

FANBOY

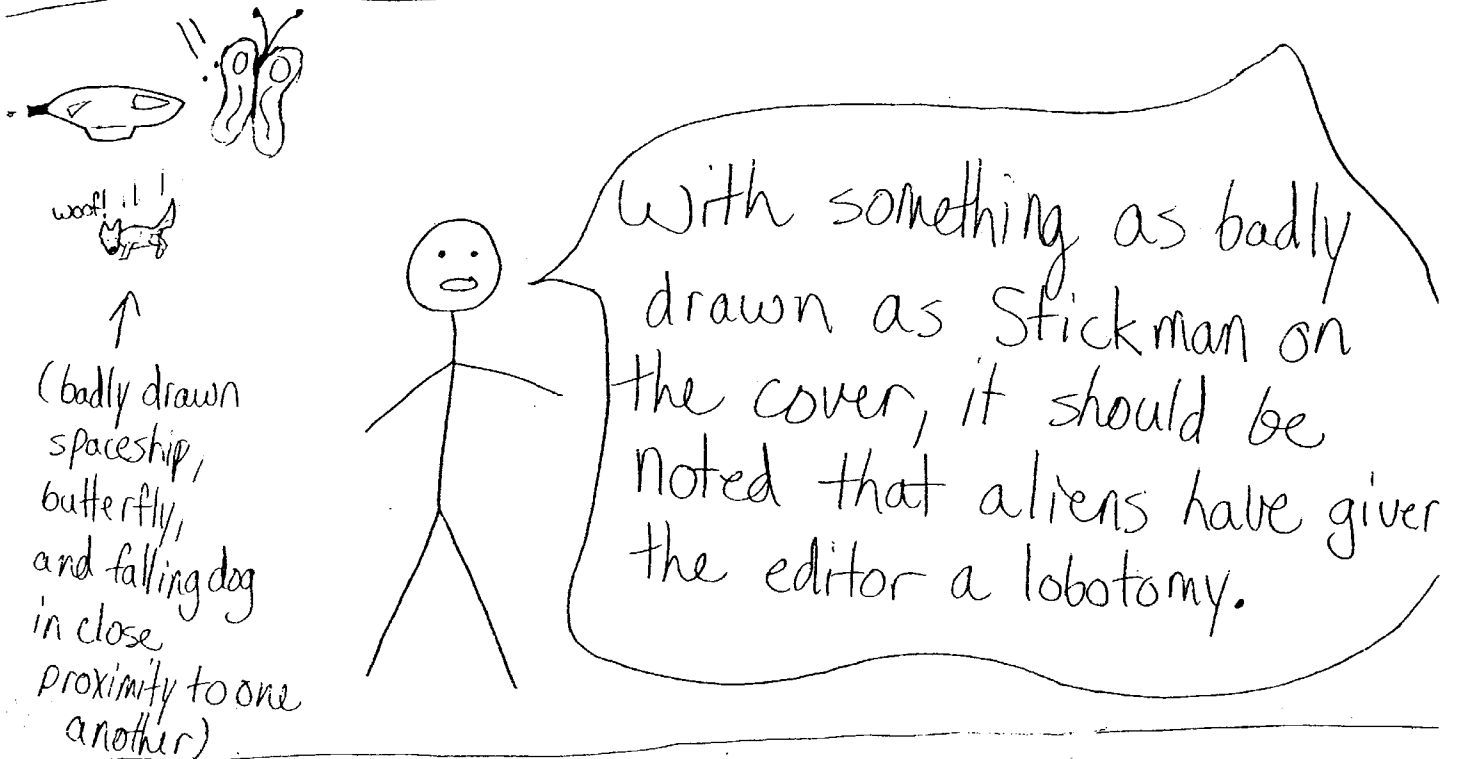
NUMBER 33 1/2

HALLOWEEN SPECIAL

(Yes, STICKMAN GOT THE COVER. BUT HALLOWEEN IS SUPPOSED TO BE SCARY. AND WHAT COULD BE SCARIER THAN THAT?)

WWW.TRHONLINE.COM/FANBOY

"Because domain names are for the weak."



In this issue:

Stickman, by Erik Meyer*Killdeer, by Topher Marohl*Brandi, by Trae Dorn*Alpha-Beta-Gamma, by David Recine*Howard the Monkey, by some guy who works at the F.S. Appliance Warehouse

The Skinny

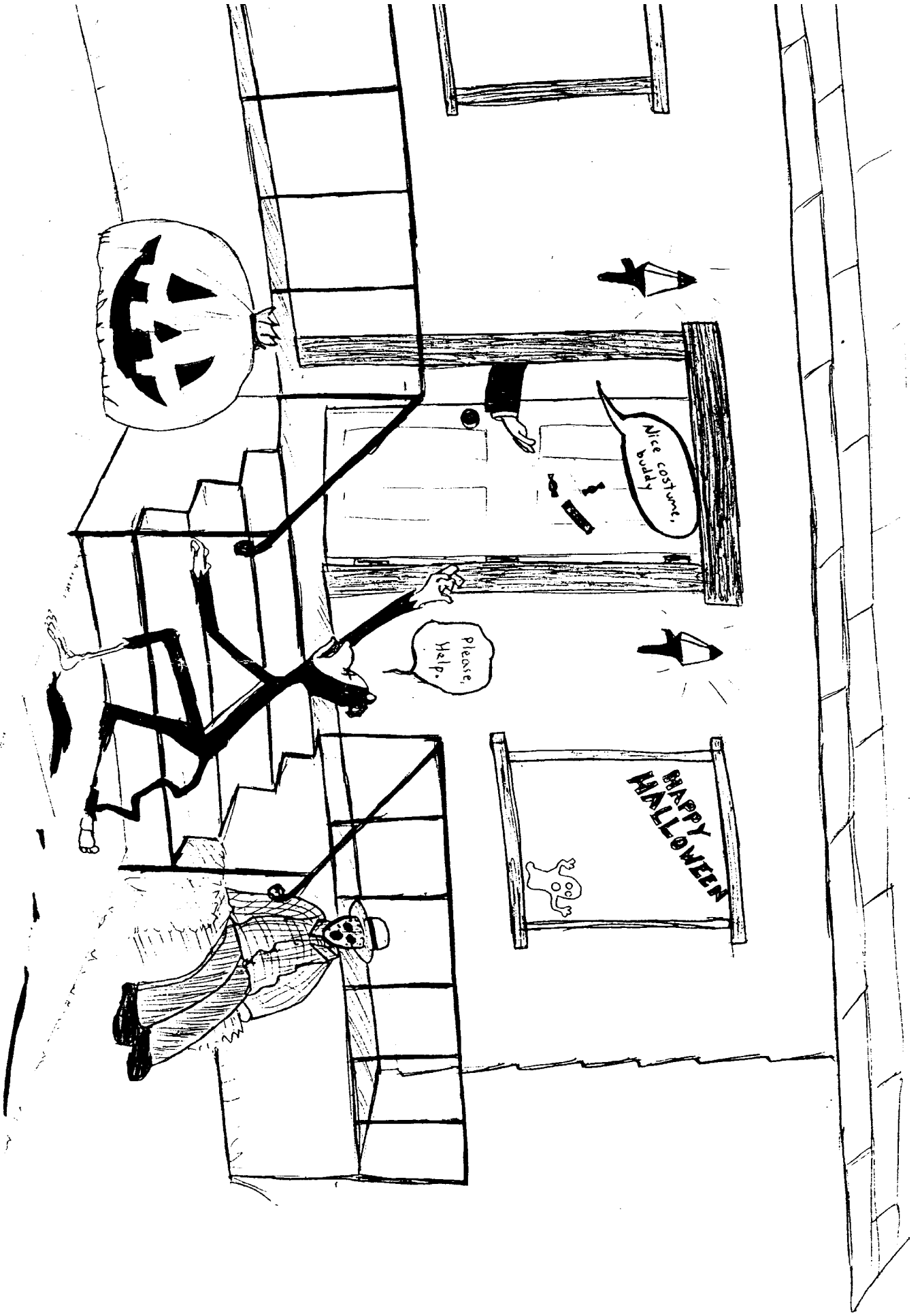
So, I'm talking to Toph, right? Right. And he says, "Why don't we have a Halloween Special?"

And I say, "We've never had a theme issue, because nobody makes deadline in time for any given holiday."

And he says, "Make it a half-issue. Like Fanboy number 24 1/2. Lower page count, just print whatever you have."

Toph's usually none-too-bright, but when the man is right, the man is right.

Woman suffered a near-fatal car accident Howard the Monkey went looking for help



STICKMAN

By: Erik "Speedro" Meyer

Halloween Edition

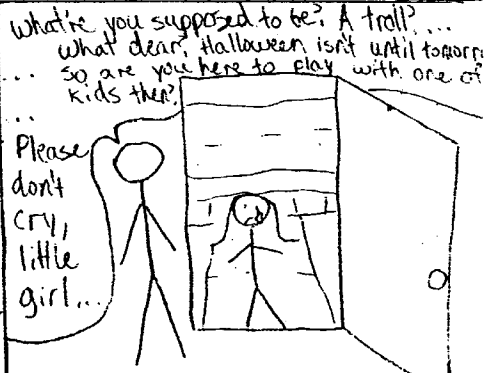
Meyer



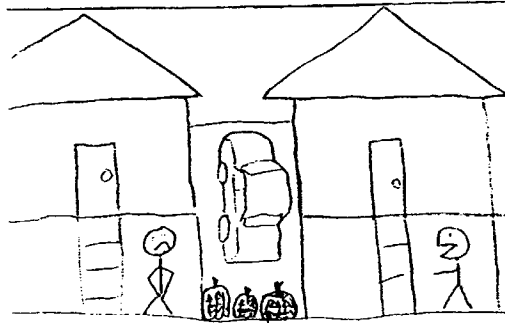
Why trick-or-treaters should never enter the college dorms



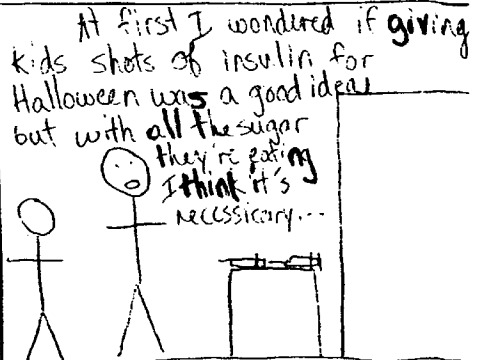
Bad Halloween costume ideas



Houses like the one I grew up in.



Fun prank: Superglue Jack-o'-lanterns across your neighbor's driveway



Just a passing (perhaps amusing) thought...



Interesting teaching strategies



Clever Ploys

Thoughts? Questions? Desire to discuss my seven-year-old drawing skills?

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A Holiday Message From the Cast of **BRANDI**

So we, the Characters of "Brandi"...



She's Brandi,
I'm Amanda

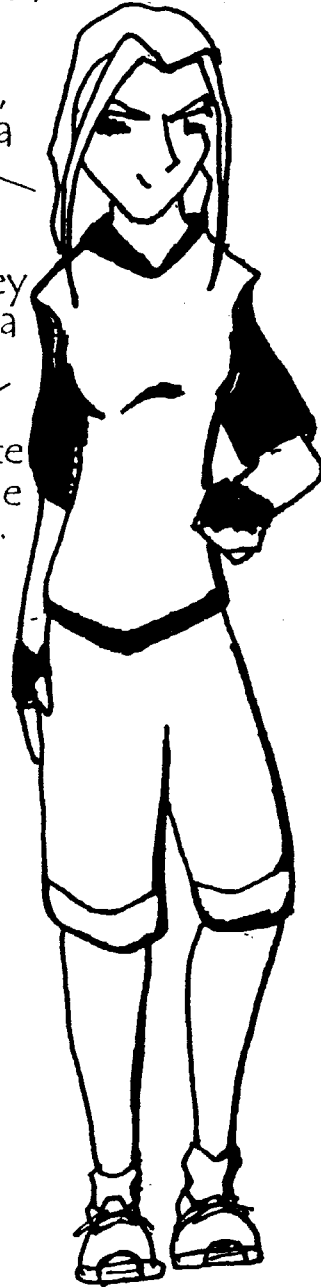
Yes, well, we decided to
dress up as David and Shelley
from Alpha Beta Gamma

It seemed an appropriate
action, considering the
season.

That, and it creeps out
Mr. Recine

Rock.

Indeed



Happy Samhain! Happy HALLOWEEN

trh@trhonline.com

WE WERE GONNA DRESS UP AS TRAE'S CHARACTRS.....

... BUT NONE OF US WANTED TO WEAR HALF-SHIRTS.

I'M GEN13'S CAITLIN FAIRCHILD ~!~ ISN'T THIS OUTFIT S'POSED TO BE SKIN TIGHT?

I'M ARCHIE, TYPICAL AMERICAN TEENAGER.

YEAH, BUT KAT'S DRAWN AS A 7-FOOT TALL AMAZON

SEXUAL FAN-FASY, AND YOU'RE A 5'4" TEENAGE GIRL.

OH.

I AM WILD LIFE / DORK TOWER'S CARSON MUSK-RAT.

I AM GOING TO KILL THE GUY WHO DREW THIS



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dadlab@aol.com

Killdeer

By Topher Marohl

Anna Weiss was crying when she waved the flashlight to signal the oncoming car. She was doing exactly what her dad had told her to, or at least doing what she could remember.

She did not, and thankfully couldn't, know what had happened to him, nor where he was. She just knew that she had to get to town, and town was too far to walk to.

The car she was signaling pulled over, it was a decrepit black economy car. It had worn tires and the beginnings of a hole in the trunk, just above the bumper.

"...just a little girl." said the youngish man behind the retreating window.

"D..daddy, my daddy...." Anna gibbered to the ground, her body now precariously close to toppling over.

"Hold on, honey," said the driver, a dark haired woman about the age of Anna's father, "What's your name?"

"Anna."

"Well, what's your last name?"

"Weiss."

"And your daddy? What's your daddy's name?"

"Garret."

"Good."

Anna no longer had the strength, physical or otherwise, to remain standing. She fell to her knees, breaking the lens of the black flashlight against the ground, as her arms succumbed to the hours of waiting.

"Steve!" the woman behind the wheel shouted, "Help her!"

Steve got out of the car, and began helping Anna into the cab.

"Anna, that's a very pretty name." Steve managed in a cheery, sing-song voice.

"Thank you." Anna sniffed.

"Hi, Anna," the woman said as she pivoted to face the back seat, "why don't we go find your dad, huh?"

The little girl's fists tightened on Steve's shirt, she shook her head furiously and gave a pathetic wowl of fear.

"Oh hey, it's OK," Steve said, trying to comfort the girl who had no buried her face in his chest, "I know you're probably not supposed to take rides with strangers, but you're in trouble and... Look, I'm Steve Garrison, and this is my sister June."

June nodded in affirmation.

"My God, Steve look at her shiver," June said, "How long were you out there?"

Anna produced a wristwatch from her tiny backpack. "The little hand was on the seven and the big hand was on the two."

Steve looked at his own wristwatch. "It's almost eleven now." he said.

“You were outside with out a coat for nearly three and a half hours!” June said, “Why don’t you lie down?”

The car rolled silently into the night.

“Do you live around here?” Steve inquired.

Anna shook her head.

“She must be up here on vacation.” June said. Her voice surprised Steve, who jumped a little. “Where’s the nearest town, um...get the map in the back.”

Steve examined the laminated map as he pulled it out of the seat pocket. “Clifford, it’s about five miles.”

“Not much there, I’ve been there. They don’t even have so much as a gas station.” June said, Anna was dozing comfortably, her head on Steve’s lap.

“Thorn Lake is a little farther, about twenty more miles.”

“We should probably go there.” June said to Steve, who was trying to lean Anna against the back seat.

“Maybe we should try to find her father.” Steve suggested.

Anna sat upright suddenly filled with a fearful energy. “NO!” she moaned pathetically, “We have to go to town, we have to go to town!”

“Anna, I’m sorry, what...” Steve managed before Anna cut him off.

“My daddy told me to go to town and not to go back. We can’t go back, we can’t!”

“Anna,” June said, “What happened to your dad? Was he hurt?”

“He told me to wait till the big hand was on the two, then to run toward the road.”

“But why?”

“He said this would explain.” Anna handed June an cassette tape. It had a scratched case and was one of the types sold as a blank.

June put the tape into the deck and it began to roll. There was a brief burst of music then the sound of a gruff voiced man clearing his throat.

“This tape is for Anna and whoever picks her up. I’m Garret Weiss, and this is my daughter, say your name honey.”

“Anna.” the recording of the little girl said.

“Good, now Anna, if you’re ever scared or confused, just listen to the tape. I know you don’t know what’s happening, I don’t know either. Just...just take the flashlight and watch. I’ll be in the other room for a minute.”

Garret’s footsteps echoed on the recording. “I’m a little frazzled right now. I’m not sure if any of this will work. My name is Garret Weiss, I’m an architect from Chicago. I was supposed to be spending the week with Anna at a cabin that used to belong to my late friend Tom Birch. Tom is dead now, died in a boating accident a long time ago, before Anna was born.

He was drunk, and angry about his divorce. The only proof that they had was a capsized boat and a half-full bottle floating in Thorn Lake.

Anna and I came up to spend some time together. Her mother has custody, so....

Anna has a dog...*had* a dog named Barkley. He was a good dog, but he hated being left alone. When Anna and I left to go walleye fishing a few nights ago, he started howling, he must've been terrified. When we came back he was dead.

I took him to the vet to find out what had happened to him. The vet said, Barkley had water, *lake water*, in his lungs. But Barkley had never left the house.

When I pulled into the driveway of the cabin I saw something in my headlights. All I saw then was a slithery, spidery thing that ran off before I could get a good look.

Anna was beside herself. She said she screamed at the thing. At first that had worked a little. It had made wide circles around the house, but they began to get tighter. After that screaming didn't work at all. Then she stopped screaming, and it charged.

It came again the next night. Anna and I weren't expecting it. No animal would act like it did! I tried yelling to scare it away, that works with coyotes and bears, it did nothing but hover like cancer near the edge of the forest. I didn't see any eyes, just a writhing mass of black, but it felt like the thing out there was staring at me.

I leveled my AR type rifle at it. I use my rifle to hunt coyotes. The first shot phased it, after that I could have been throwing paper at it. I don't know what I hit, if I could hit it at all, but after that, everything I did just seemed to make it angry.

I ran inside, bracing the door behind me. the squidy thing nearly tore the door off its hinges. After about four minutes it was gone, but it had left something behind. The truck I drive was covered with...seaweed. As I stood outside I felt it all around me.

Then, suddenly, it was inside. It was everywhere at once. It was huge and tiny. It... It... It had Anna. It was all over her, the more she cried, the more it covered her.

I pulled it off, I broke it. It seemed so strong. I don't know how I did it but I did. It didn't bleed, it was a plant, injuring it didn't matter.

The truck's dead. How could that thing know what a truck did? How could it know that the truck was our last hope. I think I know what to do. If I can lead it away from the cabin maybe that will give Anna enough time."

Garret's footsteps came back to the room where Anna was.

"Anna," Garret continued, "do you remember what I told you to do? Take this flashlight, and this watch. When the big hand is on the two you run. You don't stop running for anything: not to cry, or to tie your shoe. You don't stop even if you hear terrible things! No matter how scared you are keep running until a car stops. Make them take you to a town, and don't come back here! Don't let them bring you back. Take this tape, if you're ever scared play the tape.

Goodbye, Anna, I love you...."

The tape ended with a hiss. Somewhere in the woods near Thorn Lake the thing that Anna's father had lured away dragged his body along the beach. Garret's eyes stared blindly at beautiful stars above. A tiny trickle of water dripped past his blue lips.