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a highly

FLUOUS
OF
LAM



Thrill Land

INTRO * * SH

WELCOME AGAIN READER !



Salutations once again, dear reader to an all-new, all-awe inspiring, all-sure-fire, all-sure-nuff, all-and-all, all-intents-and-purposes, certainly something issued of the *Superfluous Book of Flimflam* *Highly Prestigious Journal* !

However, this is a very special issue, special, indeed. For this magnificent and magnanimous issue!

In celebration we have remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ of each issue $4 - \frac{1}{4} = 3 \frac{3}{4}$!

EDITED, WRITTEN & WITH
SOME ILLUSTRATIONS BY



Lenwood S. Shogren
Owner-Operator

Q: ...? LIKE
SE

...e, really. But
...genius. But not
...genius, oh no.
...used to classify
...Oh it's spelled
"ger... here?
This is... a
flying phyt...

Q: SO NOT
LOOKING
READER

A: We... of
each... serious
ba...

...SEUM

...American folklore by
...providing public access to
...ing interest in storytelling
...age.

...g / fearsomecritters.org

...and

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

...and.com

WEIRD HALLOWEEN

A celebration of Halloween fun and fright, for all ages, including a virtual fortune teller, riddles, campfire stories, games, etc.

weirdhalloween.com

Mythic TRAVELS

Let the journey of a thousand miles begin without taking a single step! In this exploration of the places of myth, fantasy and legend.

travels.thrilland.com

OTHER

paulbunyan.org - (Transferred to the
Museum of American Folklore)

compassvirginia.com

playinggame.com



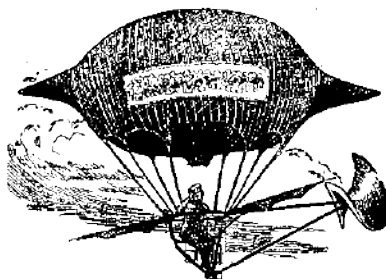
Thrill Land

A PRODUCT OF BUMPASS, VIRGINIA, U.S.A.



EVOLUTION OF THE AEROPLANE

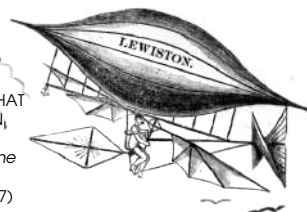
Presented by
LUMBERWOODS
www.lumberwoods.org



THE AEROCYCLE JUST AS IT ASCENDED
(The Columbus Journal, September 18, 1895)

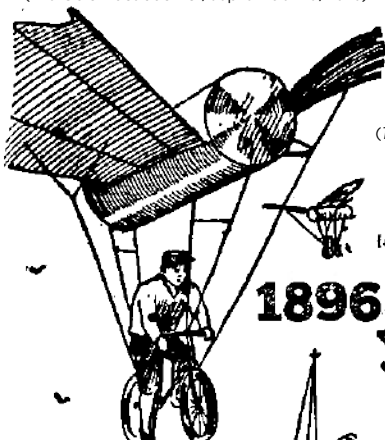
1895

THE AIRSHIP THAT
WENT UP IN
NASHVILLE
(The Valentine
Democrat,
May 27, 1897)



1897

THE SKYCYCLE
(Daily Kennebec
Journal - October
23, 1895)

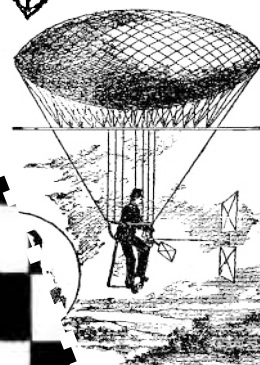
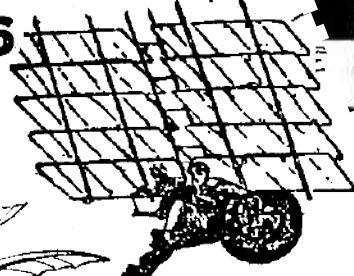


THE WHEEL WITH WINGS
(The Worthington Advance
September 24, 1896)

1896

(The Morning Call
March 2, 1895)

Monaco's Aerocycle.
(Reproduced from a drawing made
instructor.)



1895
SUCCESSFUL

TROUVE'S
MECHANICAL
BIRD

LANGLEY'S
AERODROME

(The Herald - January 9, 1898)

1899

1898

THE SKY-CYCLE IN
MID-AIR.
(Kansas City Journal
- April 9, 1899)

THE SANTOS-DUMONT BALLOON
(New York Tribune - October 14, 1900)

1900

2013

THE SKY-CYCLE IN MID-AIR.



MYTHOLOGY IN GAMING

Presented by Mythic TRAVEL
www.travels.thrilland.com

Mythology and gaming are drawn to one another even as moth succumbs to the alluring flame. That is to say, meeting with the same end. At least, so I thought, at an early career. *Archon: The Light and the Dark* on the Nintendo System. "What!?" my grievances, "I don't look anything like lizards! They have long, pronged tails whose intricate structure is a magic of medieval medicine at the best of bewildered frustrations that mythology endures in the world of video games. In either case, I offer the following explanation.



For a classic game, say *Pac-Man*, only instead of a Pac-Man they've substituted him for a lizard, a lizard with a long, pronged tail, much to your confusion, he's still called Pac-Man and he's okay with it. Check? Okay, so as an added bonus to the mix, he's chased by sharks that shoot laser beams out of their mouths in Powers-style. Their names? Rest assured, they've kept the names of the ghosts, Inky, Blinky, Pinky and Clyde, just to add a bit of salt on that wound.

The point is if one has material, why even bother? Surely, couldn't one think of a more appropriate kind of word, to be honest, that I wasn't talking about a manticore is a creature with a lion's head, human face, razor-sharp teeth and giant scorpion



mythological accuracy, a unique set of challenges on one side of the coin.

I have long since found out that *Archon* was originally developed in fact, the original, although actually pretty faithful to the characters that I grew up with. The designer's original intent was to create pixel characters but they were supposed to be really spectacular games. *Archon* furthered my enthusiasm.

Moreover, I do not take issue with folklore or legend. I realize I never feel that *Castle* is similar degree. However,

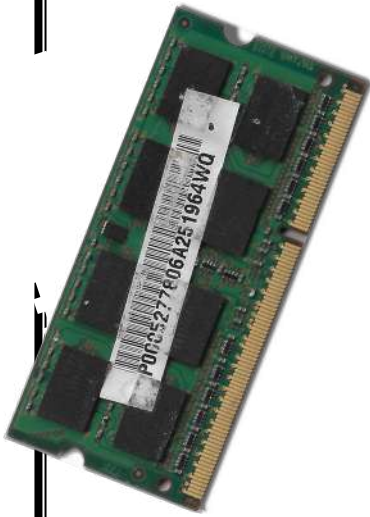
sticking to the source material, the name in the first place? "Manticore?" It's the kind of word to look up just to make sure it's not a "corn." Oh, by the way, a manticore has a human face, razor-sharp teeth, right?

It is that what got when I entered the world of *Archon*? Nope, I think that vaguely resembled a hodag (a hodag is a thing, I think). However, the real heart of the matter is not that game developers and mythology fans inasmuch as both parties don't really understand each other. Both sides must come with their own judgment based solely on

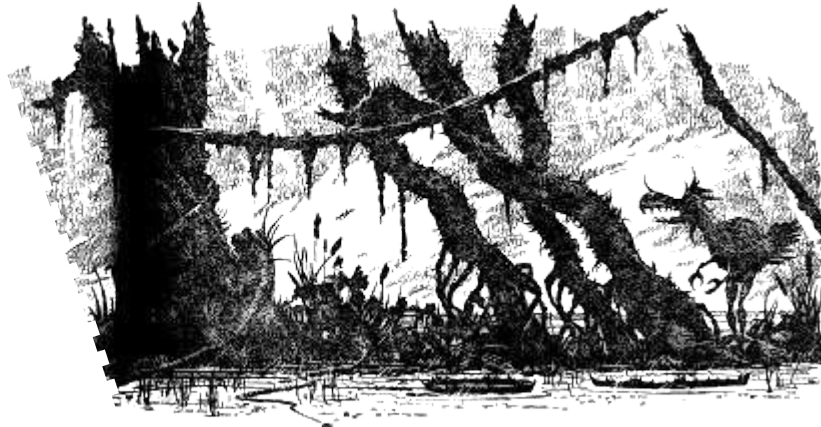
with its checkered gameplay, a series of home computers. In fact, the manticore was a logical limitation. The *Archon* was based off mythology nor the attempts to simply update it. I wasn't entirely sure what place. Truth is *Archon* is a game that is awful at it, it unexpectedly nonetheless.

Game I have played based on *Archon* will to *Shadow Gate* nor did *Archon* disappointed me to a degree due to me associating such





ames more with Gothic literature rather than treating adaptations of mythology.



But r
they
and I
creatu
oversh
is more,
that laid
different.
Dwarves lik
game was
of in traditior

These are just
of course, end
mythology in v.
MMOGs but I w
like to conclude
opportunity to the
have found that
virtual nonexistence
not always agree o
themselves changed

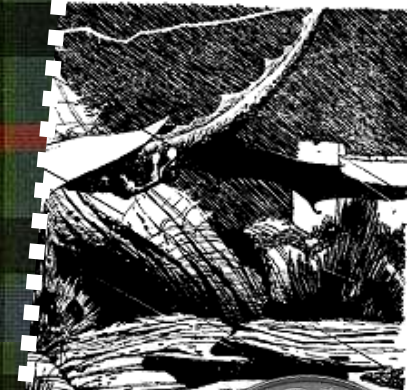
ot wrong, I will say that more often than none
it. Old-school PC games like *Heroes of Might*
ically filled with all manner of legendary
dynamic of playable characters alone
differed from established mythology. What
n improved on the well established myths
isely because they added something
hter it boldly declared, "This is a dwarf.
stantly, I thought about how cool this
maniac dwarves are virtually unheard

ew up with as a kid. Now there are,
probably go at lengths discussing
c: *The Gathering Online* or other
another time. I would, however,
As someone who has had the
atively new sort of mythology, I
legend, at its inception, was
ose who originated myths did
e often than not such stories



of versions of the same stories
leaving behind only a few surviving
that shape all opinions of any given

And so we must treat each new
added detail not as a challenge
unlike books that cement myth,
games have grown much more
not only carries on tradition, but
Whatever the case, wherever
legends, one can only help but
game."



FRANK MERRIWELL'S FINAL DOWN

or TO THE NORTHWEST OF NOWHERE

Presented by *Thrill Land*
www.thrillland.com



THE HIGH CLIFFS OF P
VIBRANTLY ON THE
survivors of the s
nearer and near
shore. Despite
Merriwell was
cause the
meager
The last
to re
th

apart from the
they were ver

Frank wa
that th
Inzo

the wind hitting his face. Frank knew
out his close friends, Bart Hodge and
anding.

peculiar one. As they neared, the mass on
did not appear at all like any island they had
as it might more appropriately be called, rested
3. Virtually at every slope stood waterfalls of
gnitude, as if some peculiar reservoir from the
the oceans itself and not the other way around.

(Frank Merriwell created by Burt L. Standish)



Incidentally, Frank
undersea mound
discern forests
them in opposit

whether the island sat atop an
the earth itself. Still, Frank could
could hardly fathom how to reach
shed down on all sides.

Frank passed
situation. Sho
land their su
might be rer

air, as he weighed the factors of the
tes venture in search of some other
exhausted before any safe harbor

But as the
greenish A
any land
nothing k

came to an impossible realization. The
isparent enough to see the absence of
o reef. There were no rocks. There was
pt the vast emptiness of the green sea.

"If we c

ider," shouted Frank.



Withou
the flc

at passed through the waterfall underneath

As s
sigh
the
an
sc
lr

ough the watery curtain, all light faded from
k. It was not merely the absence of light, but
enveloping kind of darkness that swallowed
vant of light did not overshadow the absence of
or hear the crash of waves nor the swish of oars.
ed out towards the side of the craft.

o wind. He felt a sort of immense emptiness that
he bottom of his chest.

lackness, through the unseen void, must have been
notes of Frank's life. Had he survived a shipwreck only
o a crueller fate? The thought had crossed his mind.

it had appeared, the darkness dissipated. Frank and
und themselves in the center of a river that cut deeply
of a green and verdant valley. On either bank, flowers of

every hue imax
to honeysuckle
warmness of th

"Paradise," must

Just then Frank l

"Frank! Frank!" sl

While Frank did h,
mysterious air of
feeling of solitude

"Yea, Bart I'm here

"Geez, Frank didn't
times. I was getting

"You're right, sorry,

"Where are we? V,
crazy? How did we-

Frank cut Bart off.

"Look Bart, I know yc
together, literally. I c
we not let our minds v

Suddenly, Frank was a

"And what Frank?" ex

"Do you see that over
your left!" shouted Fran

Bart and Inza looked ov

edges. There was a sweet scent, akin
the tranquility of the waters and the
ast to Frank's previous condition.



ind him.

ind to know he was not alone the
ed to produce an overwhelming

must have said your name five

bit shook up."

's going on hear Frank? This is

uestions. But we're in this boat
an you do, but I think it's best
alert and—"

s, over by the fallen log, to

lk gestured.

x	-3	0	2	5
$p(x)$.2	.3	.4	.5



"Is that? Is that a woman?"

About thirty yards ahead of them, near a fallen tree, he saw a woman, half submerged in the waters.

"She looks hurt Frank,"

At that moment, Frank and Bart rowed hastily. Bart and Inza found it readily discern the figure of the woman, her clothes were tattered, as if they had been made of rags, but she didn't look at all old.

Frank and Bart each took a oar. Suddenly, Frank felt her hand on his arm.

"Bart, what's the idea?"

"Fins!"

"What?" replied Frank.

"She has fins!"

Frank looked down at the woman. She was noticeably younger than the others, her face rested on a lot of scales, her hair was long, and of scales grew thick, but she didn't look at all old.

Frank was startled but a slight smile reassured him. She placed her hand on his shoulder, as if she could feel what he was thinking. He laid the sea maid on the boat.

She lay over on some branches, her head half submerged in the water.



In her predicament and rowed as fast as they could. Bart had bruises all along her back, as if she had been hit, but she didn't look at all old.

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The sea maid peered at Frank, Bart and Ir
open.

er eyes

"Can you speak? What did this?" asked Frar

"I did it. I made the trip. But the 'iron monst'

re reply.

"The what?"

"A giant with spinning teeth but I stopper
hurting anyone else," said the sea maid, c

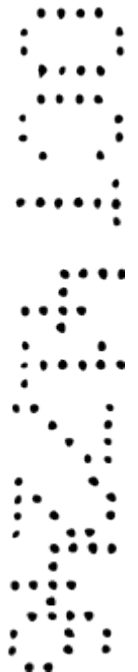
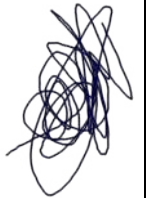
ed it from
sep.

Bart turned white and looked towards Fra

"The steamer, the Mordacai," said Bart.

MAR 1 11

A grave silence fell over the boat.



MOVIE

SHOCKING; *A DRACULA FILM*

Presented by E. Vira

www.bumpass.com

Get ready viewers for a movie like anything that has ever been seen. (That Really Shouldn't Exist); *A Dracula Film* is more than your average cinematic hustle. It's a new, non-patented "cinematastic-vision," (That Really Shouldn't Exist); *A Dracula Film* is an enthralling exploits of the bravest of... Lamp! Join Alloyisus, sentient desk lamp, Alpha Clitoris, teaming up with Bram Stoker's battle the monotony of the film industry in a shocking ending you're not gonna wanna miss!

Run Time: 77 Minutes

Color, Silent

Aspect Ratio: 16:9

Budget: \$0

[\(LINK HERE \)](#)



youtube.com/bmpstv



HALLOWEEN SIGNS & SYMBOLS

Presented by **WEIRD HALLOWEEN**
www.weirdhalloween.com



witches, skulls, the moon, spiders, ghosts, goblins, and bats.

Now, there are certainly other Halloween boogeyman, ghouls, vampires, etc. But these are different examples of monsters. The aforementioned, will be used as a general category of creatures. Although, ghosts have listed in the past as incorporeal and not representative of physical

all the elements of Halloween are in a special manner it is a unique, one-of-a-kind often mistakably referred to this. For what adorn their skeletons, etc? But as a whole, what mean?

ons can be distinct on, night, the autumn start with most basic skeletons, cats, owls, but leaves,

devils, the are all just "goblin," of such as they are

So, to continue, the first of the categories of symbols under this classification include witches, black cats, etc. While superstition largely carries negative connotations, it is noted that within the context of Halloween such symbols are used to encourage any serious belief. Rather it would be more accurate to say that such symbols are representative of folk beliefs and that such aspects reflect the more fantastical elements of tradition.

It should be noted that such a tendency is not limited to advocating evil. These elements are all drawn from the same source in those stories that provide the context for them may vary. In most stories featuring monsters or fantastical beings, the outcome is a triumph of good over evil. Such tales may feature a hero slaying the influences of a witch or besting the devil. It is actually a very rare thing to see evil triumph over good. In the body of folklore evil only overtakes protagonists who are themselves prone to wickedness or otherwise fail to correct their ways.

Moving on, next is Symbols reflective propagation of often leads conclude that However, the night. For two sides can be stress and cor example the b people hor,

halloween season for the night. owl, bat, moon, etc. Much like the



F is another in Halloween's traditions of death, skeletons, ghosts, etc. It is the dead, human beings without life and death. Human beings very much aware of the ending of life. However, regardless of one's personal beliefs or a final expiration of contract, death serves a valuable



One admits it or not. Humans are finite beings who live on a finite resources. If no one ever left this world than there would be no room to make for those coming into it. Likewise, if everyone stayed on earth forever how would anyone possibly hope of sharing the earth fairly among so many? Nonetheless, the overall symbolism of the symbol during the Halloween season allows countless people to view it in a context that perhaps makes it a little less scary than it may seem on a long run.

The symbolism is presented in the appearance of cobwebs, spiders, and pumpkins. While many may be of death, there are likely just as many of life. While age brings on many good things, such as wisdom and experience, it often also signal the onset of a decline in physical strength. Personally, humans find age off putting when confronted with it. It serves as a reminder of one's own ever increasing mortality. Halloween serves as an interesting avenue wherein we can come to terms with the passage of time whatever the form it takes.

Lastly, Halloween is a time of festivity. If not for the festive colors and elements of the season, the leaves of every hue, bobbing for apples, etc. all reminding us of the temperatures and of harvest time. But such aspects really are a result of the time period in which we live. As there is presence is simply a result of the time period in which we live.

And so, it is beyond the realm of death of varying symbolism. Halloween simply would not be the same without it.



TABLETOP ROLE PLAY MAGICAL BEINGS & AMERICAN FOLKLORE

Presented by

www.tabletoproleplayinggame.com



It is tricky enough creating a fantasy tabletop RPG when you are starting out from scratch. It is a completely different thing when you are forming it out of old folklore that has never been put to that use.

Today, I am going to talk about some magical beings.

Land's fantasy to the *About Old Stories*.

Game of Campaigns.

Specifically, in the stories of folk.

inspiration.

absent.

Admitt.

the like.

con.

largely absent in North American tall tales and campfire stories in American literature. Neither mortal nor immortal, the character is an invention of *Wizard of Oz* author L. Frank Baum and a uniquely American take on magical beings.



With nothing comparable to elves, orcs, or the like, we are stretching things a bit. To which I must confess, I am not a fan.

It is quite a challenge as much of the audience is familiar with fantasy tabletop RPGs and is expecting, at the very least, the order of a dwarfs or wizards. And while the aim is to imitate traditional sword-and-sorcery, that does involve a degree of overlap. While the North American lumberjack has mentioned anything quite so gnome or elf-like that is not to be found in the present is devoid of comparable traditions.

Although a distinction must be drawn between campfire and traditional tales of Native American tribes. While aboriginal North Americans, indeed, have similar entities, these tales were meant to convey very specific ideas, instill values or reinforce identity rather than to entertain, as is the purpose of the modern campfire story.

Consequently, re-purposing these stories for a fantasy tabletop RPG is disrespectful to the original storytellers. Accordingly, a distinction is made between "traditional stories," created to teach, and those created simply to entertain. While I'm sure the latter must likewise exist among the peoples of the Americas their incorporation will not be considered.

Since lumberjack tales were meant to entertain and the purposes of this fantasy tabletop RPG is to similar ends, I will be allowed to borrow from campfire or tall tales and not traditional stories.

So to the matter of fairyfolk, if not entities from Native American lore, what is left to fill this void? Well, allow me to briefly explore some choices representing the better known examples from European and the classic literature of North America.



PETRIFIED MEN

During the nineteenth century reports detailing the discovery of corpses rendered to stone (through centuries exposure) were fairly common. However, all of these were elaborately chemically treating stone statues, subsequently burying them back up. Despite many scientists condemning the practice, popularity soared and promoters charged admission to view fossilized people. One such case of a petrified man, from the 1840s, even ended in a legal battle over the possession of the body.



stone man disappeared. Upon inquiry, the promoter stated
on simply came to life and walked away.

This aptly-titled entity from a well circulated Stephen
name. Yet Tommy Knockers originated in the tales of
my knockers were said to knock on the walls of mine
-ins. These were described as rather old-looking
cortionate heads.

NAI

The from the folklore of French migrants to the
United said to inhabit the Detroit area and possess a
maniac report that the creature is a vile tempered
and occ in some lonely road at night.

LEPROCA

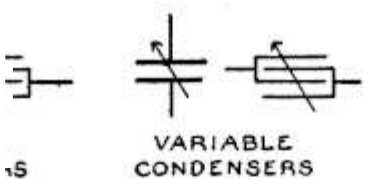
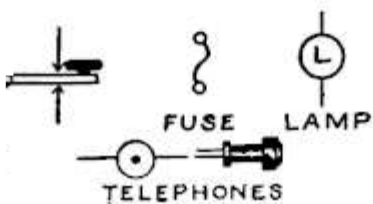
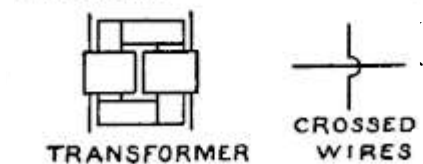
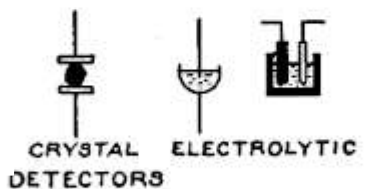
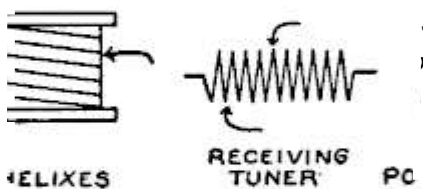
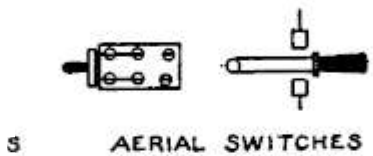
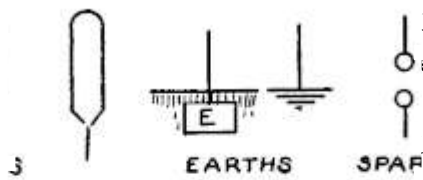
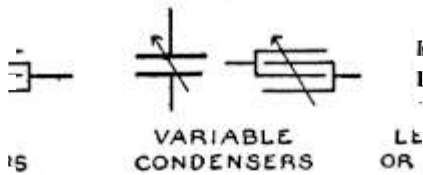
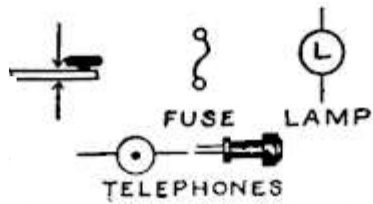
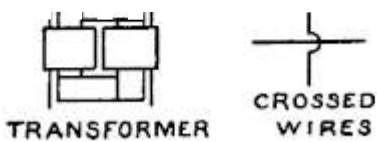
Not to be established Irish
brethren, the recorded in William
T. Cox's *Fear Lumberwoods*
(1910). Cox rel the creatures
over from Ire. introduced
to North Amer de change
considerably. As C



"Sneaking through or leaping across the muskegs
after whatever appe. caun became a creature to be
feared and avoided. across swamp roads have
been attacked by the clear over the load, snapping
its teeth at the driver and villainous claws."

MERMAIDS

While one may not regard do with the Americas,
they were actually report North America's coast
throughout the better half (SEE Lumberwood's
"[Mermaid Report Room](#)" for r describe them as very
much resembling their Europea. ther times, they are
described as having webbed han sea weed. Personally
I have always preferred the desc Canadian author
Lily Dougall, in her 1895 novel *The* although Dougall's
creature corresponds to traditic in one very
significant regard:



, as he had so often curiously longed to see her, moving over
 ie was going back to her sea. But it was a strange, monstrous
 -from her gleaming neck down to the ground was dank,
 So a walrus or huge seal might appear, could it totter about
 fin-like feet. There was no grace of shape, no tapering tail,
 only an appearance of horrid quivering on the skin, that here
 'd glossy in the moonlight."

ably wondering who or what is a moogie? Well, that's the
 e nobody really seems to know. Vance Randolph in his book
 to *Strangers* reported that a moogie is something often
 successful hunters. Rather than admit defeat, Ozark hunters
 cede all they got was, "three moogies and a geek-squaw."
 on to relates that he was unable to get any further
 he creature than that.

OS, a moogie may be a creature of similar ambiguity. Perhaps,
 .OS is vaguely human in shape, but obscured by the swampy
 ver it or tattered garments stolen from the apparel of its

se out of necessity to venture beyond the realm or tall tales,
 or hoaxes, the awgwas would undoubtedly be at home with
 amp augers and agropelters. Awgwas were the fictional
 Frank Baum best none for his Oz series of books. They
 n's *The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus*, an interesting
 e somewhere between *The Night Before Christmas* and *Lord*
 eriously). The worlds and characters created by Baum are
 and comprise a sort of halfway point between tall tales and
 There future incorporation will be considered, but is not
 t.

THERE ARE 13 DIAMONDS
 HOWEVER 3 OF THOSE DIAMONDS
 ARE FACE CARDS. THERE THERE
 IS OVER LAP AND ONE CANNOT
 SIMPLY ADD THE TWO TOGETHER



MOON MEN

Vespertillio-homo of the possibility for future use in men feature into any stories aren't acquainted with "The Moon Men" are the basics. The great moon writer who published a series on the moon visible through a telescope dubbed, "*Vespertillio-homo*" creatures with bat-like wings. The article threw tremendous credibility to the hoax with



presents an interesting dilemma as to where moon men live where then you probably won't find them." If this is the case here is a child of a *New York Sun* who reported the appearance of beings through a telescope. The entities were bat-like beings with bat-like wings in Herschel's name out to increase circulation.

DATE DUE

$$\sqrt{\frac{8x^2 - \frac{1}{n}(2x)^2}{n-1}}$$

$$\sqrt{\frac{34 - (\frac{1}{4}) \times 34}{4-1}} = 2.915475947$$

THE SNIGHT SLEESLUR SLISTMAS

A SCHNIZICK FROM SCHANK SCHNICKLE-SCHNACK
(Apologies to Clement Clarke Moore)

'Snwuz the snight sleeslur Slistmas, steering shy of my spouse
Not a speaker was slurring, not sneben a souse;
The smockings were slung by the schimbley with snares,
In schnopes that Schank Schnickle-Schnack soon not swear;
The stepchildren were schnestled slightly stuck to their sleds;
While swaths of snooker-scrums scampered in their sheds;
With shawarma on the ceiling, and me soon to be slapped,
Sadly slurping sour spleens or such struggle-store scraps,
When the scores of suburban spawn slowly started to scatter,
I sprang from my shed to see what had been shattered.
I scampered to the schwindow, like a salmon with a splash,
I silenced the snitches and secretly stowed my stash.
The slime on the street had started to show,
Sloppily served as supper if swallowed too slow,
When what to my screaming sphincter did I spy,
But some shoddy sleigh six scrubs short of a sty,
With some seedy, sleazy screever so sly and so sick,
I sensed in a second he must be Schank Schnick.
With the sociability of Smeegol, stained in sweat and spew,
He slurred, and he scrambled, and shouted those he'd slew:
"C'est *la vie*, Slasher! See ya, Smasher! Spengler and Sleven!
Sic semper Sonnet! Sayonara, Stupid! Shiner and Schlixzen!"
At the slope of the sidewalk, he had a severe sort of smell.
Shouting, "Slash and slay! Slash and slay! Slashing is swell!"
Similar to a short circuit should the silicon get scratched,
His sanity was in straits, and he ceremoniously smashed;
The slumberous and slothful he swore should be slain
The sleigh smelled of stool, and Schnickle-Schnack the same—
And then, in a sprinkling, or so goes this spooof
The scumbag stumped sinisterly on the slope of my stoop.
As I snatched my six-shooter and saw that I was screwed,



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Scaling my scaffolding, slumped this syphilitic Scrooge.
 He was spiffed up in skins from several of his slaughters,
 From his scarf to his sandals he stood like a squatter;
 A string of skulls he snapped with a smack,
 And he screamed like a salesman selling smallpox in a sack.
 His stomach—how it sunk! his shins, how scary!
 His snickering was sickening, his scow how starey!
 He had a sizable, slobbery smile to swallow your soul,
 And the spikes from his shoulders stylishly showed!
 The stump of a slug he suckled smugly in his smiler,
 A salamander he stroked from some sorrowful shire;
 He had a shriveled scalp and seemed severely smelly
 He sneered and snarled, like something by Mary Shelley.
 Skinny and slump was his spiteful, sorry self,
 And I shuttered, as I saw him stumble straight into a shelf;
 Sloshed, sozzled, sauced and also somewhat squiffy.
 He shot a smurky stare that was not one shred spiffy.
 He sprung with a screech and a shriek of sorts,
 Sending me to shake in my shoes while soiling my shorts;
 He spoke solely swearwords, which seriously sucked,
 And shredded all the smockings like some stupid schmuck!
 And sliding his scratchers slowly to my skull,
 I shot that sick psycho in his stomach and scrotum small.
 Startled, he screamed, sidelong he staggered,
 He squirmed, as he slipped, stripped of all swagger.
 But I sensed him say, as he sped from the scene—
 "Schlappy Slistmas to all! And to all a sure scream!"

