

Fanatical Publishing presents. . .

Anything Obscure

Issue #4

Foreword

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

Contents

Morning Hair, The Ugly Duckling, The Love Affair by Craig Taylor-Broad	4
WOLF AND THE ENIGMATIC FIGURE by KevironDeshome	6
CLOWNS by BleedTheDream180	9
CITY WISH by imjustababe	11
STUCK by Otaku7727	12
MY DREAM by Andre2021	13
DISASSOCIATION by Post-punk-girl	15
SOMEWHERE by PincheSol	17
FADE by canadianwolfenris	18
THE SCIENTIST by ForeverMenou	20
NO WANT TOO by valleigh	27

Morning Hair, The Ugly Duckling, The Love Affair
by Craig Taylor-Broad

Craig Taylor-Broad was born and educated in the industrial heart of Cornwall, UK. As a young man who has grown into adulthood against a background of economic decline it is no surprise that his approach to his work should be as questioning as his poetry is 'edgy', 'restless', 'dark', 'quirky' and 'uncompromising'. Craig Taylor-Broad has been published in a variety of publications including 'The Big Issue' and often performs his work at various venues throughout Cornwall. His poetry pamphlet, *In Absence of Clear Conscience*, is currently available via <http://craigtaylorbroad.bigcartel.com/> and you can also follow his work via <http://craigtaylor-broad.tumblr.com/>.

If you wish to book Craig Taylor-Broad for events and readings please contact via Craigtaylor-broad@hotmail.co.uk or 07522381153. •

'What is going on with your hair' she says
as I writhe around the bed
like the girl from The Exorcist
my hair protruding in every direction from my skull
like unkempt peacock feathers,
'It's in its shit stage' I say
'It's like my ears' I say
'I just have to grow into it' I say
and she looks at me in confusion
with one eyebrow lifted feet above the other,
'It's always been in the shit stage' she says
'You're like the ugly duckling' she says
'How so?' I say
'We've been waiting years for you to turn
into a handsome man' she says
and I can feel my bottom lip trembling

and my eyes glaze over with a lake of tears,
'No fair' I say
'Why do you have to be so mean?' I say
and she walks over to me and fights with my hair
until it is calm and flat and peaceful,
'Oh shnookums, I love you' she says,
and I want to be mad
and I want to tantrum
I want to throw my arms in the air
sit in the corner
and with a red face ignore her
for the rest of the day
but I look at her smiling
and the child inside of me
smiles back.

WOLF AND THE ENIGMATIC FIGURE
by KevironDeshome of
<http://KevironDeshome.deviantart.com>

The golden wolf runs across a field just outside her forest, dashing to and fro among the wheat that the people of the area grew. She was no danger to their fields or their village, despite what the people may think, but her running would sometimes trample on some of the wheat when she wasn't paying close attention. Though she'd never admit to it.

At the edge of the forest a mass of midnight black fur watched her, another figure hidden behind him in the shadows. This one seemed less weary than the dark wolf, but not close to carefree. Both of them knew what could happen if the villagers saw a wolf in their fields, but neither wanted to interrupt the golden wolf's fun.

This second figure turned away and walked back into the forest when she noticed the black wolf sitting at the edge. Despite having seen this guardian of the forest, she rarely got a chance to speak with him. Fascination filled her eyes at the very appearance of this human-esque creature, but the shadow hid away his features this time.

"Who was that?" She asked, trotting over to the other wolf.

"Who?" He asked, pretending he didn't notice the forest guardian. He knew exactly who, but it wasn't his place to say.

"That man that was with you." She asked again, her face slightly contorted to show how upset she was

at his game.

"Humans don't venture into this forest, you know that." He answered, giving her this unimpressed look, almost as if to say "Your smarter than to ask." She huffed and swatted at his snout, both angrily and playfully.

"Stop that." He told her, this time his look being legitimately annoyed.

"I'll learn who that man is eventually, you know. I'm not stupid." She reminded him, walking past.

"And when you do tell me about him. I'm rather curious to see what tricks these shadows play on your eyes." He responded, his sarcasm being the closest thing to playfulness that he allowed of himself.

"Well one trick they play is making you disappear when the sun sets." She called out, running off.

"I'm not that dark!" He called back, running after her with a playful snarl. The two chased after each other for some time, with the golden wolf eventually forgetting about that dark figure hidden between the trees.

He watched them, however. A silent guardian to the forest, constantly among its inhabitants Especially to the golden fur and it's dark other, the two who were well known as the forest's descendants more than anyone else.

But with the long, playful days nothing would ever go wrong. Not with the enigmatic guardian watching them. Or at least it would seem that those days would last forever, and perhaps they will.

CLOWNS

by BleedTheDream180 of

<http://BleedTheDream180.deviantart.com>

There was one time when I was a kid
I hid in the circus at the age of six
Because all I remember is him following me around
A creepy clown with an upside-down frown

To say the least; this clown was not funny
It's more amusing watching bees make honey
With his stupid flower; he squirted my eyes
He made a little boy sad; oh God why?

With his big shoes; he invaded my bubble
I swear this clown was nothing but trouble
He failed at making those animal balloons
He wrapped himself up; what a buffoon!

Watching him juggle was really a bore
He dropped all the balls right on the floor
Then on his unicycle he kept spinning around
And circling me with his upside-down frown

The worst of it all that I can recall
He mimed every move; run, stop, and crawl
Like looking into a mirror with an alien staring
back
Such an invasion of privacy; I was mentally
attacked

And how can so many clowns fit in a car?
What are they doing in there?; how can they get
far?
Imagine being tailed by a bunch of creepy clowns
A bunch of creepy clowns with upside-down frowns

I have to say my biggest complaint
You don't know what he's thinking behind his face

paint

He could be a murderer, a psycho, but he'll always
grin

Even while committing the most tragic of sins

But if clowns are your thing, then please no
offense

Maybe you find laughter in these weird events

As for me, as you see, I really hate clowns

Especially ones with upside-down frowns

CITY WISH

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

Oh, little star I see
Or is it a plane?
Gliding across the sky.

Can you grant my wish?
Or any other of these city lights,
Millions I see

As constant as these lights may be,
More constant than the stars above
Can a single one grant my wish?

The desperation I possess
Keeps me wishing on stars,
I have hope

But this city has taught me,
Only I can make my wishes a reality,
And can no longer rely on stars.

-Gulbahar Ciftci

STUCK

by Otaku7727 of <http://Otaku7727.deviantart.com>

Clock ticks slower
Keys clack quicker
Voices are louder
Thoughts aren't moving

Focus lost
Distraction found
Nothing is going to get done

A stand still
Stalemate
Change of pace

Kill time

It'll be fun they said...

MY DREAM

by Andre2021 by <http://andre2021.deviantart.com>

gravity weaving my new story

crushesmy past

reconstructs my present

forging my future

covers my wounds with the golden dust of the
mysteries

Revealexitenciales secrets

follow me and erase my mistakes

make my intimate world

take my hand

show me the right thing

I want to be reborn in a dark horse paper

I want to achieve and win challenges impossible

I want to run in virgin forests

I want love to be right

I want tears mourn perfect

I want to feel the rain clearing my sins

I want new blood

I want a strong heart

I want to live only one time

DISASSOCIATION

by Post-punk-girl of <http://Post-punk-girl.deviantart.com>

The bathwater
ran cold long ago
I can see the point where
the hot water
pouring in
meets the cold.
And they clash.
The water billows,
curls in on itself
and I watch for a little while.

Goosebumps
line my
arms and my
legs
I hug my knees
and draw them up
to rest my chin
against.
My hairs stand on end.
But they do not
feel like mine
and my skin doesn't
feel like mine.
I wish I could
step out of it
and become a ghost
for a day or two.

My legs,
though they do not
feel like my legs,
begin to slowly

drip
dr i p

d r i p

and the water
slowly
begins to run
red with
blood.

I am digging for
gold in
the valleys of
my hips and
the crevices I
dug out long
ago are
finally yielding.
I am opening
up old
minshafts
in even
older hills and
reaping the
rewards.

SOMEWHERE

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

Goes into her.

Goes and strays.

She goes left and I stay right.

She knows of cats, of worms and willows.

i admit.. it was all a hoax.

hidden in the sea.

she looks of a conch..

instead finding wen.

she scratches her ponch.

pulls the shawl back over her shoulder.

most just meander, hint at candor.

FADE
by canadianwolfenris of
<http://canadianwolfenris.deviantart.com>

I reach out to touch you
My hand cold as ice
I fall right through you
Just trying to be nice.
I feel so empty
Like I'm fading away
I guess I don't mind
It's better this way.

You say you can see
But you're looking around
I'm standing right here
But I can't be found.
I sit patiently,
On my face a sad smile,
I'm tired of talking
I'll rest for a while.

The cold, wet snow
That melts on my skin
Drips through me endlessly
Transparent within.
My grey eyes echo
The coldness and fear
You look in my direction,
But there's nothing here.

I fade like a shadow
Between the trees
No one suspects
No one knows, no one sees.
I speak my soft whisper
A whisp of white mist,
Quickly blown away

It won't be missed.

THE SCIENTIST
by ForeverMenou of
<http://ForeverMenou/deviantart.com>

He was lying sprawled out on the bed of the hotel room fast asleep. Downstairs a convention was still going on hard and loud in the early morning. He had spent the first day walking around viewing the different panels and booths. He was dressed up to be the "invisible man", wearing black sunglasses to hide his light blue eyes; he bandaged up his face and hands, and wore a long black overcoat to complete the outfit. But bandages of course don't really breathe well. After 2 hours of wearing them he went back to the hotel room and ripped them off his face and collapsed onto the bed asleep. As he slept he dreamed about the black lace and corset that framed her small body. How she cutely winked at him and made him chase her through the crowd only to disappear when he thought he had gotten hold of her.

It was day 2 and he already had missed her twice. The first time, when he finally cornered her it was in the elevator of the hotel. She had been teasing him since the first night when they held a masquerade. Running up to him and planting a passionate kiss on his lips then ran off. He followed her out of the hall and saw her swing around the corner. In the light he could see her black and white Lolita outfit. Black stocking that wrapped up her legs and hips, decorated with a bow on each sock. She beckoned to him to the exit doors, and he followed her outside into the dark and pouring rain.

She was standing up against the brick building looking up at him with a small smile twiddling her

thumbs. As if she was waiting for something.

"So what is your name?" he asked her. She smiled. And quietly she answered.

"Maybe I don't have one."

"How can you not have name?"

"Well do you have one?"

"Yes, it's Matthew."

"Oh. In that case I guess my name could be Natalie."

"It could be?"

"Yes, for now I'm Natalie. Is that alright?" He couldn't help but laugh.

"It's alright. What are your plans for the evening?"

"At the moment I'm heading home." She pointed towards the lit bus stop across the street. She got on her toes and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "We'll have to continue tomorrow." She bounced off into the rain and away from him. Despite the cold he could still feel her warmth on his cheek. He walked back in alone and back to his hotel room.

The next morning he got up and attended the convention again. This time he left behind his costume and walked around with just his suit and trench coat. Occasionally fan girls were calling out to him for some reason, something to do with 'Torchwood' or some doctor. But he came down early for the private viewing of a new show that was

being held in theater. Sitting in the dark he watched the hour long episode pass by.

At half hour mark he felt someone breathe on his neck and run their fingers through his hair from behind. Someone nuzzled his neck and reached down to hold his hand.

"Natalie?" he whispered, as not to bother the other viewers.

"Yes Matthew?" she whispered back into his ear. She was leaning over his shoulders draped on him.

"What do you think you're doing silly girl?" He turned to look her in the eyes. He couldn't see her clearly but he could make out her bright eyes looking at him, smiling in the dark.

"We should get out of here."

"And why is that?" She kissed him on the cheek like before and slid off him, and walked out of the room. Promptly he got up and followed her out. Back out in the light she saw that her original dark outfit was replaced with something sweeter. A mad hatter dress that looked mismatched and sewn together with different colors and ribbons. Her outfit seemed to match her theme. The stockings were two different vibrant colors and her cute lolita shoes were replaced with black combat boots.

"Feeling slightly mad, are we?" he joked with her and she just smiled. "I guess I'm yours for the day."

"If you want to put it that way, then sure."

"What do you feel like doing?"

"Beating you." She grabbed his arm and dragged him to the gaming room, sat him down in front of a screen and put a controller in his hands. An hour of nothing but mindless beatings went by. She held her own against him and after it was over she 'rewarded' him with a kiss and let him buy her ice cream. They found a place away from the convention, waiting in line she was on his arm nuzzling him close. He finally noticed the cat tail that was connected to her dress by a ribbon that wrapped around her waist. Whenever she moved around it would twitch slightly.

"Cute tail."

"Thanks I made it at the last minute." For a second he thought he heard a purr come from her lips. He got their ice cream and found a place outside to sit.

"So why are you so attached to me?"

"I wouldn't call it that."

"Why?"

"All things must come to end eventually. Even this does. After the convention is over with I probably won't see you again." Matthew reached over and pulled her closer to her.

"Not true. We could always stay in contact try to meet up afterward. Where do you live?" She pointed to the right down the street.

"In that direction, near the ocean. What about you?"

"I live in the next city over."

"See, it's too far. And I don't know if I'm coming back."

"You wouldn't even come back to see me?" He joked. She just looked at him and stood up to walk away. "You have to leave?"

"Well, yes. I need to go back to my hotel right now."

"Can I at least get your number?" She stopped in her tracks and spun around.

"I guess you could." She crouched down and gave him her phone to type in. "Now, I really have to go." She yanked the phone away from him and walked off. After she was out of sight his phone buzzed, and he checked it for a message.

Message Received at 12:25 PM:

Matt?

He texted her back.

Message Sent at 12:26 PM:

Natalie?

Message Received at 12:28 PM

Thank you for the ice cream.

The next evening was the last night of the convention. There was no sign of Natalie anywhere for most of the day. No text or phone call came for Matthew either. She didn't appear until the last panel was over. He found her dressed in the outfit from the first day, standing in the corner by herself. He stood next to her and kissed her on the head.

"Why are you all by yourself?" He asked.

"Just felt like being alone for a little bit. This is the last night of this right?"

"Yes."

"So I'm guessing this is our last night together?"

"Does it have to be?"

"Yes unfortunately." He hugged her to his chest and stroked her hair.

"Can't we at least try? Just try?"

"For you, I guess I could." She sighed into him.

"Can I stay the night in your room?"

"Sure why not. We can go now." They headed back to his room and immediately she dove into the bed and curled up under the blankets. "Already comfortable?" She nodded and beckoned him to join her underneath. They cuddled close together until she fell asleep soundly in his arms.

The next morning, he felt the emptiness next to him, and woke to see her already gone. No note or anything showing that she had been there. His roommates were fast asleep in their own beds by

then but she was nowhere to be seen. Frantically he grabbed his phone and tried to call her.

For a few minutes the phone rang and rang but there only was one message left read out in a metallic computer voice:

"We're sorry. The number you have tried to reach has disconnected and is no longer available to receive your call. Please hang up and try again." And ended with a beep.

NO WANT TOO

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

No energy
no urge,
I'm too weak to move on,
An too ill to care
All I need is a boost,
But who will give me what I need?