

Fanatical Publishing presents. . .

Anything Obscure

Issue #3

Foreword

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

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TRIANGLE SHIRT

by Aaron Jay

Triangle Shirt:

Terror screams
While horror cries.
Some women Jump
And others fly.

You burned so bright
I thought you were a star.
So bright. So bright.
You burned all through
The cold dark night.
I ran in fear: I ran so far.
You rained down on me as ash,
As the Industrialist tear.

You reached me
From way out there,
From that building..
And traveled as dust
To way out here.

You fell from that window,
You fell from the eights.
You fell in a blaze of fire.
While so little others could escape.

Triangle of death.
Triangle of defeat.
The fire. The fire.
Feel the firm hand of defeat.
Hundreds will die and hundreds will mourn.
You'll be forgotten in 100 years.
Let the fires murder more.

WOLF AND A CHARMING PUP

by kevirondeshome of
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Today a different wolf was running through the woods. He had already grown to full size, his fur white as the winter snow, but his mind was still that of puppy. He continued to chase the wind until he ran into another wolf.

"Hey! Watch it!" She scowled after being knocked on her side, the puppy knocked to another side. When he got up he saw nothing but the most beautiful thing in his life, her fur glistening gold as the sun shown through the trees.

"How rude of me, bumping into what must be a goddess of some form." The pup told her, bowing his head.

The golden wolf gave a slight grin, or as close to that as a wolf can give. "Flattery alone wont forgive you, though its a nice try." She told him, turning around and swatting his snout with her tail.

He trotted up beside her, a similar wolfy grin on his face. "Oh? But you certainly enjoy someone recognizing what you are." He pointed out, "And besides, how can I apologize enough for dirtying your glorious fur coat?"

"You can start by actually saying it." She scowled, half jokingly and half out of annoyance.

"Well then I give you my deepest apologies." He told her.

"For what?" She asked, teasing him. "Be specific."

"I apologize for carelessly running into the most beautiful wolf in the forest." He explained, trotting a little ahead of her.

"Well then apologize to her, not me." She

teased, running ahead of him and swating with her tail again.

"Oh, but I just did." He replied, running past as she turned away. The two chased each other through the woods until the white wolf bumped into another one, his midnight fur hiding equally soulless eyes that glared down on him.

"I-I'm sorry.." The pup apologized as he heard the black wolf growling.

"Go. Away." He warned, the white wolf darking off.

"You shouldn't of been so direct, he was saying such kind things." The golden wolf scorned.

"A pup like that would do anything to trick you into being with him. I did you a favor." The black wolf explained, walking off.

The golden wolf sighed and walked beside him. "Whatever you say." Course, that wasn't the last either of them would be seeing of the snowy pup.

BLOSSOM

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

Beyond the cherry oaks and evergreen backwoods
Past the landscapes of emerald trees and creeks of
water

On top of a hill surrounded by mud and soil
Lies an innocent flower as delicate and quiet as
the wind

I planted this flower from the seedlings in my
garden
Carefully cultivating this flower to reflect the
beauty of nature
But I soon knew my flower outgrew its surroundings
This particular flower needed ample room to grow

At first the roots resisted, I had to tug to set
them free
Scared of the storms and fires that could
potentially be
The unknown wilderness is a scary place I must
admit
Regardless my garden was not a comfortable fit

So while I walk through the fires around me
For years lost in the shuffle of darkness and the
sands of time
I feel the burns rise too deep inside my heart
Taking every pain my eyes remain fixed towards the
sky
In order to make sure my flower receivers proper
sun
For even though my faith has gone
I will still shelter my flower in spite of everyone
I promised to always treasure this flower, to make

sure it would be safe

And still to this day I willingly watch over it
from afar

Hoping one day this flower will mature into full
bloom

And if the tides should swallow this flower
I will be there to save it; forever it will carry
on

And if the storm should carry me away with its tide
I will still hold my flower proudly above the
currents

But if this flower should ever wither
Or become frozen in the winter's snow
Then I know I could not live up to my promise
And I too shall perish with my flower

CHECKMATE

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

I've done it.
I've gotten over you.
But how long will it last?
I feel worthless,
am I the failure?
Victory never tasted so foul.
I'm no poet,
like I claim to be,
Hell,
You could probably out smart me.
I loathe you and how you make me feel.
I want to hate you,
but you're the only one who cares how I feel.

LOVE ME DEAD

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

Scratch your name
into my soul
Chain me down
to your will
Rip the skin
off my bones
No choice is left
Hook the strings into my heart
Pump your love
through my veins
While you watch me lose all control
You keep me in the cage
Even when I am no longer there

WHO KNEW THIS HEART, THAT

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

Who knew that this heart,
That stopped for revenge,
Would beat for love again

An everlasting lesson I learnt,
That life will break you
Only you will find someone,
That will mend it for you

I was blinded
With remorse and regret
Only to see one person
To move me ahead

As I held him, within my arms
A sudden fear swept over me
I had found love
But I could lose it

Dearly beloved,
Is it better to be feared or loved?
Which hurts you more?
Which makes you a better person?

The world could fly by
However what would remain?
An eternal love
Guarded by saints and angels.
-Gulbahar ciftci

THORNS

by usagi-hikari9 of <http://usagi-hikari9.deviantart.com>

Each step is a thorn
The road is a thorn
Each step digs into the flesh
Blood mark where you've been
Grit through this pain

No

Just leave your plans

Each step is a thorn
The road is a thorn
Stay here, keep your flesh
Let blood show the past not future
No pain anymore

Stay

It's safe

Each step is a thorn
The road is a thorn
Scars etched into flesh
Why were they there to begin with?
To follow this wish

My Wish

The vines bound me

Each step is pain
The road that marks you
You remember why it digs into the flesh
The path paved in blood is far away
Grit through the pain for your rose

THE BEGINNER

by weekendhunters of
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Mina was lying in front of the tv, just surfing through the channels, bored out of her mind.

"Gabe said he's going to call," she huffed. "Really, sometimes I wonder why do I bother with him. Sure, I've been taking care of him ever since I bailed him out. I really should force him to move in. That way, I could.." she ranted on, before she heard the phone ring.

Grabbing it anxiously, she was about to start in a flirtatious tone, but changed to her normal tone when she realized who the other person was.

"Hey, Luther. What's up?" she began.

"Can you do me a favor?" he asked.

"What is it?" she sighed.

"Well, you see," he started, "there's this guy new in town, and he just turned into a vampire for three months now.."

"..so he needs someone to show him the ropes," Mina concluded.

"Basically, yeah."

"Where would I meet him?"

Luther provided her with the address, and informed her to meet him around 10 pm.

She got dressed, sent Gabe a message telling him she would be unavailable, and headed out.

* 10 PM *

Mina sat at the bench, looking at her surroundings, but remained as alert as possible.

She saw a man in a cape approaching her with an expectant look on his face, and to her chargin, his face dropped when he saw her attire.

He sat down, and began with a dejected tone, "I was expecting a sexy, exotic European girl," he

sighed, "not some chick wearing a..Bratmobile t-shirt with green bangs,"

"Whatever." she replied. "I'm here to help you, and your attitude will get you nowhere, ok?"

"Fine," he humphed. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well, for starters," Mina began, "what's with the look and accent?" pointing out his cape and long hair.

"Well, I'm looking the part," he replied.

Mina laid her palm on her forehead and sighed, "You look like an asshole, that's for sure."

"What do you mean by that? If anything, you're the one who doesn't look like a vampire," he retorted.

She hissed in reply. "Look, buddy. First off, that kind of attire attracts attention. And secondly, it's cumbersome when you go out on a hunt, with your leather patent shoes and cape. It's hard to run, climb and jump with those things," she said, audibly frustrated.

"That's what you think," he replied. "Anyway, we haven't got all night, we should go hunting."

"Sure," she replied, with a tint of sarcasm in her voice. "Lead the way, my lord."

* Later, at the park. *

"Why are we here?" he asked.

"The park's a good hunting ground, for several reasons," Mina explained. "First, there's always an unsuspecting victim available, second, the trees provide sufficient cover for us to stay hidden until a victim arrives, and third, it has a nice view."

"I have to ask you this question first. Have you ever killed a person before?" Mina asked.

"Well, a few times, when I was really desperate," he replied.

"It happens," she replied. "But usually around here we have a moral code. First, consume only the

necessary amount. Second, only kill in self-defense. Third, don't target innocents if you can."

"Do you always have three rules?" he asked.

"Easier to remember." she shrugged, pointing toward a tree. "Let's climb that one."

They waited in silence, and half an hour later, their prey for the night arrived.

"Ok," Mina whispered. "wait here, until I give the signal, wait for it...wait for it....now,"

He leaped out of his branch, baring his fangs, but as he was about to leap out of the tree, his cape got caught in the branches, trapping him.

Mina looked on, amused.

"I guess that proved my point, doesn't it?" she grinned.

"Fuck you, bitch," he snarled. "Get me out of here."

"Maybe not," Mina replied, and leapt down the tree. "I don't help people who call women the b-word."

"Fine, fine," he snarled. "I'm sorry. Put me down."

"Alright," Mina replied, climbed back up the tree, and set him free.

"Thanks," he said. "So what do we do now?"

"First, get rid of the cape. I told you it's rather cumbersome. Just leave it on the bench there," she instructed.

"This costs money, you know," he whined.

"Well, you should've invested in some running shoes and comfortable clothes instead of trying to look like some pretentious jerk," she replied.

"Good thing I have plenty of money," he said.

"Really? What did you do?" she asked.

"I was a banker," he replied.

"Figures," Mina smiled, shaking her head. "A figurative and literal bloodsucker."

"Fuck you, you bitch," he snarled.

"Hey," Mina hissed. "Don't go around calling me that, you jerk. We can argue all night, but you need to learn how to hunt properly. Let's climb another tree," she instructed, "and wait for my signal."

Again, they went through the same routine, and ten minutes later, they spied a drunken man stumbling through the park, singing out loud.

"Ok," she whispered. "On my signal. Wait for it..wait for it.."

A ringtone broke the silence.

It alerted the man, causing him to run away, confused and terrified at the same time.

Mina glared angrily at the vampire. "Let's get out of here," she said, jumping out of the trees, and running out of the park.

Once they're outside, Mina shouted, "UGH! You Idiot!"

"It's not my fault," he replied, rather casually.

"It is! It is your fault, you jerk! Use some god damned fucking common sense! If you want to go hunting during the night, turn off your phone or put it on vibrate! Ugh!" she shouted, and walked off.

"You sound like you need to get laid," he sneered.

She stopped, turned back, and said, "Oh? So what're you suggesting? That I bounce off you like I'm someone you picked at some bar, and you call her bitch the whole night?"

"Hey, it works, I mean, girls like you just need a good night with a guy and.." he sneered.

"No, thanks," she replied. "I've got a boyfriend."

"Like that would stop me."

"For your information, buddy, my boyfriend is better in the sack than you think you are, and I'm a monogamist. I know it's a thing with bankers to

screw anything that moves, but it's not my scene. And if anything, from now on, just learn under Luther, at least he's more patient than I am," she huffed, and started to walk away.

"You can't do this to me," he snarled.

"I can," she replied, and walked away, and before long, she reached Gabe's apartment.

She rapped on it gently. "Gabe, it's me," she said.

Gabe opened the door. "What're you doing here at this hour?" he asked, visibly tired.

"Just happened to be in the neighborhood," she replied, went in, and flopped on his bed. "Long night."

"Long night? What happened?" he asked, crawling up the bed and laid down next to her.

"I was supposed to teach this guy the ropes," she said, resting on his chest, "but turns out he's a jerk with no common sense. And then he suggested that I cheat on you with him, so I lost it, and came here."

"Poor you," he replied, stroking her hair. "So why are you here?"

"Why are you here, he asked, as if he doesn't know what her true intention really is," Mina replied, as she crawled up on him. "I'm feeling lonely and I need some company, and...."

She paused for a moment, tracing her finger up his chest and towards his chin, "I know the right guy for that," she whispered as her lips hovered over his.

Just when they were about to meet, they were startled by the sound of his apartment door crashing down.

"Oh shit," Mina sensed, "it's him."

"What the hell?" he whispered. "What do we do now?"

"Gabe, block the door with something. It'll buy us a few seconds at most, but it should be

enough." she instructed, and rushed out towards the window and opened it.

Gabe hastily pushed his dresser to the door, and hurried towards the window.

"What do you have in mind?" he asked, peering downwards.

Mina grabbed his collar, and said, "this," and threw him out the window before jumping out herself.

Landing on the ground, she quickly held her arms out and braced for impact, and Gabe landed in her arms, and laid him on the ground.

"Thanks," he said.

"Come on," she urged, "let's get out of here," and began running.

However, it didn't take long before she sensed his approach. She turned around and said, "Babe, watch out!"

Just as he was about to turn his head, the vampire leapt on Gabe, hitting his head to the ground, knocking him out, before he leapt towards Mina.

Mina side-stepped, dodging his attack, and hissed, "what do you want?"

"No one insults me and gets away with it," he snarled.

"Oh, look at you, mister big and all mighty," she mocked.

"Shut up! You don't know me!" he replied.

She had an idea.

"Oh, really? I know that you're actually nothing more than a show-offy, pretentious jerk. I bet that before you became a vampire, no one could actually stand you in the first place."

"Shut up!" he snarled, a look of distress on his face, his hands running down his long, flowing hair.

"Why, I bet I know the reason you're so obsessed with yourself was that you could only

play with yourself. No one would even go near you outside of work, wouldn't they? And I wonder why," she mused.

"Could it be your repugnant behavior towards them? Your show-offy clothes, oh wait, I know. You're actually lacking in the trunk, aren't ya?" Mina taunted.

"Poor baby, putting on those fancy clothes and talk and then the girl finds out he's as small as a.."

"Shut up!" he roared, and rushed towards her.

Instead of dodging or countering, Mina ran forward, and when he tried to bite her neck, she punched his gut, causing him to bend over, which allows her to grab his shoulders and throw him away from her.

He landed on the ground, and Mina walked up to him, and placed her foot on his head, and watched as he struggled on the pavement underneath her.

"Now first, what were you thinking? Kill my boyfriend, and then grab me and have your way with me? Is that it?" Mina asked.

"Fuck you, you bitch," he hissed, and felt his skull crushing in.

"Slow learner, are you?" Mina asked. "I told you I don't like it when people call me the b-word, and yet you keep on calling me that. I'm not a female dog, do you hear me?"

He stayed silent.

"Do. You. Hear. Me?" she repeated, pushing her foot further into his skull, using her body weight to push it even further.

"Yes, yes, I hear you! let me go, please! I'm sorry!" he pleaded.

"Alright," she replied, and lifted her foot, and watched him get up.

"Now," she said, "what the hell did you had in mind when you broke his door?"

Rubbing his right temple, "Damn. My head. I

admit. I was trying to get back at you."

"For what?"

"For making fun of me" he replied, a wounded look on his face.

"Oh, boo-hoo. What are you, ten? You kind of brought it on yourself. First off, you lack common sense. That's one. number two, your arrogant attitude isn't going to win you any friends. Number three, even if you're upset, you could've just told me or Luther, not break into my boyfriend's apartment like some mindless brute."

"Well, the thought never occurred to me," he whined.

"Idiot," Mina said, grabbed him by the collar, and hissed, "Now listen to me. Fuck off, and leave us alone. If you want to take lessons, do it with Luther. I don't care what he has to say, I'm not going to deal with you again, do we make ourselves clear?"

"Yes, crystal clear," he replied, before Mina shoved him away from her, letting him fall on the pavement, and watched as he got up and ran away.

She turned her head, and saw Gabe getting up, before sitting down on the pavement, looking dazed and confused.

She walked up to him.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Dizzy, but I think I'm ok now," he said, as she pulled him up, and they went back to his apartment and saw the damage.

"Damn," he sighed to himself.

"Hey," she said, wrapping her arms around his elbow. "You know, you could pack some stuff up and stay with me for a while.."

FOR THE JUDGED

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

Back stabber
heart breaker
they call out
why must they scream and shout
I try to be kind and innocent
but hatred goes on for miles
they know nothing of me
they call my name and believe with that it is ok
for ignorance is bliss they say
but think I pray think back to that day
When you, or he, or she, even your best friend was
a stranger
in this time we have we can know every name
but very few stories
if you care to listen I shall tell
but if you have come to judge
burn in hell
I am not perfect but it all started
with one
...slip
then everything fell