

Fanatical Publishing presents. . .

Anything Obscure

Issue #2

Foreword

Thank you folks for reading this; I hope you like it very much.

Contents

by junete of <http://junete.deviantart.com/>

All the voices; the people,
the sea, that's what they are.
Buzzing, churning.

A vein opening, they seep and slither.
This static cold after the wash of warmth.
Quickly forgotten, days of nothing.

Glass eyes and skin of wax,
sickly sweet the rotted flowers.
Lips sewn shut; no one listened anyway.

WOLF AND AN AVERAGE DAY

BY kevirondeshome of
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Deep within a forest far off from our world two wolves walked through the shadow of the trees, one black as midnight and the other golden like the fields of wheat under the harvest moon. The golden wolf seemed to dance her way through the trees while the darker one prowled as if in search of his next meal.

"You don't have to be like that, it's not like we're being hunted or anything you know." The golden wolf playfully scowled.

"Your certainty on that could get us killed." The black wolf growled back.

"Yeah, as if anything could beat me!" The golden wolf boasted, laughing lightheartedly and the black wolf growling back in warning. "Lighten up, will you?" She asked, playfully swatting at his snout.

"Would you stop that!?" He growled, biting at her. However she danced around it and bit back at him. The two played like this for a while, the black wolf trying to hide the fact that he found it fun after a while, before eventually he just pounced onto her and held her down.

"I said stop." He growled, with the golden wolf nipping back.

"What if I don't want to?" She taunted, gazing up at him. He growled in return, catching her hind legs pushing up on him. He swatted at her with his paw before getting rolled onto his side. They both got up and she darted off, with the black wolf glaring as she ran away.

Eventually she came back with a rather sad expression, walking up next to him as he laid down.

She lay next to him, letting out a sigh as he turned his head away. Even her nuzzling was met with cold silence.

"...what?" He eventually asked, feeling her close to him.

"I was having fun." She huffed, glaring at him.

"And I said stop." He growled.

"You were having fun too, though." She reminded. He huffed in reply, not wanting to admit she was right. The golden wolf placed her head on his paws. He placed his own head on her neck in response, trying to make it look reluctant. The two lay happily beside each other, the sunlight shining softly down on the forest floor.

After a few moments the black wolf's head popped up, smelling something. He nuzzled her head off his paws and got up, tracking the scent. It was sweet, like a fresh apple, but it was only to mask that of an elk that was trying to quietly sneak past them.

The golden wolf smelled it too, walking in another direction to follow it. The two had set each other up to trap the elk between them, waiting for it to spring away from one and into the other.

It tried to fly past the golden wolf when it saw the midnight fur of a hunter, but she caught its hind leg in her jaw and brought it down. The other wolf then came in to help finish it off, giving both of them another meal to keep going for the day.

"Well now your furs' dirty." She told him after eating, licking the blood from his muzzle. He made this light grunt in reply, though he didn't stop her from doing so.

"Well yours is too." He told her when she finished cleaning him.

"Your turn then." She playfully replied, getting another supposedly displeased grunt before

he began licking her muzzle. She closed her eyes, enjoying every moment, and then nuzzled him when he moved away after finishing.

"You shouldn't be so reluctant; we both know you enjoy it." She taunted, showing the closest thing to a grin that she was capable of in her wolf form. He looked away and huffed, half serious and half playing along. "And that proved my point." She added on afterwards, nipping at him.

And their days were not that much different than one like this. However the one thing they always shared was the hope that those fresh, summer days would never end.

HATING EVERY MINUTE

by weekendhunters of
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Hating Every Minute

"H-h-hh-hi, Alex," I stammered. "Was it hard for you to find this place? No? W-w-well, that's g-g-good then," I said, clearly nervous.

I can't believe it, Alex's here. It seems like forever since I've been trying to go out with her, wanting to say how much I love her, how much I want to be with her, imagining how I would hold her hand, lying down next to her..

Oh shit, I can't believe I left her at the living room. Damn it, where's my manners? I panicked. "I'm sorry, Alex," I said, "Have a seat, please." I said, somewhat hastily. "I'm sorry, I'm kinda panicking at the moment, it's a bit of a surprise having you here..especially at this time of night, you know?" I said.

"So, uh, how's the seat?" I asked her. "I-I-I-uh, hope you feel comfortable sitting in that seat, it's a bit old, but it's actually pretty comfy," I said. "I'll just take the seat in front of you, is that ok? You're ok with that? G-g-g-reat!" I stammered.

"So, uh, Alex," I said, looking at her, looking down at my shoes, and wiping my palms on my knees at the same time. "So, uh, Alex..." I repeated, not knowing what to say, how to even begin it. She just stared at me.

"Yeah, I know this is weird, Alex. I'm feeling pretty weird myself," I grinned sheepishly.

"Listen, Alex...there's something I've always wanted to say to you," I said. " Oh god, she's still staring at me. "What I've been trying to say, is...that...hurf..agh," I choked.

"Oh god, I can't do this," I said in despair, stood up and walked to the kitchen. I know what I want to say. It's really simple.

I love her.

I love her to death.

Even death will never separate us, Alex.

And you know this too.

I want you to know that I'll always cherish you, Alex. I know it's ridiculous, but I mean it.

But I'm just so nervous, getting the words out of my throat seems downright impossible, with my clammy hands and beating chest.

I walked back to the living room, sat down, clamped my mouth shut, and pretended to look elsewhere.

She doesn't seem to mind.

I decided to change the topic.

"So, uh...how's your folks?" I asked.

"Oh, you got into an argument with them, and that's why you're here? I..I don't know how much I can..." I swallowed my saliva, before I continued, "h-h-h-help you, but why don't w-w-we..travel?"

"Y-yeah, Alex. Travel, j-just you and me. W-we can g-get in the car, drive t-to wherever we want, and we can go t-to the plainlands, l-lie down in t-the grass, just w-watch the stars, you know?" I said.

"W-we can even f-f-find a nice town, b-buy a house, get a j-job there, g-get m-married, have kids, j-just live there till we get o-old, and we don't e-even have to t-tell our f-folks about it, w-we'll just d-disappear, and t-they can't f-find us! Isn't that g-g-great?" I stammered.

She looked at the floor, unresponsive.

"P-please, Alex," I said, sadly.

"I-I-kn-know how hard it is for you, Alex, b-but," I continued, as I tried to force the words out again.

I failed, miserably.

I failed to even tell her how much I love her and how much I wanted to be with her.

"E-excuse me, ok?" I said, somewhat hastily, as I got up, and went to the bathroom.

My reflection looked back at me in the mirror, mockingly.

"You lousy coward," I growled.

"All you have to do is say how much you love her. And you can't even do that. You god damned coward," I growled, as I stared at the sink, both my hands holding the sides, shaking it, until I felt my resentment and self-loathing draining out of my

soul.

"Ok, this is it. It's now or never," I said, turning on the faucet and splashed some water on my face, and stared at the mirror.

I took a towel, dried my face, collected myself, and walked out to the living room.

"A-A-Alex," I began, before I noticed that there's blood trickling out of a corner of her mouth.

"Alex, you're bl-bleeding, l-let me c-clean that up, ok?" I said, as I got a napkin and dabbed it clean, but then, I realized that my shirt is soaked with blood.

That came from the stab wound on her chest.

"O-oh, I'm s-s-sorry, Alex. I f-forgot to t-take out the kn-kn-knife fr-from your chest. I'm r-really fo-forgetful sometimes," I stammered.

"L-let me t-take care of this, ok?" I said, and I smiled, somewhat pathetically, as I lifted her lifeless body up from the chair, dragged her to the kitchen, and laid her body on top of the plastic sheet on the floor.

"D-don't worry Alex, I'll t-take good care of you, I promise," I said, as I noticed the trail of blood from the living room to the kitchen, held her hand, and said, "Just give me some time to think, ok?"

She just stared at me.

MY BEST FRIEND, MY LOVE: A POEM

by everlasting90 of
<http://everlasting90.deviantart.com/>

Who better to have my heart
than the one who knows me best?
We both have had romances and flings
but you are better than all the rest.

This love was the forbidden fruit
but we bit into it like Adam & Eve.
But now we're like Eros & Psyche.
From us, Eden has been conceived.

Funny how when we were kids,
we avoided each other's kiss.
Now every touch from your lips
gives me moments of sweet bliss.

We've shared our minds and souls before
now we include the form.
Our trinities complete, together entwined
the burning fire within keeps us warm

I know we will have downs and spats.
We may split and have many falls.
But like magnets, we will come right back.
Our force will break many walls.

My best friend, my love
We are the Lover and the Beloved.
What we have is an eternal divine gift
blessed by Heaven above.

THE TAMED FEMALE

by lilmijou of <http://lilmijou.deviantart.com/>

Tighten your grip
I don't think it's tight enough
I can still inhale a hopeful amount of oxygen
We wouldn't want that now, would we?
Put more weight on me
I think I still have some circulation in my hands
Better yet,
Cut them off!
Cut off the feet too
There shall be no more running away from me
Now it's perfect
Hook your lines into my bruised skin
Lift me up for the world to see your masterpiece;
The Tamed Female

.... and all we had to do was kill her

STRONGER

by bleedthedream180 of
<http://bleedthedream180.deviantart.com/>

How does it feel to be erased?
How does it feel to be replaced?
Consumed by your inborn hate
You've made your grave in a lonesome fate

How does it feel to feel nothing at all?
How does it feel to stumble and crawl?
Not such a nice feeling now, is it?
Others may deem you as quite pathetic

I don't need your filth, your shame, your lies
And I found in time I did survive
I'm stronger now because I don't allow
People to walk over or break me down somehow

I don't need your trust, your eyes, your games
And in the end it was really such a shame
But I refuse to relate to the same mistakes
I don't allow myself to ache or break

I feel stronger than a wild, untamed beast
That I recently hunted and made into a feast
I'm dancing over clouds that are trying to bring
rain
I can be above them because I am free from all pain

And I look back to those nights where I cried in a
sweat
Wondering if I'd be all right or stuck forever in
debt
Hindsight is perfect; this saying is true
You'll realize things later you never thought you

knew

But it's so hard to hold on when you're fixed in a
place

Where everyday in the mirror you see the same face
But ambition is free; enthusiasm costs
Not a penny more than what you already lost

And this stronger state; hope it lasts for awhile
My lips they did hurt from a lackluster smile
I have a handle on things; I know who I love
And what's important to me; bestowed from above
I am content at the moment; I'm proud to be me
Even if others may not fully agree.

I'M IN LOPVE WITH DEATH

by crayonvshighlighter of
<http://crayonvshighlighter.deviantart.com/>

A familiar cool breeze went by as she focused on the cars passing below her. Almost a hundred stories down was the cement, the street, and the innocent bystanders walking and in their cars; one leap could bring anyone to a quick, painful, and rather splatter-like death. Her feet swung loosely over the ledge, catching a quick moment of freedom before the impending future before them. As she thought about the inevitable, she began to laugh rather hysterically.

Those others who've done it before probably saw it too, and laughed maniacally at it. The ones who braved the edge and followed through. They had to have seen what she was seeing, whether it was as they said their final prayers or when they plunged towards the ground. Now it was understood why so many decided to jump; there were so many good reasons to do it. For one, that quick sensation of flying as you went towards the earth was completely contradictory to its purpose. It was that final feeling of freedom and happiness that was supposed to be the reason to stay alive, only came a few seconds before you were going to die.

She snickered. On the other and, it was the the plummeting. We all know where people who committed suicide went...straight down to the burning pits of hell. To emphasize that, jumping off a tall being would send you there with a one way ticket. Not for me though; she could come back as she pleased. Special Angel powers did give her an advantage.

As the thoughts whirled through her mind, cold fingers touched the back of her neck. They coiled around until they reached the front, squeezing lightly and sending an electric current through her entire body. A familiar, velvet, dark voice chuckled playfully as he watch the current sweep my skin, making the hairs on her neck stand up. She smacked his fingers playfully and giggled once more, looking down at the passing traffic below her. The deep voice let out another laugh as he used his fingers to lightly twirl her cascading black mane in his fingers.

"Didn't anyone ever tell you not to play with Death, my love?" he whispered seductively in her ear.

"Well how can't I when he makes it so...easy?" She purred catching glimpse of his black cloak as the wind blew it in my peripheral. It was almost the same menacing black as her hair, only the cloak resembled a shadow while her hair resembled a pure onyx.

"You look so beautiful in the moonlight. The fact that I'm going to have you for eternity is tempting me to push you over the edge myself just so I can have you sooner. But we have to wait for that stubborn Angel who just won't let you go." his gaze focused on a bright light heading our way from up in the sky.

Within seconds, the bright light appeared behind us in the form of an Angel. He stood strong, angled perfectly in every way, features inhumanly in the moonlight. She remembered him from five years earlier. He'd told her that she was a born Angel on earth and all that nonsense and that he would come for her at the end of her 18th year to bring her to

heaven so she could join the Assembly. Of course she wanted the job...who wouldn't accept a one way ticket into heaven. But just when she thought that my life was just peachy, Death stepped in. She almost died not soon after the Angel had told her the news, so Death took it upon himself to give her back her life, on the condition that she was technically his custody. He weaseled his way everywhere in her life after that for God knows what reason, and she loved every second of it. Of course, She thought he was scary at first, popping up out of nowhere, trying to kill her every once in awhile, and scaring the living hell out of her. Still, now that she understood him, she loved him even more because of everything he did.

"The girl is ours you know," the Angel paused and looked at her. "Her features have begun changing already, which means she's ready to be one of us. You can't hold on to her forever."

"I noticed the feature changes, and they look great on her, Gabe." He stood up, stretching out his hand for her to stand with him. "Being immortal fits her, don't you think? Don't you think she's just gorgeous."

He turned her to face the angel and laid a protective hand over her neck. As she lifted her head the Angel stood back in absolute shock, his breath hitching in his throat. "She looks like...like..." he fumbled with his words in fear.

"Like me?" he motioned towards her ominously blue eyes. They were the colors of a string of lightning that came down from Heaven. Her features had changed so inhumanly fast and they resembled Death's frighteningly beautiful appearance. Her lips were twisted in a smirk.

"But she can't she's meant to be an Angel of Heaven, not one of you Dark Angels! You...demons."

Death growled towards the Angel and lunged to attack, but was restrained by the girl standing next to him. She held his hand and looked up at him with a look that told him everything he needed to know. He looked away from the Angel and focused on the beautiful woman before him. She reached her hand up and touched his face, sending a fiery wave down his body. She glanced quickly at the Angel and after she thought everything was calm, she wrapped both of her arms around Death's neck and pulled him into a deep kiss. And then, she leaned to the left, sending them both plunging down towards earth.

The Angel flew after them, reaching to get the girl before it was too late. But just as he got close to grabbing her, she whispered, "I love you," protectively in Death's ear, making the Angel stop in shock. And then as he watched them continue to plunge, he heard Death whisper back, "For eternity my love."

Then as they hit the ground, they disappeared in a cloud of black smoke.

EAST

by Akari-Lane of <http://akari-lane.deviantart.com/>

As far as I'm concerned,
you're a million miles away.
And as much as you love her,
you know you cannot stay.
Did you stop talking to me
to fall out of love?
Or am I just crazy?
I can't think of the East,
because I know that's where you'll stay.
I miss you,
though we've never met face to face.
I can't help but think of that time,
long, long ago,
when I said I'd never let you go.
I breathe you,
and you know it.
You have control over me,
and you never show it.
Do you care anymore?

NEVER FAR FROM MIND

by rainbowjeans of
<http://rainbowjeans.deviantart.com/>

The City of Reyelle was shrouded in the dark cloak of night, the thunder clouds rolling across a blackened sky, whose moon was as full as the tankard Taron held tight in his right fist. He had not taken a sip, but stared into the sloshing liquid, his mind elsewhere. Wrinkled eyes alight with memory, he watched as pictures flickered across the ale, pulling him into the past..

A young woman danced around a fire, clad in a simple white dress, though it was hardly white as dirt and muck clung to the fibres like glue. She had a wild spark in her eye as she swung her body about, so gracefully, it reminded the one who watched her of a swan, but much more aggressive. There was a grass circlet wrapped around her head, gripping on to some of the wild curls of her chocolate coloured hair. Suddenly her dance stopped, and as the firelight reflected in her dark brown eyes, her vision zoned in on her target.

"Taron," she said, and then extended her pale hand to help the young man up off the forest floor, "Dance with me?"

He looked into her eyes and was once again amazed by her fiery spirit, and bent to her will. Though he was not a submissive man, her towering strength of mind made it infinitely impossible to disobey her. Together they danced by the fire, and sunset faded and darkened to become a starry midnight.

The fire died down and the two of them sat down

together on a blanket Taron had brought in his pack. Phraelo, the horse, was asleep not far from them, their belongings strapped into his saddle.

"Violle..." said Taron, stroking back some of the hair that covered her face.

She smiled and looked up at him, her eyes peircing his skin like a needle, "Yes?"

"You are the most beautiful girl in the world."

The peircing faded and her eyes seemed to caress his cheeks as she stared at him, "I love you." she said in a whisper, banners of truth fluttering in her gaze.

"Love only begins to describe what I feel, you are like the most precious gem in the world. I would not trade you for anything, my love, for you are everything that I need," said Taron, looking at her with such love in his eyes that the intensity was almost visible in the air.

She lifted her hand to his chin and gently guided his lips to hers, and they kissed eachother lightly.

Taron's tears brought him back to the present, and as his old, wrinkled cheeks were flooded he forced himself not to think about what had happened to her, the love of his life. He gulped down the ale and wiped his mouth, for he was not a young lover any longer, but a sad and heartbroken drunk.

INVOLUNTARY

by TinzTheCan of <http://tinzthecan.deviantart.com/>

It feels like I'm losing
everyone in my life right now.

That's okay though
'Cause I've already lost myself
among the crowd.

The tears fall silently,
the anguish and guilt wait patiently.

You can feel these rigid scars
on

(But not the
this

pain)

imperfect

body.

I'm weak and weary of the
undefeatable monster that is taking
over.

I need to be free and wild,
instead I'm spontaneous

with these edge scissors.
sharp

I lost control and I
don't know how to get it
back.

FORGIVE AND LET LIVE

by wyckeddreamsdesigns of
<http://wyckeddreamsdesigns.deviantart.com/>

Forgive and let live is the hardest thing to do..
When life kicks you down and stomps all over you.
Smile and walk away...but where do you go...

When the world has darkened its doors to you and
left you in the cold.

Gods give me strength...to grow from all this
pain..

and allow me to learn this life lesson...

Without pride or ignorance or shame.

Walking on darkened streets...3 am seems bare and
chilled.

Gods give me the graceful wings to fly me and mine
safely home and away from here.

BROKEN

by showcat101 of <http://showcat101.deviantart.com/>

My strings are cut off
The pain
of hitting the floor
stuns me
My old master has sent me away
return me
My part has been played
Casted aside
This puppet is of no use anymore
Broken strings
blood stained eyes and shriveled limbs
My master
Has lost the need to fix me
so I sit
broken strings keep my heart company
Shoved away
Under the bed out of your head
I am just
Firewood now
burn my life
my love
my care
my despair
away
But I still ask
why is it
the puppet I have become has developed feelings
I heave
my lasorated shoulders with a sigh
Goodbye
dear master

LOVE IS A TRUE BATTLEFIELD

by arashi-no-ryuujin of <http://arashi-no-ryuujin.deviantart.com/>

Love is a true battlefield
Someone must win while the other loses
It is a mystery that none can solve
And when you think you figured it out
Then it changes like a raging storm
Sometimes love is as soft as a dove
While other times it is the sharpest weapon ever
forged

Everyone talks about how wonderful love is
Yet they do not know the darker side of this two
sided coin
The side that leaves you alone in the dark
The same thing that killed Romeo and Juliet
For who can tame the goddess Aphrodite
It cannot be done

TED - CREEPY PASTA - BASED ON MYSELF

by cwp1999 of <http://cwp1999.deviantart.com/>

This is most about me, and less a ghost story.
Though I am a pretty creepy person, so ill give it
a shot

And also, its made into a scare factor so don't be
afraid of me ^^

I walk back home. I'm thinking again, Ted sitting
in the back of my head. He is silent for now,
though I doubt the silence will last long. I stand
outside the door, I call for my cat she had
appeared less and less lately. Maybe she smell my
fear. What im afraid of? You'll see-

I unlock the door, and walk in - the beeping sound
of the alarm turning of is well known to me. I Walk
inn - and call out in the empty house. "Hello - im
home!" loud. My cat isn't there, and that makes me
un easy - I like my cat being there, because she
can warn me about threats, before I see them. I
call out in the house again - like I was expecting
an answer. I'm ALWAYS expecting someone to be
there. Sometimes, I call out loud threats, other
times, I try to play nice. I use Ted for that. I
can pull out Ted when ever I am angry or sad, or
scared. He is my shield. But also my greatest fear,
I am afraid of Ted, and that is what makes him so
dangerous - if I am scared of him, how long will it
take for him to win over me?

I walk up the stairs, making sure to make a lot of noise, to scare of whatever is hiding silently up the 3 floors of the house. I sit down on my computer, taking my head phones on, charging them. For now, Ted is gone, I stopped thinking of him, and therefor not using him. I feel safe with my head phones on. Though there is now and then when ted has a role to play over the internet too. Trolls - they are everywhere, and it is impossible to not meet one. Ted gets the upper hand on this, and I can only watch, and from the back of my head he types the messages, he is not a guy to curse, he never, he is serious, and is as experienced as a grown adult. He types "don't you have anything better to do, honestly, maybe you should use your brain more often. Why are you doing this again?" And other things as well, they seem very empty at first, but they creep up on you, and bores themselves into your brain.

Later, I begin to think of sad memories, I think its Ted that feeds them into my brain, but I'm not entirely sure. I play music, either sad, or heavy - some music especially make me angry, it fires me up, it turns the memories into bloody and brutal death wishes. In almost all of them, I see myself brutally butchering or murdering my friends, or sometimes taking my own life, hanging, shooting myself, carving my heart out with a knife. Its fun, but later when I think about it, is not. Ted calls me a monster, and I don't really care, for this is a fact I already know.

I am at school, of course, nobody pays attention to me. People are laughing in the distance, people are playing games, I sit in my own silence. Ted, at this point - is covering me, like a armor, I am myself in my thoughts, but Ted is staring at them trough my eyes, I give looks, grunting every now

and then. "pathetic" Ted says through my lips, only so I can hear of course. I mostly never "talk" to ted. I just listen. I am a host to a demonic creature, and come to think of it - isn't Ted writing this too - no I have control now. If I hate Ted? No- he IS all my hate. But IF I could direct my hate against Ted - yes I would, I definitely would. Ted KNOWS my every weakness. He loves seeing me hurt my mom. Because he KNOWS it hurts me. But luckily, I feel too strong love for my mom to cause her real damage. Ted tries to drive me away from this, he wants me to KILL. I will never do that, maybe not until the day im forced. Until that, I will fight Ted. Sometimes Ted says "Grab the knife, cut yourself" the urge is strong, but I can resist, as I am scared. And I don't want to hurt myself or anyone else, in truth - Without Ted I would be a pretty boring person. But as I write this, I feel and extreme pain in my chest, for I hate ted - of all my might, even if Ted is my hate - I. HATE. HIM! I want him out of me - right now he is at a strong point, puberty is dangerous for us, but eventually, Ted will go tired, and leave me alone when I grow older, though he will never leave me fully. You have a Ted too - but he is not as strong as mine. Everyone has a Ted- He sits waiting, waiting for you to get angry, sad, or afraid, to tell his lies, and lure you in. This is Ted - And he hates you.