

Phony Magazine Presents:

# THE HORRORS!



# Crypt of Contents

4

Skelly's  
Party

5

Kafka

6-7

Mirror  
Man

8

Letter  
to  
a  
neighbor

9

Carlson  
Boy

10-11

Sleep  
Paralysis  
Demon

12-13



14-15

Mommy  
Faces  
The  
Horrors

16

Family  
Guy  
Cutaway

17

Anti-  
Bullying  
Pledge

18-19

Dhar  
Mann  
Murder

20-21

Costume  
Ideas

22

Creative  
Autumn  
Crafts

23



24-25

Yelp  
Review

26-27

The  
Horrors  
of  
Shakespeare



**women.**

# Skelly's Party

Dear [Your Name I Dunno],

You have been given the honor (or horror) to be invited to my son Skelly's Super Halloween Birthday Bash! The birthday party will be on October 31st (that's right, Halloween!) It's Skelly's fourth birthday this year, and we're going to make sure it's his best one yet! There will be tricks, and treats, and frights, and freaks, and everything in between!

There will be sooo many fun and freakish activities throughout the party that everyone and their families can enjoy! Such as:

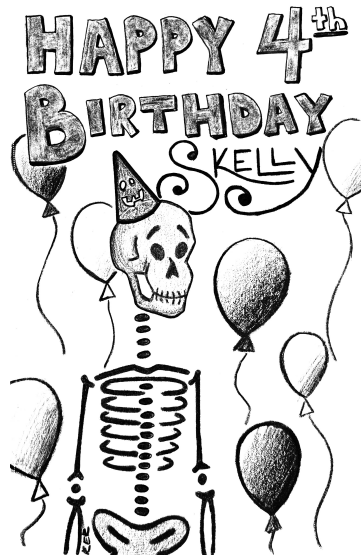
- Kreepy Karaoke!
- A Dastardly Dance Party!
- Ghoulish Games!
- A Menacing Murder Mystery! (oooo who 'dunnit?)
- Paranormal Poltergeist Hunting!!! (~~LET'S GOOOOOOO~~)
- And much, much more!

And of course, the birthday boy himself will be there, Skelly! (he is a skeleton) So be sure to bring a perilous birthday present for him (~~He requests~~ ~~BONES~~). The scarier, the better!

We are oh so excited for you to be there, and we can't wait (Skelly is freaking out lol)! This party will be the best one yet! You could even say that it will be... to *die* for. ;)

Sincerely,

J.R.P (and Skelly)





GREGOR SAMSA AWAKE  
FROM HORRIBLE DREAMS TO FIND  
HIMSELF TRANSFORMED INTO



A COLOSSAL VERMIN.

*For the Meyer household, the morning of October 28th, 2013 started like any other. Breakfast was on its way, and Frank Meyer told his wife he was going outside to get the paper. As he walked down the front steps and across the driveway in the crisp fall air, he noticed something peculiar. Instead of his New York Times and "SI Swimsuit: Female Golfer Edition" (which he kept secret), there was a stack of papers sitting in a pile of dead leaves, tied together with dental floss. The first page read, "From the Mirror Man. p.s. thank you for the sexy golfers." Here are a selection of excerpts from the Diary of the Mirror Man, arranged by date. The rest have been sent to the F.B.I. Headquarters for examination.*

# Diary of the Mirror Man

October 7th, 2012:

Hello. I don't usually write for fun, but I figured that I would keep this diary until I am either dead or found in case anyone wants to write a book about me. Here goes nothing. For the past three months I've lived with the Meyer family, or more accurately I've been living amongst them. It probably sounds creepy, but it's really not that bad- I'm just living in the walls of their bathroom, pretending to be their mirror.

October 10th, 2012:

I've been a mirror for about a month or so ever since the construction company I worked for built me into the walls by accident when I was napping. It took me a week to realize that I was not with God yet, but rather in a lightless rectangular jail. I thought I was a man doomed. I cursed myself and my sleepy ways. Then on the fourteenth day I found the spot where the mirror was, and everything changed.

When I made my escape from the walk-prison, I destroyed the mirror that hung in front of Mr. Meyer's sink. As I clambered over the shards of broken glass into the fresh air, I realized the finality of my decision. Where there was once a mirror, now there was only me. To preserve the integrity of my construction company, I needed to manufacture an alternate reality, one where workers would occasionally go missing, but mirrors were never faultily installed. From that moment on, I became the Mirror Man.

October 12th, 2012:

Being a mirror-man is a difficult job. The mirror is my portal to the outside world, but it is also my burden. When the Meyers go away for the day, I immediately start working to make sure that Mr. Meyer never realizes that when he stands at his sink, he is staring face to face with a full stranger. I begin with the basics- sewing copies of his shirts (the mirror is waist-up so I never wear pants) and drawing his facial features over my own with sharpies- then move to the more difficult tasks like studying his movements and speech patterns. Sometimes he will give pep-talks to himself, and I have become pretty good at mumbling along with him.



Occasionally there are slip-ups. An out of place hand movement here or a twitch there; sometimes when we're brushing our teeth I spit toothpaste in his face, etc. This is when I know to use the Do-Over Bat. The Do-Over Bat is a wooden bat I keep in the walls, and it does exactly what you think it does. It is very effective. I have found that duping Mr. Meyer becomes progressively easier the more I use the Do-Over Bat.  
November 11th, 2012.

I have taken a liking for Mrs. Meyer. Marlene is her name. I think she could be the one. Since this is 2012, I'll describe her the way Flo Rida does in his song "Who Dat Girl": "She ain't no rock star, but she got groupies, she ain't no actress, but she makes movies, and when she struts that thing around, everybody be breaking they neck like, who dat girl, who dat girl, who dat girl?"  
I dream often that one day I will run off with her, and Mr. Meyer will be behind the mirror.



**To Be Continued... on Phonymag.net!**

case no. 3435420  
"the neighbor"

Dearest new neighbor of floor [redacted] of [redacted] Hall,

Allow me to unwelcome you to the neighborhood. You may be asking yourself, why are you getting this letter?

All of the thin walls in [redacted] Hall allow me to hear your every move. All of the thin walls in [redacted] Hall allow me to hear the people you invite over late at night. Who are they? Why do they come here? Why do you invite them over in the late hours of the night? Why do you let them terrorize the floor with their raucous and rambunctiousness? Why do you not put everyone out of their misery and remove yourself from our floor after 11 on weekdays and 1 a.m. on weekends without necessary force?

This floor is crying because of all of the pain you put it through. You have changed it and made it your personal paradise. You are stealing its history of being a quiet dorm, with harmony among the students. It cries with me for the past and what used to be in the time when respectful people roamed its halls.

Who do you bring over in the late hours of the night? I'd like to know their names. Do they also reside within [redacted] Hall? Do they like to torment the people on their floor(s) as well? I wonder how the people around them respond. I wonder if they also lose sleep because of how ignorant you and your friends are.

You wonder who I am? Turn around, idiot. You walk past people daily letting themselves into your rooms. Maybe I am one of them. You walk past people getting themselves ready for bed in their bathroom. Maybe I am one of them. Maybe you have even talked to me, one of the so-called neighbors who seems to have no idea who I could be. Or maybe you do know and are too scared to tell anyone. Good move.

[redacted] [redacted] your [redacted] [redacted] feet. The floor was full of life and respectful blood before you came here. And then, it got old and tired, and decided to let people like you in. And now I watch and wait for the day when the young halls will be mine again.

Have you been in the basement of [redacted] Hall yet? Or are you too afraid to go down there alone? It is quite far away from the [redacted] floor. If someone was upstairs they wouldn't be able to hear you scream. Maybe you should spend some more time down there. Bring your friends with you. Floor [redacted] is anxious for you to at least take the noise elsewhere, but would love it more if you took your [redacted] [redacted] out.

Welcome to the product of your greed! Greed is what brought the last students of this hall and now it has brought you to me. Remember, you don't want to make floor [redacted] of [redacted] Hall unhappy. Respect the people around you as much as you respect yourself. Have a good rest of your day. And make sure to shut the fuck up a little more often, or else... let the party begin.

**PARTIALLY CLASSIFIED  
FOR PUBLIC  
CONSUMPTION**

*The Neighbor*



**OH NO!!**

**THE MIDDLEBROOK HALL PASTA  
HAS COME TO LIFE AS A....**

**CARLSON BOY!**

yeah, my dad is  
paying my  
tuition so now I  
am

**IN MY  
CARLSON  
ERA**



# SLEEP PARALYSIS

Like many people who are kept awake at night by the thought of their most embarrassing moment from twelve years ago, I often take a hefty dose of Benadryl to help me function, or should I say “cease” function, for an evening. From time to time, these endeavors can go awry and when they do, boy oh boy you better buckle up. All of the creepy pastas and LiveLeak videos of industrial accidents in the world won’t prepare you for the horrors you’ll encounter after popping a couple hundred milligrams of Uncle Benny’s.

Many Benny enthusiasts recall a state of sleep paralysis where they’re awake, but their body is still asleep. Now, this situation is already terrifying enough due to the high possibility that any ghost, ghoul, or goblin could climb up your bed and start sucking your dick like it was a Push-Pop and there ain’t nothing you can do about it. However, what comes after is an even greater cause for alarm. If you find yourself popping these things like Tic-Tacs, you may encounter what’s known to us Bennyologists as the “Hat Man.” After seeing this fucking guy, you’ll wish that all you had to worry about were some gummed-up goblins.

The Hat Man is a tall, shadowy figure who stalks your little, vulnerable ass from the darkest corner of the room like the guy dressed as Patrick Bateman at your Halloween party who thinks he’s all mysterious. At this point in the night, you’ll be wishing that you could just tear your covers over your head to shield yourself from the horrors that follow, but wishing is all you’re able to do. As your mind races, contemplating all of the terrifying deeds the Hat Man may do to mutilate your body and soul, his figure is outlined by the faint orange glow of a hand-rolled cigarette. His fedora brim blocks every detail of his face besides a sinister grin. His voice cackles and echoes throughout the blackened room as he begins to speak. This is when you know you’ve got the worst night of your night ahead of you; this fucking guy starts practicing his stand-up routine and YOU are his captive audience!

He starts out rough with some crowd work. He asks what your profession is but you still can’t muster a word. Your body, stiff as stone, can only communicate through the desperation in your eyes. Unfortunately, like most terrible comics, he can’t read a room. After a solid minute of the loudest silence, he continues with a line of firefighter jokes as though he took the liberty of assigning you a backstory. None of them land and you’re pretty sure he stole a couple of them from Jim Gaffigan. Only after he fails to remember another stolen bit does he continue onto the next part of your torture: his planned material.

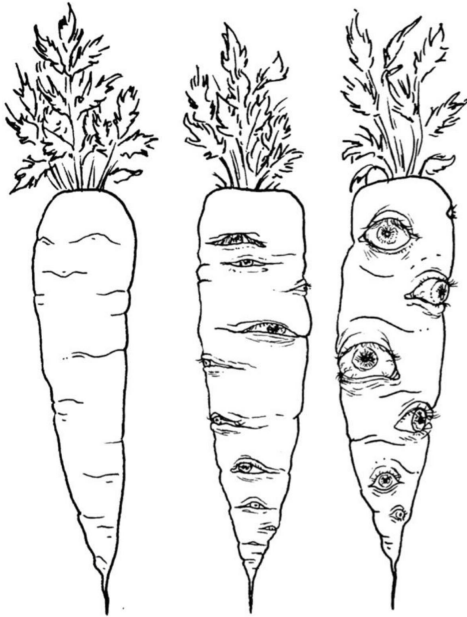


The worst part? It's all topical! All of his material is either about Biden, Oppenheimer, or how nobody laughs when you say racial slurs on stage anymore. He pulls out a crumpled note card from his jacket pocket and proceeds to read the entire thing word for word without looking up once. You wish, no, you PRAY that you could plug your ears or tell him to shut the hell up but all you can do is close your eyes. Just when you think he's about to end his set after a joke about how Gen-Z doesn't know what a postcard is or some dumb shit like that, he pulls out a fucking guitar. An ACOUSTIC GUITAR! He's a goddamn musical comic! This bastard has absolutely ZERO self-awareness. At least the goblin didn't fucking sing to you and, unlike this hat-wearing douchebag, he was actually talented with his mouth. Finally, after completing his hour-long set (he went WAY over an hour btw), the sunlight breaks through the window shade and breaks you from this humourless prison.

These kinds of experiences are ubiquitous among us Bennyphiles after we give ourselves a horrific dose. They never get any easier and the jokes never get any funnier. The goblin blowjobs, however, do have their fair share of demand. Now, abuse of medications and controlled substances is never a good idea, but if you need another reason to steer clear of that kind of activity, know that some drugs don't get you high but, instead, drag you down to the Comedy Cellar.

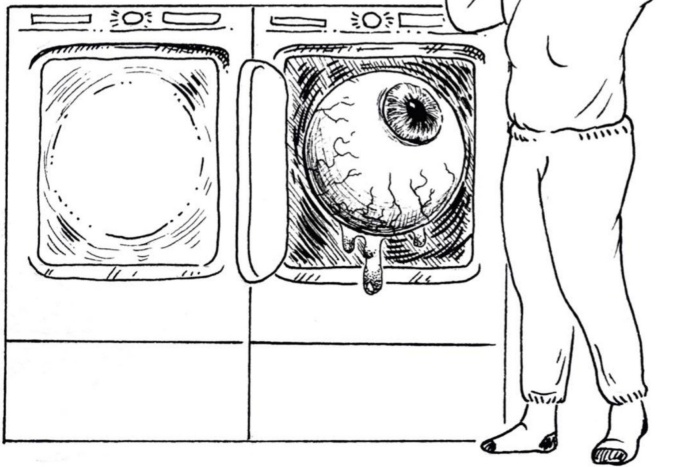


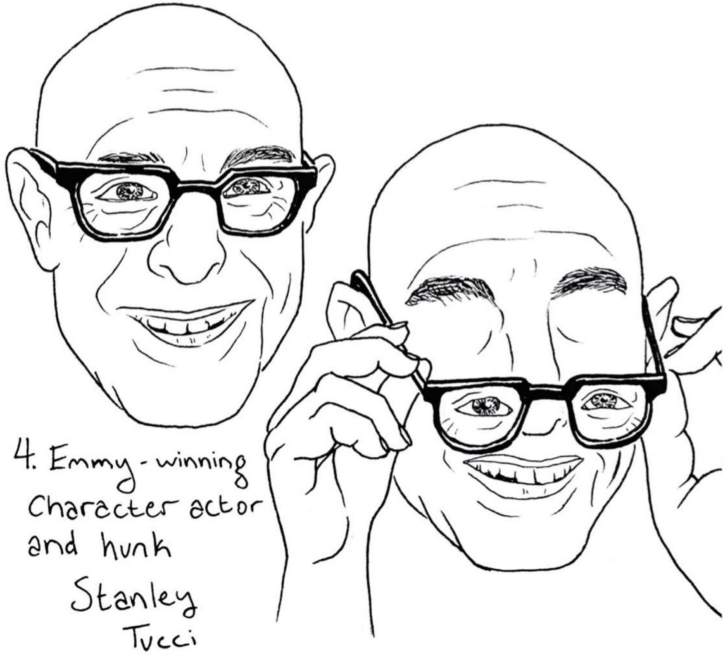
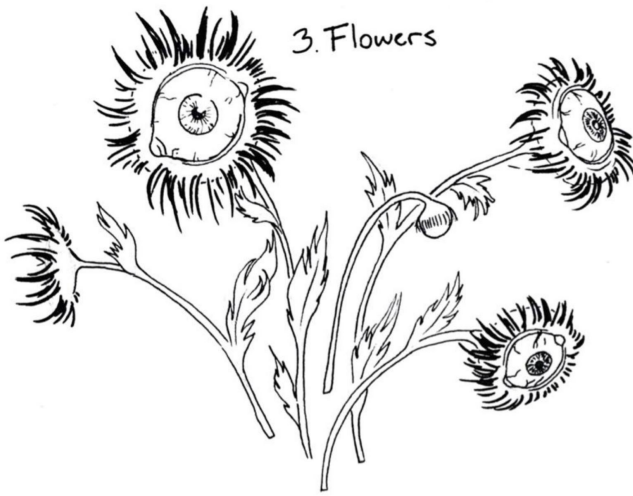
# Things that Should Not Have Eyes



1. Carrots

2. Laundry Machines





# Mommy Has to Face the Horrors

[INT. Baby Sammy's Bedroom. 22:44, Tuesday]

Okay Sammy, Mommy has to go now I really need you to listen to me carefully, okay Sammy? Sammy turn off the Roblox, Sammy.

Why?

I just need you to listen to Mommy, okay? Listen there are ten winged horrors beyond our comprehension and

What does that mean?

SHUT UP okay listen Sammy. I need to go and NO Sammy, turn off the Roblox. Take that styrofoam out of your mouth too. If you-

Give me give me give it to mell!

NO STYROFOAM. Mommy already told you once, okay baby listen to Mommy. Okay so there are ten winged horrors beyond our comprehension and no it's okay Sammy you don't need to count to ten. Just know Mommy has to go and repent my sins for humanity it was in a dream I had last night just

I peed the bed last night

**YES DON'T WORRY** Mommy is well aware you peed the bed last night. I have to go outside and repent and it will be loud and I may die, but I need to go outside. I just need you to **NOT. GO OUTSIDE.** For ONE HOUR, okay? And repent for your actions also but you don't go outside anyway just

Why does doggie not play with me



**NO NOT RIGHT NOW SAMMY NOT RIGHT NOW LISTEN TO MOMMY OKAY** listen just lock your door and don't look outside, okay? Don't look NO I just told you Sammy to not look

Why is the kitty like that why is kitty asleep

**STOP IT SAMMY KITTY IS DEAD. IT'S CALLED ATONEMENT. God.** Okay, I'm going to close the blinds. Don't open them. I need to be right back, just stay still okay just **STOP EATING THE FUCKING STYROFOAM.** Okay I love you. Say it back Sammy say it back, can you say I love you?

Big toe big toes... Mommy you have big toes

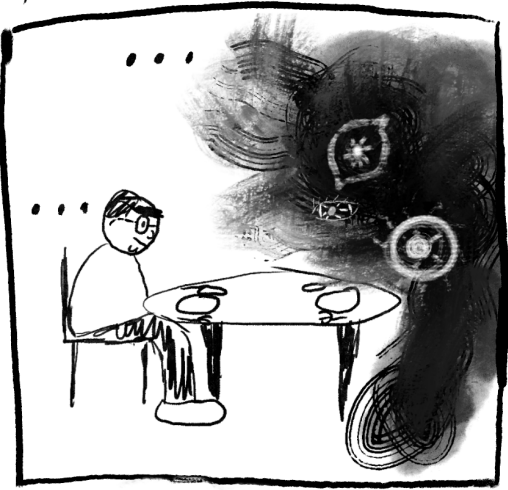
Okay, whatever I just... okay bye you can play your Roblox now. Okay I... okay.

{SOUND VAGUELY RESEMBLING A SCREAM IS HEARD OUTSIDE. IT IS HARDLY CONSIDERED A SCREAM BECAUSE THAT WOULD IMPLY THAT IT CAME FROM A VAGUELY BIOLOGICAL FIGURE}

**For the Lord himself will descend from heaven with a cry of command, with the voice of an archangel, and with the sound of the trumpet of God. And the dead in Christ will rise first.**

Ok where roblox sex game. Sex game roblox.

# Family Guy Cutaway But Not Bigoted<sup>®</sup> 3



# Anti-Bullying Pledge

Dear Parents and Staff,

After the tragic loss of little Timmy (he's not dead, he just open enrolled to a new district because of the "traumatic events" and "unforeseeable mental damages"), the PTA has decided to undertake a new anti bullying initiative here at Farmingdale Elementary! Now, bullying is a serious topic that the parents here in the PTA take very seriously, unlike those skanks in "Farmingdale Parents for the Arts"!! Don't get me started on their horrible flower sales and their evil gay "arts" kids taking away money from my son's peewee football program...Debra even tells me that someone on the FPA committee smelled like MARY JANE the other night! Can you believe it! Oh my!!! It seems I got a little carried away... back to the anti bullying initiative! After many community suggestions such as teaching tolerance, improving students' mental health, and showing students how to be leaders, the PTA has decided to do none of these things! Instead, we have written a charming little pledge for the kiddos to say every morning, after the pledge of allegiance of course, to remind them to be kind!

I pledge to be a Farmingdale kid for character

I will be worthy of trust

I will be respectful and responsible

Doing what I must

I will always act with fairness

I will show that I care

I will be a good citizen

And always do my share

I will be so so kind to everyone

But my mommy says it's okay

To push someone down the stairwell

If they happen to be gay!

Here's a drawing from the Peewee football team! They're so excited to say the new pledge!  
Cute!



# A Dhar Mann Murder

“I just totally could never be caught dead holding something like that,” Claire smirks, and holds up her iPhone 15, “I like my phones unprotected. It just feels better, y’know? Same reason why I never let guys wear condoms.”

That Monday morning, Claire took herself out for a shopping trip to celebrate... the weekend? She can’t remember, she really just wanted an excuse to get a new purse and some shoes. Regardless, as she perused through some designer shops, she found herself (quite literally) a charity case and she couldn’t help but give some advice.

A girl, a few years younger than her, had a phone case that was so bulky it looked like it could provide better protection than abstinence- but Claire never thought about things like that. All she saw was an ugly, black, rectangle case, covering up a beautiful brand-new iPhone?! That’s a violation in multiple area codes, in her book.



“Well- I-” The shorter, brunette girl starts.

Suddenly, the sounds of crashing fill the shoe store. Whipping her head around, Claire watches as a ceiling tile falls from the ceiling, breaking over a large glass shoe display. Following drops out a man with a mask and long cape, and he looks around for a second until he finds Claire and starts towards her, knocking over shoe shelves as he advances. Claire is about to say something about the fact that the intruder is horribly disrespecting the shoes he is knocking over (especially the leather ones that could totally become scuffed) until she recognizes the large logo on the man’s mask and the blood drains out of her face. Pulling her expensive Lambskin Chanel bag closer to herself, she sprints away from the girl, who watches Claire and her pursuer run out of the back of the store.

Entering the back alley, Claire is hit and almost knocked over by the horrible scent of garbage, but facing her fear of virus water she quickly hops down the stairs and runs down the length of the alley. The door shuts and opens again behind her, the heavier footsteps of the man getting louder and louder until they suddenly stop.

Claire looks quickly over her shoulder, barely able to react as a large glob of spaghetti leaves the hand of the man, flying across the space between the two of them and hitting her square in the back. Pain erupts through her body as she hits the ground, her jean jacket, brand new pink dress, and Chanel bag instantly soiling from the large puddle of water mixed with shit, tuna, and somehow a hint of hot sauce.



“It’s taken me so long to find you, and you only go down with my weakest move?” Pushing herself up onto her elbow, Claire watches the man walk up to her, his cape flapping in the nonexistent breeze. “I can’t believe I ever called you my biggest foe.”

“Oh please! Just spare me!”

“Claire, you and I both know that’s not possible.”

Scrambling to get away, Claire pushes herself up until her back hits the slimy wall of the alley, trapping herself instantly with her only way out being through the masked man in front of her. Her pursuer continues to approach her and then kicks his foot up so it is pressed up against the wall next to her head. With one hand he removes the mask with two large Ms on it, shaking his dark locks in the 2:30 pm sun.

“Nobody who dares sin in front of Dhar Mann gets away without learning a lesson.”

“Please! Just let me be! I haven’t even done anything wrong!” Claire starts to cry and clasps her hands under her chin, engaging the same face she uses when asking for money from her dad. However, Dhar Mann, the Morale Man, is immune to her puppy eyes and grabs onto the collar of her jean jacket to pull her up closer to him.

“Not only have you dumped your boyfriend for being too short, denied a roommate because of their looks, taken a parking spot from a grandma, shamed a school janitor, and cyberbullied SSSniperWolf, but you have also literally auctioned off your little sister for extra cash to buy that Chanel bag.”

“I-I-”

“You, Claire, need to learn your lesson,” Dhar looks at the phone in his hand, pondering, “just like your mom said: take responsibility for your life, and don’t blame others for what you are or are not doing.”

In one smooth motion, Dhar pushes himself off of the wall and stabs Claire in the heart with her iPhone 15. She howls out in pain, clutching her chest as the titanium and glassware of the phone protrude out of her blood-soaked chest. Laughing and dropping her into some garbage, Dhar wipes a bloody hand on his dark pants and turns around to put his mask on again.

“Justice has been served.”

An all-black Dhar Car with tinted windows pulls up to the end of the alley, screeching to a halt and a man in the car yells out that they need to get out of there as soon as possible. Dhar turns away from Claire and darts over to the car, his cape catching air behind him, and dives headfirst into the car. The door closes quickly behind him, and the car drives away into the distance.

Groaning, Claire turns her head to look out of the end of the alley, but instead of seeing the beauty that is nature as her heart rate slows, all she can see is a large billboard with the face of her killer plastered onto it, smiling wide and arms around two other people.

*Dhar Mann: focused on positive ideas and making an impact on the world, one video at a time.*

# Costume Ideas for the Office Halloween Party to Show Them You Mean Business!

- Grown up Boss Baby
- Bill gates' dog (Nilla)
- The ghost of Bob Barker
- Laser Lemon™ Crayola Marker
- A cheeky wink



Nilla  
(Bill Gates'  
Dog)

Be sure to  
tag @BillGates  
in any cool pix  
you post!



**ADULT**  
Size Costume  
ONE SIZE FITS MOST



St. Paul  
Papa Murphy's  
General  
Manager

\*sickening  
optimism &  
passion for  
capitalism not  
included



ADULT  
Size Costume  
ONE SIZE FITS MOST

- St. Paul Papa Murphy's general manager
- Times New Roman font.zip
- Nickelodeon Universe Day pass
- Class of 2020 college graduate
- President Business

# *10 Creative Autumn Crafts for the Whole Family!*

1. Pumpkin Spice Candles

2. Fall Leaf Garland

3. Squash Vases

4. Corn Husk Bouquet

5. **He is here.**

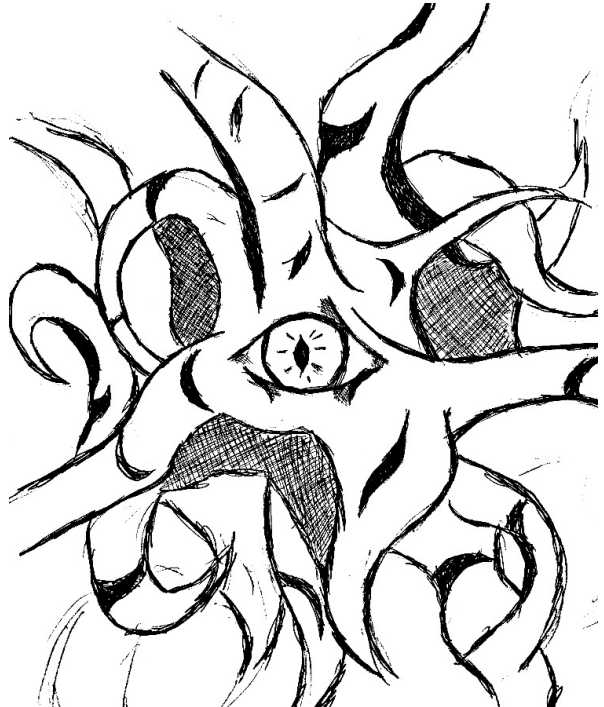
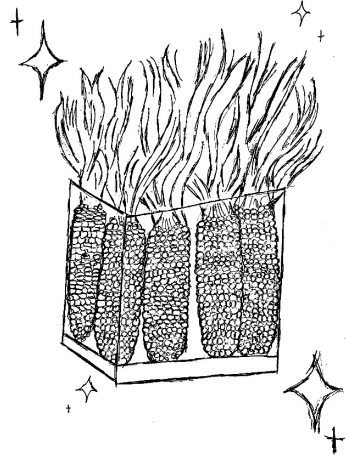
6. Hiding won't help.

7. Those aren't stars that are blinking.

8. **With the stars aligned the Old Ones shall scorch the planet and an eon of chaos will pass turning the soil to ash and the oceans to blood**

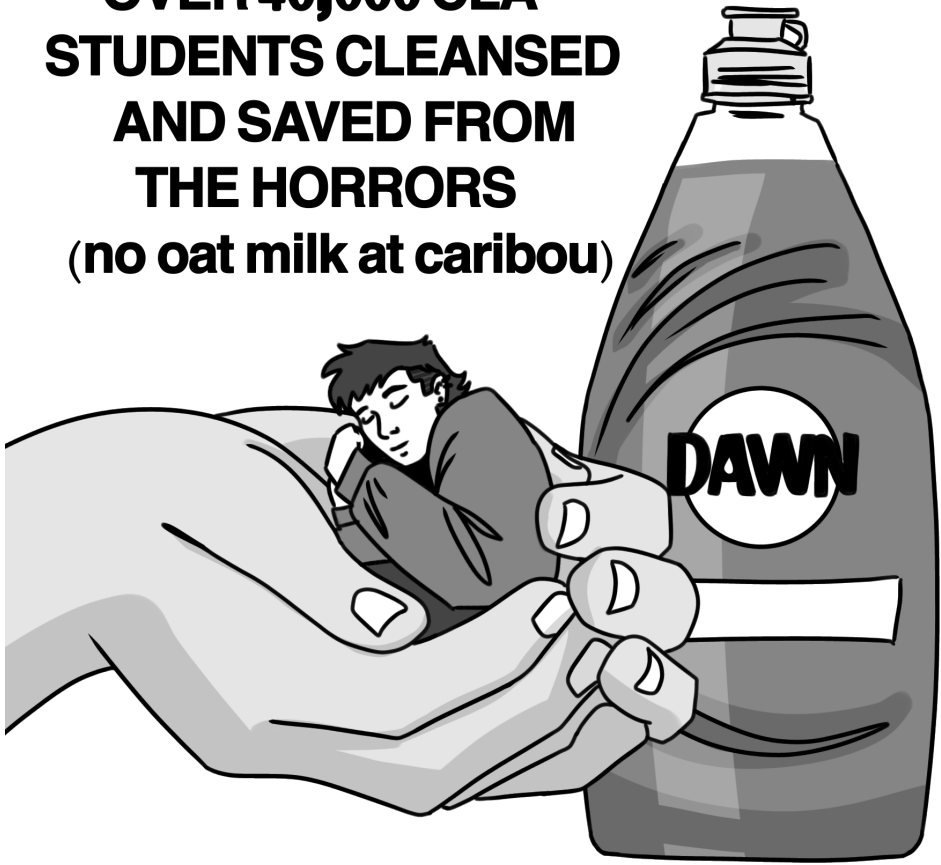
9. Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Ktharmolep R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn

10. Bean Mosaic :)





**OVER 40,000 CLA  
STUDENTS CLEANSED  
AND SAVED FROM  
THE HORRORS  
(no oat milk at caribou)**



**TOUGH ON GREASE  
GENTLE ON WILDLIFE**

## 2/5 Stars for Haunted House



Thought it would be a fun activity to visit a haunted house with my girlfriend for Halloween and was recommended this place by a buddy of mine who's still in college. It was located near the city college campus and I thought it would be a good choice since it was close and not out in the corn-fucking fields. I trusted the guy too; he still went to college so I assumed he knew all the good spots around. Man was I disappointed though at this haunted house, kinda lame and not really what you would call a "house."

We arrived at this house and I guess we got there too late in the night because all the actors had loosened up, ready for their shift to end because they were standing around pretty lazily or getting graphic under the eyes of the lord. Not the best zombies I've seen, let me tell you. But the guy standing by these shittily painted black and orange lion statues outside the property had our names on his list so I guess they were still open. Guy was kinda rude and made weird googly eyes at my girlfriend, but he was probably playing some ogreish lump of flesh and at that point I was thinking "hey ok, this is gonna be so unique."

We got inside (mind you there's no signage as to where you're supposed to go or where to enter so we assumed the big, torn up, run down, old, stained, splintering, pissed on door was where we needed to be. Upon entering we were met with the rankest stank I'd ever smelt. I guess I'm just used to Haunted House attractions smelling like burnt rubber and hot computers and not dirt, sweat, and a pungent desperation for father's approval. On top of the smell, the music was different from what I was expecting, playing the party genre rather than anything traditionally scary.

There were no directions inside (or any remote sense of order, for that matter) so me and my girlfriend just started walking aimlessly, assuming it's one of those improv, actors everywhere, avant garde kind of horror houses, if those even exist. If they do, this one was definitely on the lower end of the quality spectrum. It left me more disgusted and confused than spooked and thrilled.

Some highlights from our brisk, short walk through this place included multiple pairs of succubi in the corner sucking on each other so hard that it had attracted a swarm of flies; shirtless dwarves with runes painted on their chests shouting at each other in a battle for dominance; pale, bloated vampires drinking blood upside-down from a metal barrel. Along the way back to the front door (exit) we saw goblins dressed as men mixing a diabolical serum only the most troubled mind could design. The only thing that was actually scary was the brown filth on the floor and walls that only served as a slipping hazard. Before leaving, I asked one of the guys at the door where I could use the bathroom. They started laughing at me and pointed to a bush over by a window; “it’s over there, king,” they said.

We got out of there as fast as we could, hopped in our car, and never looked back. Reflecting on this experience as I write this review, I’m starting to realize now how much of a horror house it truly was, which I guess was actually the point of going all along. I am wracked with nightmares about the sights I saw in that place, and not in a fun, halloweeny way. Although I’m giving this attraction  $\frac{2}{5}$  stars due to my recurring nightmares, all I can say to those who may be considering visiting this place: DON’T.



# The Horrors of Shakespeare

*Two boys sit together on a bridge; their hands are almost touching. There is a palpable tension in the air between them. Its like that one scene from that one movie; ummm fuck what is that movie? The one with the knights and the girl who like turns into a rhino, and the gay dude from the Try Guys was in it? That movie. Anyway, it's like that, I guess. They sit there, named Anthony and Tony (no relation). They cannot maintain eye contact.*

**Anthony (weakly):** fie! cometh h're and englut mine own coxcomb thee distemperate daw!

*Tony looks perplexed. It is possible that Anthony has never spoken to him in such a way.*

**Anthony:** Mine own fath'r hath used to sayeth yond to me, at which hour that gent wast riding the fusty wagon. That gent wast an fell sir. At each moment hadst a problem with... bridges

*Tony moves his hand closer to Anthony's, clumsily, rests it on top of his.*

**Tony:** On bridges thee sayeth? Wherefore?

**Anthony:** Herefore, for which it twas a bridge mine own broth'r kicked the bucket upon? *Tony retracts his hand very suddenly, and tries for a chuckle to lighten the mood, which has since before we have seen them been on the cusp of something romantic.*

**Tony:** Wilt has't been a most foul bucket, nay?

*Anthony laughs bitterly*

**Anthony:** Oh aye, most foul. Twas v'ry gruesome, the loss of his wee fledgling soul. I was barely more than a lad, meself, but he twas ripped violently from my mother's womb to his v'ry grisly end. Twas this very bridge, in fact.

*Tony slides further away from Anthony.*

**Tony:** Wherefore court me h're? Wherefore not a... lodging less tragic.

*Anthony gives him a wry smile.*

**Anthony:** fr t is tragedy yond maketh us appreciateth loveth all the m're, nay? Like thou favorite performer Lana Del Rayth says-

*Tony looks downcast.*

**Tony:** Nay. F'r i has't none the tragic ties, f'r nay ties at all.

**Anthony:** Thee mean to sayeth thou art orphaned? Nay, sayeth t isnt so!

*A tear trails down Tony's cheek.*

**Tony:** Tis, i wast hath left h're at this bridge only i8 years ago.

*Anthony stands up abruptly.*

**Anthony:** Wherefore thou claim this bridge?

**Tony:** Herefore.

**Anthony:** It cannot be, for it is only my family's to inhabit, and hath been for many a century. Nay! Take it back, I beg of thee herefore and forever! Tony, confused: I cannot! I wouldst rath'r falleth to mine own owneth blade than forswear to the sooth h're-

*King Anthoni enters, he is dressed as a bear.*

**King:** Ah, my solemn son, wherefore do thou findth his visage troubled?

Anthony: This impost'r suitor thee've hath sent me 'long with hast claim'd this bridge fr his origin point

**King, bemused:** And thou, suitor, wherefore doth thine findth the courage to speakth to his majesty, the prince, in such an forswearish manner?

**Tony:** I speakth only which is the truth, my loyal king

**Anthony:** But of course that gent is falsing, fr only owneth of our owneth lineage can possibly has't gotten anywh're this bridge, the witch thee madeth mine own moth'r madeth it thus!

**King:** fie! Mine own Anthony, cometh h're and englut mine own coxcomb thee distemperate daw!

*Anthony looks tempered, if only by the reminder that his father is forever an unchanging man.*

**King:** Now, before mine own tongue is to relieve both and burden both, I might not but checketh to beest sure. Sir suitor, what is thou title?

**Tony:** Mine own title tis Sir Tony of London, knight to Kingth Arthur, offspring to noneth.

**King:** Orphaned?

**Tony:** Aye, the only thing left of mine own parentage is this scar above mine own eyebrow.

**King:** Thine hast a scare, wherefore?

**Tony:** Herefore.

*The King begins to weep.*


**King:** Thou's scar, with the addition of this bridge of our lineage, must convince me that thou tis mine v'ry own.

**Anthony:** But we kissed!

**King:** He's thou brother! How dare thee besmirch the house in this manner. The double of thine are the spawn of witches, how could mine own hopes have been any higher than that of thou ground that thine walks upon! The failure to know thineselves mustve been the endth of the lineage! Nay!

*They weep. The exit, pursued by the King bear, off of the bridge.*





In Memoriam

Joel D. Madeline P. Simone Traband  
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Mack J. Sophie Hoff T. Collette  
Zach H. B. Caputo Oscar H.  
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