price!

email: serendipitylicious@live.com
website: www.serendipitylicious.com

Meet the Staff



~~Sophie~~ Max
(Editor-In-Chief)



Amber Forbes
(Executive Editor)



Johnathan Preshaw
(Executive Editor)



Catherine Zickgraf
(Poetry Editor)



Gary Queen
(Photographer)



Bria
(Original Cover Model)



Arie
(Model / Photographer)



Katie
(Model)



William H Nelson
(Fiction Bites)



CS Anderson
(Fiction Bites)



F Lennard
(Journalist)



Ooky Spooky
(Journalist)



Alyson
(Alyson's Cookbook)

Join our Team

Do you want to work for Sorean and be a part of the magazine? We're always accepting applications and eager to see fresh faces. Sorean is a great place to work! Go to sorean.net/careers to find out more!

DO YOU FEEL
LIKE YOU'RE BEING
EVALUATED ON YOUR
APPEARANCE
AND NOT YOUR
PERFORMANCE?

THE
WASHINGTON
CITY PAPER

DECLARED EIDOLON CAREER
SOLUTIONS AS "AN EXPERT IN THE
JOB WOES OF THE DARKER SET" WHEN
IT COMES TO GROUPS WITHIN THE DARK
ALTERNATIVE SCENE.

AS AN AUTHORITY IN "GOTHS, GEEKS, AND
FREAKS", EIDOLON HAS TRAINED NUMEROUS
COACHING, COUNSELING, AND CONSULTING
PROFESSIONALS ON HOW TO BETTER SERVE AND
UNDERSTAND THEIR ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE
CLIENTS. EIDOLON ALSO REGULARLY SPONSORS
WORKSHOPS AND PANELS AT ANIME/VIDEO
GAME/ALTERNATIVE CONVENTIONS
AND CONFERENCES.

MAKE MONEY AND ENJOY
MORE FREEDOM
WITH A CAREER THAT
FITS YOUR UNIQUE
LIFESTYLE!

EIDOLON  N
CAREER SOLUTIONS

CAREER MANAGEMENT FOR ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES

FOR FREE CAREER ENHANCING GIFTS VISIT
EIDOLONCAREERSOLUTIONS.COM/GIFTS.ASP

EIDOLONCAREERSOLUTIONS.COM

ON TWITTER: EIDOLONCS

TEL: 301-328-7712

MODEL: GEEK-STOCK AT DEVIANART
DESIGN: KALLISTIDESIGN.COM

Sorean's Official Sponsor, 2010