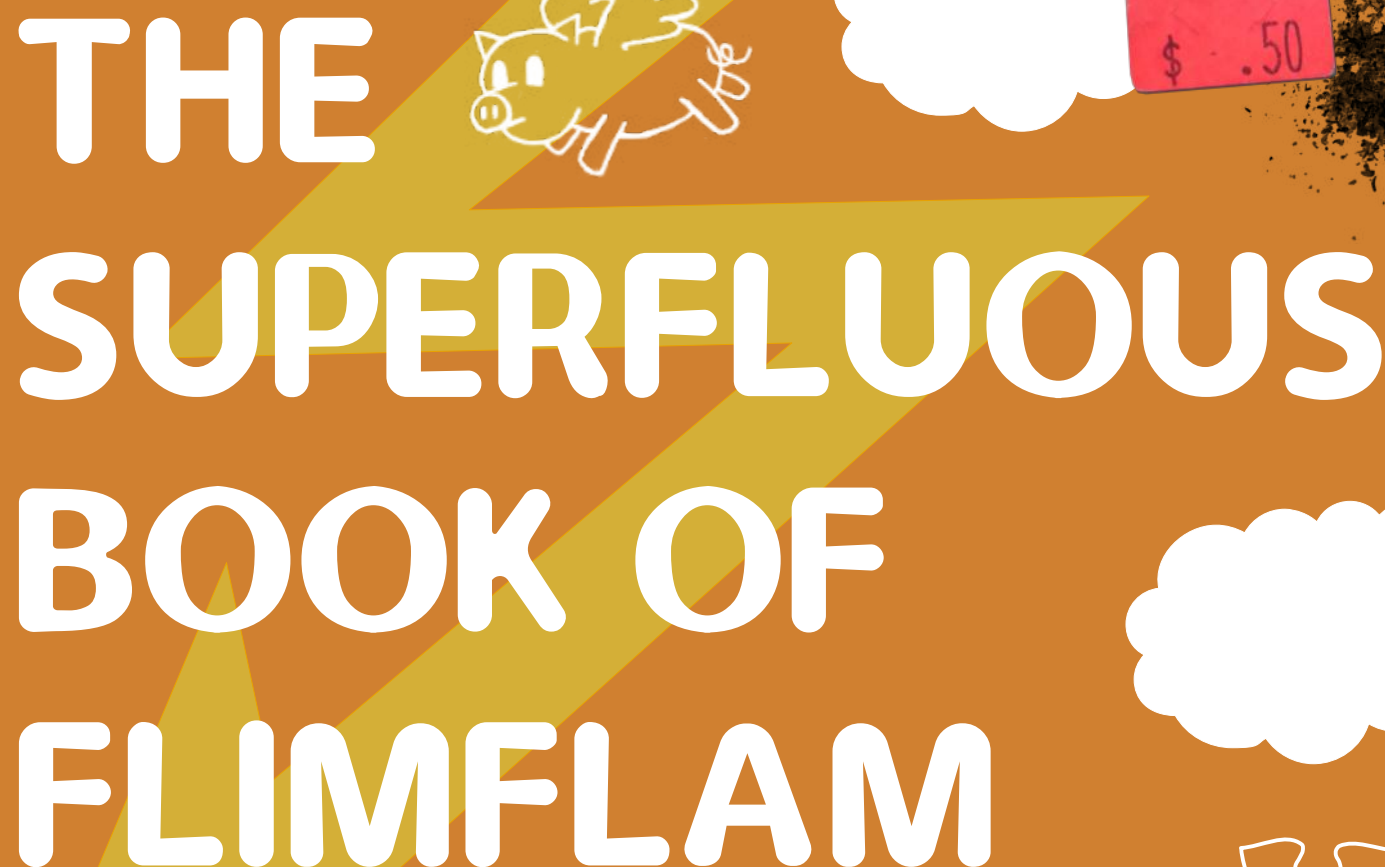


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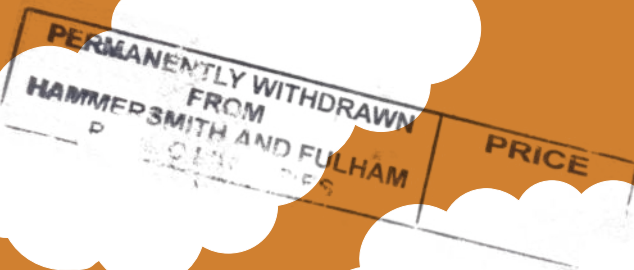


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THE SUPERFLUOUS BOOK OF FLIMFLAM

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By Lenwood S. Sharpe

Thrill Land



INTRO * * SHUN

WELCOME TO THRILL LAND !



Greetings and salutations, lucky recipient of this *The Superfluous Book of Flimflam: A Highly Prestigious Journal!* All across the Interwebs, one will find page after

page of click-bait that does not meet up to the lofty promises set forth in its title. We here at Thrill Land are committed to an idea, an idea of the World Wide Web as it used to be: ad and click-bait free.

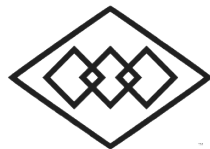
Consequently, dear reader, this book, for better or worse, will live up fully to its title! You will be receiving the superfluous, the flimflam, the "of" and some semblance of a book.

First, some Q & A than we will get started faster than you can say, "GRANNYDOESYOURDOGBITENOCHILDNO!"

EDITED, WRITTEN & WITH
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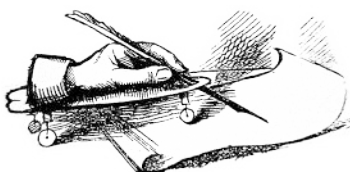
Lenwood S. Sharpe
Owner-Operator of Thrill Land



Q & A

Q: FIRST OFF, WHAT IS THRILL LAND?

A: Thrill Land is a something or other that does something or other along what lines one cannot be sure exactly what that something or other is—or something like that.



Q: OKAY, THAT WAS HELPFUL... SO WHAT IS THRILL LAND AGAIN?

A: Thrill Land creates ad-free, fluff-free, filter-free and click-bait free projects! So long as the bills get paid, they are FOREVER! -- Such as:

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lumberwoods.org / fearsomecritters.org

Thrill Land

Probably should have been listed first but whatever. Thrill Land's main site contains jokes, rhymes, riddles, you name it!

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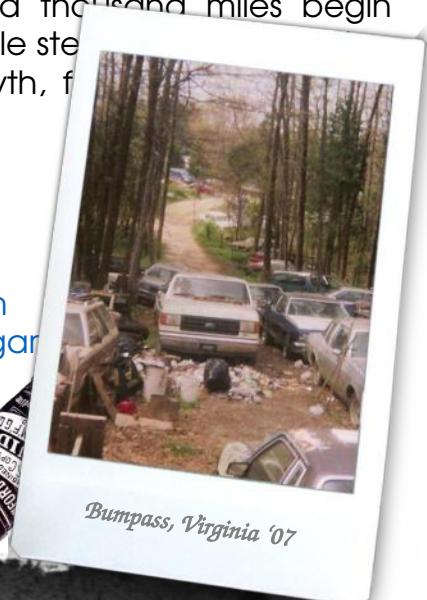
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THE CARE AND FEEDING OF CHUPACABRAS

A PARODY OF [THE CARE AND FEEDING OF CHILDREN](#) (1894) BY L. EMMETT HOLT

Presented by **LUMBERWOODS**
www.lumberwoods.org



A guide for those with an utter disregard for their personal safety or whom, possessing a death wish, are in want for an extreme substitute for medicinal leeches.

*** INTRODUCTION ***

Greetings forlorn chupacabra owner! You are the unfortunate possessor of the chupacabra (*Capralamiana Borgesae*), truly one of nature's greatest wonders. Perhaps, you wonder where it came from or maybe how it got in. Possibly, you wonder how it got loose. In all probability, you may just be wondering how to get rid of the rotten, little, good-for-nothing, wild-eyed, bottom-nosed bombat.

No matter the wonder, great nor small, this cantankerous, bloodthirsty ingrate has taken up residence in your home. Your options? Make it happy, and you just might be able to save the cat. If not those old, out-of-print encyclopedias lying around make a nifty shield and, for your cat's sake, be advised to notify your local veterinarian—in advance.

*** THE CHUPACABRA ***

Once speculated to be reptile-like and vaguely humanoid, it is now well established that the typical chupacabra is hairless, quadruped, coyote-like and a bit of an irascible, unscrupulous, lil' snot.

In proportions the animal is slender, gaunt and approximately 1' 5" tall (43 cm). The chupacabra is a creature of aggressive temperament given to bouts of temperamental aggression. This is even true while standing still provided you're still standing.



But don't be put off completely, chupacabras, unlike vampires, mosquitoes, ticks, lawyers, certain former presidents and other blood-sucking creatures, are never inclined to subsist upon people. The chupacabra obtains its entire dietary intake from the blood of livestock and fowl. The creatures first made their presence known to the world in sunny Puerto Rico sometime during the middle of the 1990s.

*** HOW SHOULD A BATH BE GIVEN? ***

The way I figure it, you got two options, pal. Dig a deep enough hole in your yard, fill it with standing water and hope the little, beady-eyed rat drowns itself. Your second recourse is to run down to your local hardware store and purchase yourself a fireman's grade industrial hose. Mind you, this is not the time to be stingy. You're gonna' want to go with the "attack" versus "relay" model, naturally.

STEP 1: When the little miscreant gets within three feet of you, blast that sucker with 400 psi of watery contusion.

STEP 2: If the spiny-tailed nudnik pops back up hit it again.

STEP 3: Repeat steps 1 and 2 until its out for a good hour or so. Should this fail, when in doubt, always sick the cat on it. *

* **NOTE:** All dogs go to heaven and, presumably, cats do to.

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MS- SS2159***** WHAT TEMPERATURE SHOULD THE BATH BE? *****

Being that the chupacabra is an animal of the subtropical regions, I would say about as cold as you can get the water before freezing. That'll learn that fug-ugly menace.

***** HOW SHOULD THE DISMAL GAZE OF A CHUPACABRA BE AVOIDED? *****

The eyes of the chupacabra are just about the darkest, most abysmal things you will ever see. For those yet to have the pleasure, imagine barricading yourself in a room, with the lights out, in a basement, in a closet, 20 feet below the earth's surface, and staring opposite from the door. Yup, much is like being eye-to-eye with one of these three-fanged, sunken-bellied idgits. Each iris of the chupacabra is about as readily discernible as a full moon, beneath a cloudy sky, during a lunar eclipse... in the day time. Not to mention, retina scans are as fruitless as a pitcher of all-natural tropical punch (the one with artificial flavors). As it is, much like the honey badger, the chupacabra is nasty and everything it does not give is well expressed in its deathless gaze.

***** HOW SHOULD THE GENITAL ORGANS OF A CHUPACABRA BE RENDERED INERT? *****

The phrase, "I wish I could've unseen that," is thrown around so lightly today. Still, you have never met with so eye-gouging a sight than coming face-to-face with the nitty-gritty of cracked-skinned, wrinkly, wart-covered goat-vampire. Suffice to say, you're gonna want to snip-and-clip these ghastly grimwads before your one big problem decides to practice its multiplication tables. If you choose to accept, the following is a brief lesson in chupacabra long division. For this task, you will need a pair of razor-wire work gloves, metal trash can, handful of widget spinners,¹ fire extinguisher and, of course, a penny. First, you gotta find the little cuttercuss. Shouldn't be too hard to do. Just follow the newly bored holes in all your upholstery.

Once you're in sight of the sorry lugger-mugger, place the widget spinner between your thumb and pointing finger. Carefully take aim and 'huck that whirligig smack dab between its cold, dead eyes. If that don't tee it off enough, that's why you brought extras. It is worth

¹ I'd say the fidgety part but the copyright and patent laws on that are a little iffy.

noting that chupacabras are accustomed to being on the active end of provocation. Likely, their ant-brain will need a minute to process this. Still, it usually takes no more than three.

As it leaps and lashes for your exposed jugular, catch it with the metal trash can and slam it top-side down on the floor. Best estimate you got about three minutes before it gnaws clean through. About 30 seconds, if you didn't listen to me and sprung for the cheap, plastic one.

As you place on your razor-wire work gloves, grab your ol' buddy Mr. fire extinguisher. Lift the trash can just enough to get the nozzle through. The gloves should keep your hands protected long enough. If not, it's as the old saying goes—sometimes you have to sacrifice a finger to save the hand, albeit literally.

Oh, by-the-by, in case you've forgot, it's likely not happy. But hey, no worries, go ahead and rain a Russian winter's wonderland down on the sorry, shiftless, two-bit wizen. One chupacabra-cicle comin' right up!

For best results, hold the lever down until the extinguisher is empty. Lifting the trash can you'll notice a very unhappy and stunned chupacabra with a frozen expression of pure you're-a-goner on its face. Now, you are ready for the easy part.

Right below the belly of the diminutive brute, you'll either see something resembling a prickly cactus or a deflated, sun-dried apricot.

Yes, a prickly cactus. They are called "mating scars." Look it up online or—rather don't.

Anyway, get your penny out, aim, cover your eyes and just imagine you've got a brand new scratch-off from the Nevada State Lottery.

Fortunately, the extreme cold leaves the subtropical chupacabra's extremities extremely brittle, and the friction should shatter whatever's left (just like Grandma's prized, porcelain teapot whilst a toddler prepares himself for little league).

Upon opening your eyes, you should be see the remnants of what Mother Nature gave 'em vaguely resembling vanilla shavings. Assuredly, however, these do not make a great ice cream topping.

And presto, you're done. Not with the task at hand, however, you... you personally are done, finished, sunk, cooked, kaput my friend, G-O-N-E-gone! The second that miserable, bowlegged bloodpuppy comes to.

*** WHAT ARE THE MOST ESSENTIAL THINGS IN THE CLOTHING OF CHUPACABRAS? ***

While it is not in any way advisable to dress your chupacabra such may be accomplished through immense difficulty and risk to persons and property. As far as fashion sense, the chupacabra has none. Likewise, the miserable miscreation possesses a sever aversion to lines, shapes, tones, colors, patterns, textures, forms and anything really. The biggest challenge is not in dressing the animal but rather preventing its newly adorned attire, and yourself, from being gnawed into scrapple. But should you wish to be in possession of a stylish chupacabra, an oxymoron, I'm sure, I suppose, for the purposes of scientific research, I will entertain you.

Firstly, you will need to select the appropriate ensemble. Unsurprisingly, the abundant lack of chupacabra boutiques is in every way due to the fact that no manner of dress will make the least difference on how pug-ugly these lowly bugbears truly are. You might as well dress up a molding, rotted cabbage in one's Sunday best or drape a buzzard's dinner leftovers in princely robes. Both, may I add, would be a more sensible alternative than your present course of action. For the chupacabra is not renowned for its visual appeal.

Yet, if you still insist, I will delay no further, although you really should not. So for this experiment, one must fashion their own chupacabra attire. While there are an abundance of fabrics to choose from, leather would not be advisable. Simply put, there is little sense in placing two layers of the same fabric on top of each other. Rather go with something softer than chupacabra hide yet more durable than its fangs. I suggest a ballistic alloy comprised of rare earth materials. You will need one layer hermetium, one layer durabium, one dizurntreelium, one ghitavohkabelarium, one pekupadekshunarium, one uraduncium, and lastly—Egyptian cotton.

Admittedly, the cost would run you upwards in the thousands. On the other hand, it is still immensely more cost effective than your hospital bills will be, if you proceed to even attempt to sweater a live chupacabra.

*** WHAT ARE THE PRINCIPLE CAUSES OF DISTURBED CHUPACABRA SLEEP? ***

Night.

*** HOW SHOULD THE MOUTH OF A CHUPACABRA BE CLEANSED? ***

Those who have ever opened up an old grease dumpster behind a decade abandoned Mickey D's may well have a clue as to the horrid stink within a chupracabra's jowls. Scarcely is there a punishment more cruel or inhuman than to waft the odious belch of regurgitated goat's blood from a chupracabra's half-empty stomach. Needless to say, brushing a chupracabra's fangs is less of a chore and more an exercise in pushing the physical and mental boundaries of human endurance.



*** WHAT CHANGES SHOULD BE MADE IF A CHUPACABRA HABITUALLY VOMITS? ***

Honestly, your carpet, your couch, your rugs, your clothes, etc. Unless, you are fond of the color red.

*** WHAT IS THE BEST CHUPACABRA FOOD? ***

Goat's blood with just a hint of turpentine.

*** WHAT CHANGES SHOULD BE MADE IN THE FOOD FOR CHRONIC CONSTIPATION? ***

Less cat.

*** WHAT CHANGES SHOULD BE MADE FOR AN ATTACK OF INTESTINAL INDIGESTION WITH LOOSENESS OF THE BOWELS? ***

The house.

*** WHEN NO GOAT'S BLOOD CAN BE OBTAINED, WHAT SUBSTITUTES ARE MOST RELIABLE? ***

Something equally disgusting, ever tried that green juice stuff?

*** WHAT SHOULD BE DONE IF A FOREIGN BODY HAS BEEN SWALLOWED? ***

Learn to do without the remote or keys.

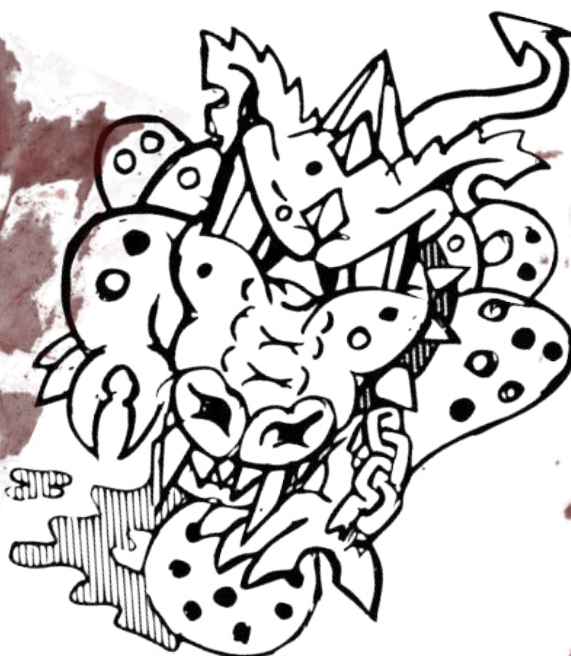
*** WHICH IS PREFERABLE FOR VACCINATION, THE ARM OR THE LEG? ***

Hypodermic needles + fire-crackers = Wherever they happen to land.

*** WHAT SHOULD BE DONE IF PUS APPEARS? ***

Rethink your priorities. 'Cause that flippin' chupacabra is STILL in your house, buddy!

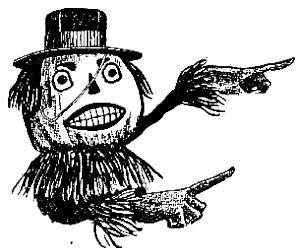
It's
Closer
Than You
Think!



IT'S
COMING
RIGHT
AT YOU!

WEIRD HALLOWEEN

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FACTS

HALLOWEEN ISN'T OCTOBER 31ST

The ancient root of Halloween is in the Celtic festival of Samhain. The ancient Celts recorded days from sunset to sunset. Appropriately, Samhain lasts from sunset on October 31st to sunset on November 1st and did not simply end the previous night. Likewise, Halloween's other roots are found in All Hollows Eve or the night preceding All Hollows (All Saints Day). Technically, holy days are to be observed in accordance to Biblical teaching, which likewise records days from sunset to sunset.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN ISN'T THE ONLY ONE HAUNTING SLEEPY HOLLOW

"Legend of Sleepy Hollow," author Washington Irving noted in his story that the headless horseman is but only the "dominant spirit" that haunts the hollow. In the opening paragraphs, Irving briefly elaborated on other unexplained occurrences in the area. He goes on to state that the hollow "abounds" with haunted areas and that voices and music can be often be heard despite no one present. Additionally, according to Irving, shooting-stars can be observed more often in Sleepy Hollow than elsewhere in the country.



WEREWOLF TRANSFORMATIONS DON'T REQUIRE A FULL MOON



While there are many variations on the werewolf myth, the vast majority hold that such a transformation can occur at will and need not be under any peculiar circumstances. However, certain periods of the year have frequently been regarded as more prone to werewolf activity. The full moon notwithstanding, several traditional stories actually suggest that it is the Yuletide season where one should exercise the most caution from the savagery of werewolves.



THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST DID NOT ORIGINALLY FLY ON A BROOM



The Wicked Witch of the West from L. Frank Baum's *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* is surely one of the most famous witches to step from the pages of a book onto the silver screen. Despite sporting a high-flying broomstick in her most famous cinematic adaption, her literary counterpart differed considerably. Not only did she in little way resemble actress Margaret Hamilton's portrayal, but she neither flew nor possess a broom. W.W. Denslow, who illustrated the first Oz books, created a villainess complete with eye patch, colorful garb and a single old umbrella. While an umbrella might seem like an unlikely choice for a would-be conqueror, it was actually an allusion to the witch's mortal weakness. The witch meets the same end in literature as in film. After getting splash with water, she melts into a shapeless mass on the floor.



THOMAS EDISON CREATED HIS OWN FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

In addition to inventing the light bulb, Thomas Edison was also one of the earliest producers of motion pictures. Edison's films ranged from

productions featuring dancers to even electrocuting an elephant (to "prove" alleged dangers of alternating current). Among Edison's "kinetographs," as they were known, was the very first film adaptation of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. For over half a century, Edison's *Frankenstein* (1910) was regarded as just another lost film of the silent era until a copy resurfaced in the early seventies.

Admittedly a liberal adaptation, Edison's *Frankenstein* differs in many aspects from both Boris Karloff's later portrayal and Mary Shelley's novel. Perhaps not to offend the viewers, the monster is not assembled from robbed corpses. Rather, the monster in this film starts out as a misshapen, chemical mass that musters itself into a disfigured human form in a fiery chamber. Additionally, the creature corresponds more to a raggedy, humpback figure with long fingers. The full, twelve-minute film is freely available from the Internet Archive: [Edison's Frankenstei](https://www.archive.org/details/Edison's_Frankenstei/Edison's_Frankenstei) (1910).



DRACULA FIRST APPEARS ON CINCO DE MAYO

Bram Stoker's novel *Dracula* is arranged in a journal-type format. It follows Jonathan Harker in his travels through Transylvania, meeting with Count Dracula and events that befell shortly after.

Curiously enough, it is actually Harker's May 5th entry that first records his fateful, first meeting with the Count. The height of spring, coinciding with Mexico's victory, at the Battle of Puebla, would appear to be an odd setting for a Gothic novel. However, Bram Stoker may have left some clues behind this choice in his posthumously-published short, "Dracula's Guest." "Dracula's Guest," is widely speculated to have been the omitted, first chapter of the completed novel. The events of "Dracula's Guest" take place in Munich, Germany on Walpurgis Night. Walpurgis Night is also known as Witches' Night due to the superstitions associated with the day.

Stoker describes the occasion thus:

"Walpurgis Night was when, according to the belief of millions of people, the devil was abroad—when the graves were opened and the dead came

Ramsey R. B.

forth and walked. When all evil things of earth and air and water held revel."

Stoker's full-length *Dracula* begins on May the 3rd and Walpurgisnacht occurs on either April 30th or May 1st. Chronologically sound, it becomes easy to see how this setting fits into one of the most acclaimed horror masterpieces.

MUMMIES COME IN AN ASSORTMENT OF FLAVORS

Mummies come in an assortment of flavors, including ice and swamp versions. While desert mummies, by far, feature the most prominently in popular culture, truth be told not all mummies are sandy cadavers nor come from Egypt. In fact, just about every continent has its own mummies. In Europe, for example, mummified corpses are routinely found in northern wetlands. This has earned them the moniker "bog bodies." In Siberia, mummies have been uncovered freeze-dried under layers of permafrost. However, neither of these represent intentional mummification. But like the ancient Egyptians, early Incan, Guanchen, Aztec and certain Oceanic cultures also developed sophisticated mummification techniques.

ZOMBIES DON'T EAT BRAINS

Hollywood has frequently taken extreme liberties when it comes to traditional folklore. But perhaps the furthest divergence from classic traditions occurs with one of the latest additions to the monster movie genre. Zombies have become increasingly popular in recent years thanks to series like *The Walking Dead* and films such as *World War Z* and *Zombieland*. But little do people know exactly how distant these modern myths compare with the corresponding lore.

Opinions on the attributes of the traditional *zombi* differ from region to region, from person to person. Generally, the *zombi* is but a reanimated corpse, a slave under the direct control of one who practices black magic. In *zombi* traditions on the Island of Martinique, they are habitually referred to as, "those who make noises at night none can understand." Local lore regards *zombis* as nocturnal and have supernatural properties. For example, red-colored Jequirity beans, native to the island, are said to obtain their distinct black spot due to the touch of the *zombi*.

But it is not just folklore, even early literature did not depict zombies as out-of-control, mindless flesh-eaters. In fact, in the 1906 short story, "The Slave of Murillo," by Col. Clarke Irvine, there is strong suggestion that zombis might even be capable of higher pursuits.

In Irvine's tale, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo and his slave Sebastian Gomez, based on real-life artists, are seemingly perplexed by the appearance of added touches to the paintings in Murillo's art studio. Apparently, a visitor frequents the gallery under the cover of darkness and completes unfinished paintings with a skill that could rival the greatest artists. The story ends with the emancipation of Sebastian Gomez and an unexpected twist.

Likewise, in S.R. Crockett's 1904 novel, *The Isle of the Winds*, neither must zombis take on a definitive form. In this adventurous romance, zombis are described as, "the spirits of the dead" and, at one point, they possess a devilfish (giant ray or squid). Summoned by magic, the novel's narrator describes such "spirits" in rather curious terms, "... there seemed to rise strange shapes that floated upward and hovered and vanished. Bat-like they were, and yet curiously human in suggestion."

So how did the idea of flesh-eating zombies originate?

It seems, somewhere along the line, the physical characteristics of the Caribbean zombi were mixed with the behavioral traits of an equally infamous monster— the ghoul. The ghoul of Arabian folklore goes as far back as to the thirteenth-century *One Thousand and One Nights*. In "The Story of Sidi-Nouman" ghouls are explicitly describe as demons who "... wander about the country making their lairs in deserted buildings and springing out upon unwary travelers whose flesh they eat. If no live being goes their way, they then betake themselves to the cemeteries, and feed upon the dead bodies."

Numerous movies, comics and popular adaptations have reworked folklore so much it becomes difficult to tell where one myth ends and another begins. But writing and film-making often isn't about sticking to tradition, but it is rather about creating what bests appeals to a particular audience. Consider for a second the modern zombie film in its depiction of gore, and think for a second how such lavish illustrations of violence would appear if the zombie were replaced by a more human-seeming nemesis. It becomes easy to see how less

indulgent, in carnage, audiences would become if a saw-blade went through something humanistic rather than an inhuman zombie.

But this leaves a problem to be solve, how do you get substance into a story when so central of characters become increasingly without depth. What we have seen is the gradual move to make human protagonists in zombie fiction increasingly and increasingly more multi-dimensional. In a zombie flick, it is not so much the monsters who really captivate the audience but rather very human heroes.

In old-school monster movies audiences didn't really care who lived or died. But now we learn about our protagonists and the more we learn and understand about a group of people the more we are able to feel for them. Essentially, it is no longer about humans in a monster story but rather about monsters in a human story.



THE MONSTER JUST BEYOND ATLANTIS

Presented by *Thrill Land*

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XZOLTANA (QUEEN) SYREINYA *SYREINYA* methodically massaged her temple, as she glided swiftly about. Her champagne-tinted tail fin glistened brilliantly in the semidarkness of the waters, as it caught the rays gleaming from the ocean's surface high above. Through a light vent the radiance entered her bed chamber, bathing her skin in a twilight glow. There, she paced nervously, albeit in mermaid fashion, all the while glancing down every few minutes at her bracelet of translucent coral and silver-studded pearl.

Habitually, she would trace its lines and edges with her long, delicate fingers. Her touch had a sort of unsteadiness, as if waiting expectantly for something to happen.

To her right, Syreinya could see the full extent of her kingdom through the large, beautiful, arched windows made of tessellating crystals. Aedynyet *AEDYNYET*, as it was called, was not a large country compare to say Lemuria nor nearly as advanced as Atlantis, but for what it did not lack made all others envious. For Aedynyet had the peace, prosperity and tranquility, and other such lofty virtues, the likes of which others nations have fought for centuries. Now, Aedynyet's history was a long and proud one, as Syreinya knew, but, sometimes, she wished she did not. See, the young sovereign was not entirely happy in her role. Although she loved her kingdom and people dearly, she disliked her title and the duties demanded of her station.


Suddenly, Syreinya's bracelet began to radiate a brilliant blue, inciting from her an audible sigh of relief. This ornament, which twisted in spirals around her slender wrist, was an ever ready means of urgent communication. Blue was suggestive of the absence of danger, or success in an endeavor, and, on this particular occasion, riders had returned with the necessary provisions from the outlands. Aedynyet, as a nation, was one of peace, a haven, if you will, but not wholly self-sufficient, as no nation truly ever is. Outside its borders, there was a country as treacherous as it was mysterious. It was darkened with black dust from the seabed and full of jagged mountains. Not to mention, it was the hunting grounds to all manner of frightful creatures.



Nevertheless, it afforded protection for the interior country. The denizens of Aedynyet contented themselves to live within the confines of a massive crater at the ocean's floor. The average Aedynyite never ventured to cross the curricular ridge, and only the bravest souls ever made the journey back.

Syreinya laid back, wedged in a horseshoe-shaped bed, her silvery hair fell in ringlets, and her *traesole*² glowed in the dimness. She

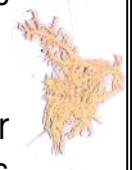
²* Traesole: An embroidered mermaid gown that tapers down to one side terminating in a fan-like shape. The fabric is illuminated in contact with natural body heat.



looked beautifully regal in form, but her somber eyes clouded in absence of tears and shown more uneasy still.


The Shell of Fortitude, the royal seat of Aedynyet, of the house Alkhamora ~~79171047~~, was located in the very center of the country, its foundations built upon the very meteor that carved out the crater about a million years ago. It was from the remnants of such that coral grew from which her bracelet was forged; the properties of which Syreinya did not completely understand. Nevertheless, it was by far the safest place to be.

Beneath the outer shell walls was solid stone containing chambers without connecting pathways. Whenever Syreinya would raise her bracelet towards the walls of "shrinking rock," the stone would recede in front of her while the rock behind her would fill in. Access in or out depended solely upon the bracelet without which the walls were impassable.



But, yet, under such safety, Syreinya felt a lack of comfort rather than the abundance of it. While the successful return of venturers was a happy moment, the young xzoltana, still, could not help but grow tense. Syreinya knew that of the few who dared make the trip even fewer returned. Indeed, Syreinya understood that if Aedynyet was to last the old ways could not go on forever. Since she was a child, she was brought up to believe that such sacrifice was even necessary. It was in this notion, she had grown to question and resent her role.

But did her family ever dare make the fateful trip themselves? No, and neither did the nobles nor any of the high ranking merfolk. Rather the expeditionaries were often volunteers among, "the forgettables," as some elite were apt to term the yeoman classes. They were not downtrodden as it were, for again the nation was a highly prosperous one, but still those who volunteered were often those with less. Syreinya sat there, pondering these thoughts, within the safety of her walls and the comforts therein. And it was not lost on Syreinya that soon the *few* who returned, in time, would surely become the *none*.



"Am I really their queen or their executioner?"

These were the only words, spoken in silence, to pass over Syreinya's blue lips, as she laid there still in the dim light. It was a question that she knew she would have to find the answer to before the answer found her.

* * *

LANGUAGE OF THE MERFOLK (EDIANAIC SCRIPT)

AH	𐌰𐌶	B	𐌪𐌶	CH SOFT	𐌵𐌶	CH HARD	𐌶𐌶
D	𐌸𐌶	EH	𐌶𐌶	F	𐌶𐌶	G	𐌶𐌶
H	𐌶𐌶	EE	𐌶𐌶	J	𐌶𐌶	K	𐌶𐌶
L	𐌶𐌶	M	𐌶𐌶	N	𐌶𐌶	OH	𐌶𐌶
P	𐌶𐌶	R	𐌶𐌶	S	𐌶𐌶	SH	𐌶𐌶
T	𐌶𐌶	TS	𐌶𐌶	OO	𐌶𐌶	V	𐌶𐌶
W	𐌶𐌶	Y	𐌶𐌶	Z	𐌶𐌶	ZH	𐌶𐌶

THAT BABA YAGA AIN'T ALL ABOUT EATIN' BABIES


Presented by **Mythic TRAVELS**

www.travels.thrilland.com

IN SAINT PETERSBURG libraries that once sounded full of the shuffle of pages have since been filled with the echoes of audible clicks. Letters that took weeks or months to arrive by way of *Mother Volga* can now transverse the continents in a matter of seconds. Sickneses that were seemingly influenced by the Baba Yaga, today, are being understood and cured. Stories that once were fluid and sprang in the tongue of the Kievan Rus are now affixed in printed and electronic letters.


So it would appear that in Russia, as just about anywhere you look, the past is past, and times have changed. The express importance stressed on modern technology often glosses over the active application of tradition. After all, what practical place does the *skazka* (fairy tale) hold in an era driven by digital technology and global markets? Moreover, why try to put children to sleep with the likes of the Baba Yaga, Koschei the Deathless and the little gray wolf knowing good and well the real monsters of homework would get the job done faster?






Fairy tales may seem outdated, but, underneath, the Baba Yaga is so much more than her appetite for babies and the hero of the story so much more than about clearing a series of obstacles. At the heart of the fairy tale are the kind of stories that make it their aim to build a better tomorrow by imparting a hidden message. Truly, these deeper meanings of kindness, compassion or goodly deeds seem to become scarcer and scarcer in our media each passing year, which is why more than ever the importance of the fairy tale can no longer be ignored.

Sure, one can attempt to teach a child the importance of honesty or respect but our ancestors understood what we often do not that the best learning is done when one does not even know he or she is being taught. Likewise, no disrespect to today's children's authors, but the Baba Yaga is intrinsically more interesting and engaging than an animal pop-up book that tries to shield children from fear than prepare them for it.



The skazka is no different than any other type of fairy story in this regard. The Baba Yaga is not a means to frighten children but the key to children facing their fears. In short, if you can prepare a child to face off with the Baba Yaga, you can mentally prepare him or her to overcome anything.



Russia's diverse municipalities rich in legend and steeped in customs are naturally with many such tales. And, interestingly enough, protagonists in Russian fairy tales can range anywhere from a courageous maiden to a fortunate fool. However, in any case, the hero of the skazka, in contrast to the princesses and princes of western Europe, is typically counted among the common people. These people's champions are everyday, average men and women who happen to encounter the extraordinary or the greatest of all fears, the unknown.³

And, yes, there is much that is attributed to the likes of the Baba Yaga, a name which has garnered much resonance among

³ Davidson, Seraphim. "Characteristics of Russian Folk Tales." *Yahoo Voices*. Yahoo News Network, 25 June 2009. Web.



western audiences in recent years. The Baba Yaga, or bony witch, is a cruel and hideously haggard old woman of terrible power. In addition to the penchant for enchantment, the baba yaga soars through the air on a mortar steering her movements by means of a pestle.⁴ And, as for her quarters, the Baba Yaga customarily lives in a hut that sits upon chicken legs.

Oh, yea, she also eats babies.

But not always—as it is in one Baba Yaga story, the tale of Vasilisa the Fair. The story revolves around a girl, of exceptional fairness, whose life is distraught by the death of her mother and made unbearable by her new stepmother and sisters.

Unbeknownst to them, however, is that Vasilisa possess an enchanted doll, gifted to her by her mother, which aids her through her life challenges. Her step-family quickly grows jealous of Vasilisa and devises a scheme to rid them of her. They direct her to the homestead of the Baba Yaga to obtain a light for their home. Once there, Vasilisa quickly becomes the slave of the old witch.

Fortunately, Vasilisa's special friend helps her to overcome the witch's chores. Finally, the Baba Yaga demands to know how Vasilisa was able to accomplish her grueling tasks. Vasilisa responds that it was only by way of her mother's blessing. Wanting to nothing to do with a "blessed child," the Baba Yaga expels Vasilisa from her home. This, however, is not before giving her an illuminated skull to

⁴ A motor and pestle is a simple device used to grind substances into a fine powder, a small version of which is often seen on signs indicating a pharmacy.

bring back to her step-family. When Vasilisa brings back the skull, it proves to be harmful to her stepmother and stepsisters. In the end, Vasilisa's step-family is out of the picture. She then marries a tsar and reunites with her father.⁵

The story of Vasilisa demonstrates not only the triumph of good over evil but touches on so many human themes of jealousy, abandonment, death, transition, troubled home-life, etc. It expounds upon the notion of the worth of a person and serves as a cautionary tale for society at large.

Additionally, an ironic facet of the skazka, as fairy tales, are their complete absence of fairies. Rather Russian fairy tales occasionally feature talking animals or enchanted objects to guide the protagonist along the way.⁶ Such as the wooden doll in the previous tale, or, as in another Baba Yaga story, various magical objects and house pets help a captive maiden escape—after the young girl shows them the kindness their proprietress sorely neglected them.⁷

Yet not all skazka must include an enchantress adversary and even one's own family may prove equally meddlesome. In the absence of the Baba Yaga is the story of the underground kingdom. In the tale, a husband and wife seek children for their sons. They send their first son out in search of a wife. The eldest son then comes across a dragon who tells him if he can move a certain stone he will find his wife. Despite his efforts, the son fails and heads back home. The couple sends another son to accomplish the same task, but he too fails as well. Finally, the couple, reluctantly, sends their simple and indolent son, Ivan. Surprisingly, the foolish Ivan manages the task, which reveals an opening to underground realms. Ivan arrives to the underground world by rope and travels across three kingdoms.

At first, Ivan arrives at the copper kingdom of a beautiful maiden comprised of copper, as is everything else in the kingdom. After

5 Alexander Afanasyev, "[Vasilisa the Fair](#)," in *Russian Folk-Tales*, trans. Leonard Magnus (New York,: E. P. Dutton & Company).

6 Davidson, 2009.

7 Terletski, Michael. "[Baba Yaga](#)." Russian-Crafts.com. *Russian Crafts*, 2014.

username
jealhr
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dining with the maiden, she beseeches Ivan to seek her sister in the silver kingdom. After arriving in the silver kingdom, the same occurrence follows but with the silver maiden imploring Ivan to pursue her sister in the golden kingdom. To Ivan's surprised the maiden of the golden kingdom agrees to return with him but only if her sisters accompanying her. All three manage to make their way to Russia with the help of Ivan's brothers.

However, not to be outdone, before Ivan can return, his brothers slash the rope leaving him stranded in a strange land. Ivan eventually comes across a cast of characters who lead him to his escape on the back of an eagle. Upon his returned, Ivan marries the golden maiden, while his brothers are shunned in shame.⁸

Perhaps, the message in the underground kingdom illustrates that Ivan, even while lacking in common sense, triumphs over his brothers due to his good sense, his decent and honest character.

Indeed, the fairy tales of Russia are embedded not only with the principals of Old Russia but echo the universal morals acknowledged by virtually every other culture. Such stories resonate the essence of human aspirations. So it is no matter of chance that nearly identical stories crop up in the slopes of the Urals as do in the deltas of Bangladesh, and moral messages that have found homes in Velizh reappear in dwellings as far off as the Arabian Desert.



So if you happen to have young ones, maybe its time to take bedtime in a different direction. Sure, Harvey the Hippopotamus or Peter the Puppy may be okay some of the time, but do not underestimate the power of centuries old tradition in answering a problems that us, with all our modern approaches, alone still struggle to solve.

⁸ Afanasyev, "[The Realms of Copper, Silver and Gold.](#)"

BMPS-TV's MOST "CURSED" VIDEOS



Presented by **BUMPASS VIRGINIA**.com

youtube.com/bmpstv
www.bumpassvirginia.com

This following is facetious any resemblance to sanity or rationality is purely coincidental.



WORMS 20/20 (2020)

A surrealist feature-length film that runs as an upside-down, black-and-white, reverse-video static-shot over which an unseen narrator spouts the same nonsense about worms over and over for 90 min. straight. Not kidding.

<https://youtu.be/DIFol26Ld0Q>

PEANUT BUTTER & LIGHT BULB SANDWICH

This is exactly what it sounds like. Not for those who get squeamish by simply seeing odd food combinations. So yea.

<https://youtu.be/NldKR8QsRiU>



MYSTERY UN-UNBOXING

It's unboxing but un-unboxing. So I think, boxing, basically, I guess.

<https://youtu.be/ns4sSmXDJB4>



LEARN HOW TO "SPEAK" LUMBERJACK!

Presented by **PAUL BUNYAN**
www.paulbunyan.org



"If you talk to a man in a language he understands, that goes to his head. If you talk to him in his own language, that goes to his heart," so once versed the incomparable Nelson Mandela. The old-time lumberjack, while less poetic, was known among other things for their characteristic way of speaking. In that, it was not very characteristic at all.

THE LUMBERJACK DID NOT JUST LIVE LOGGIN' HE SPOKE IT. His vocabulary was indicative of his occupation and the musky fragrance of his speech was not entirely unlike the scent of peerless tobacco. Now, just want you all should know, ain't no one way what all loggers spoke, no sir. But because all you uppity-yuppie types don't figure into no good ole fashion working-class talk. What why the following scribble-scrabble is presented for consideration anyway. Not because it be accurate but just 'cause it be fun.

P.S. I have known or known of fellas who what use any number of these. Incidentally, I have never met nobody what uses all of them.

□ g is omitted from -ing, (such as in goin', singin', seein', etc.)

- ❑ If a "t" falls in the middle of a word (not at the end) it's often spoken with the "t" omitted (hunting → hun'in' / water → wa'er / beautiful → beau'iful) Alternatively, -tion (as in contraption, automation, aggregation, etc.) is a decisive *shun*.
- ❑ "that" might be replaced with "what" (Is this the thing that was making all the noise? → Is this the thing what was making all the noise?) Also, who may be replaced with who what (Is that the person who what all the fuss is about?)
- ❑ "very" may be replaced by "right," "mighty," "helluva" or "powerful" (She was very strong. → She was right strong. She was mighty strong. She was helluva strong. She was powerful strong.)
- ❑ would or could may become might would or might could (I could do that. → I might could do that. I might would do that.) The latter implies something of a catch involved (ie. if you..).
- ❑ nobody or nothing instead of somebody or anything. Even as a double negative. (I have not found anybody, and I have not seen anything. → I have not found nobody, and I have not seen nothin'.)
- ❑ you is replaced with ya (Where are ya goin'?) or in combination with a word contracted (i.e. you know, you see, you hear → y'know, y'see, y'hear). Often this gets added to the end of a sentence like a verbal period stop (I was a lot younger back then, y'know?)
- ❑ come up instead of came up / hisself instead of himself / 'em instead of them or him / 'er instead of her / 'bout instead of about / 'spect instead of suspect / ain't instead of isn't / got instead of have / if'n instead of if / done instead of did / an' or 'n' instead of and.
- ❑ The insertion of a pronoun after the noun for emphasis such as "Paul, he," "The blue ox, it," "The loggers, they," similar to French

usage (*Je, moi,..* etc.) → (Well, the loggers, they, come up right close to the bear, y'see? Now, Paul, he, went and told the jacks, they, better let 'em handle it. See, Paul, he, then goes...).

- ❑ And you may have noticed every other sentence starts with well, now or see and every other-other sentence ends with y'know or y'see. (Well, I had gotten up right early, y'know. 'bout five early thirty. Now, the sun never ain't even come up yet, y'see?)
- ❑ Add in a few "It's like I told ya." or "what I'm sayin' or "I tell ya" -s
- ❑ An acute sense of hesitation to answer a question with "yes." Instead use, "as far as I've heard," "to my knowledge," "it's possible," "I guess," "I should think so," "far as I can tell," "Lord willin'" and the ever infamous, "I reckon."
- ❑ Overly complicated directional descriptives ("He ran straight down across the hill and right on back over to the other side.") Think like a game controller combo for a finishing move ← ↑ → ↓ ← etc.
- ❑ You can also end certain sentences on "yes sir" or "and all" (He was a mighty hard worker, yes sir! or He was a mighty hard worker and all.)

Now, always listen to how it sounds. Think how a working class lumberjack might actually talk. If it sounds odd, you can omit any deviations. Lumberjacks were inconsistent because people are inconsistent. So, it's okay to be inconsistent.

* * *

🐉 ENDING THOUGHT 🐉

"It is not for him to pride himself who loves his own country, but rather for him who loves the whole world. The earth is but one country, and mankind its citizens."

— Bahá'u'lláh, Bahá'í Faith

Thrill Land

ON TWITTER

Thrill Land does have Twitter and other social media accounts for most of its properties; however, below are some of our most active:



GREGOR THE GRAVEDIGGER

twitter.com/weirdhalloween

Should anyone need an extra hand please do let me know, I'm sure I have an extra lying about somewhere.

\$#!+ GONE DOWN IN TOYLAND

twitter.com/downtoyland

Waiter, I can't eat this.
There's a fly in my soup.
— I'm vegan, bro.

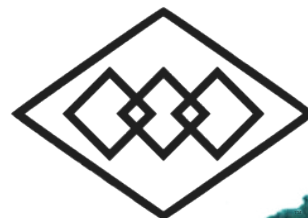
* * *

Life is a pair of iron-on jeans and a bottle of happiness-free Coke.

THRILL LAND

twitter.com/thrilland

What is a world without giving?
What is life if barely living? What is joy without a smile? What is peace if not for awhile? What is forgiveness if we hold a grudge? What is compromise if we dare not budge? What is love if others we reject? Who are we if it's kindness we neglect?



*For Irene Bruce -
who got her tan - working
for many years in the
Hubbard Gardens - and tending
the kids -
Dad Hubbard -*