



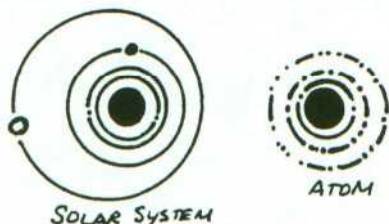
THE GRIM

ISSUE 2

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 2000

ONE DIMENSION

Theorists at one time used the model of the solar system to describe the structure of an atom: it was thought that electrons existed in orbits around the atomic nucleus like the planets orbit the sun.



As we learned more about the behavior of atoms, this comparison was abandoned -- electrons exist in spherical shells around an atom's nucleus, rather than in a planar orbit like a planet around the sun. Now that we know more about quantum reality though, I propose that the old comparison be reinstated, with a new twist: planetary shells.

The position of the electron in its orbital shell cannot be precisely defined without ruining the dynamic structure of the atom. If you point at an electron and say, "There it is!" the rotten little bugger immediately stops moving. That's called Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle: we can't know both the location and speed of a particle, since by defining one property, you immediately change the other. For example, you can know how fast a car goes only by recording its travel time between two points, during which time its location must be constantly changing. You can pinpoint the same car's precise location only by arresting its motion at that location, if only for the instant it takes to get the information. Either way, you can't record both properties at once.

The electron shell is like a cloud around the atom's nucleus of all possible locations that the electron *could* be found. (Typically, the shell describes only the most probable locations.) When you observe an electron at an exact location, you're defining its position for your particular version of reality. It immediately drops out of all the other possible positions that it had previously occupied and settles into the one you observed. When you stop observing, the electron returns to its place in the shell of all-possible-locations, and you're left with a memory of where you last saw it. Reality was precisely defined for a moment -- now, for that electron, at least, everything is up in the air again.

It might be mentioned that the classical definition of an electron describes it as a particle with a negative electrical charge and negligible mass. The mass is only derived from the effect that the charge has on surrounding particles -- an electron actually is not composed of matter at all, and has no mass to speak of, very much like one of those non-dimensional points from geometry class.

If you'll remember from last issue, I was going on about all things being possible on either side of the non-dimensional point that we call the present. (If you don't remember, you can read the article on the website.) And since all realities are within the realm of possibility, the earth's position in its orbit around the sun is not limited to the one we happen to experience.

Literally true as this is, it may have more impact if used symbolically. There are infinite possible versions of reality, and each one may be represented by one of the infinite different possible positions of the earth in relation to the sun. We directly experience only one of these realities at any given moment, arresting our awareness to one position at a time. At a quantum level, though, all possibilities are equally valid and true, and time is a quaint idea. Quantum Earth exists in shells, like its cousin, the electron.

PLANETARY
SHELL
?



ELECTRON
SHELL
?

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WHAT'S IT
GOING TO TAKE
TO CONVINCE YOU
PEOPLE TO PUT
ME AWAY?!

THE GRIM

BEST BUMPER-STICKER AWARD:

"VOTE for CTHULHU..."

WHY CHOOSE the
LESSER of
TWO EVILS?"

THE GRIM'S WEBSITE IS
OFFICIALLY OPEN!

(THOUGH WE'RE STILL WORKING
ON IT, SO SOME PAGES JUST HAVE
A LUTE-PLAYER AND A COUPLE
DANCING DEAD GUYS -- MORE
FUN THAN A BORING OLD
CONSTRUCTION SIGN!)

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oooooh, our own domain name!

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WHO BELIEVES IN
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all planes and beings throughout the fabric of existence. You already create your own
reality, so share it: take an active role in everyone else's. Lend your voice. the Grim shall
be pleased to consider your art, poetry, fiction... or whatever... for publication.

If you aren't native to our plane, willing channelers are waiting to hear from you.
Electromagnetic waves cross the planar boundaries — perhaps you could use one to
connect to a receiver here on our plane. (Computer, radio, video, a dreaming brain...)

We've even got a mailbox, if you're so inclined.

We cannot presently pay for any submissions we use, but hey, if you're only
interested in this for the money, you wouldn't understand anyway.

If not channeling, please direct all submissions and communication to:

the Grim

PO Box 120192

Kentwood, MI 49512-0192

or email: editor@thegrim.net

Enclose a SASE with snailmail if you want your work returned.

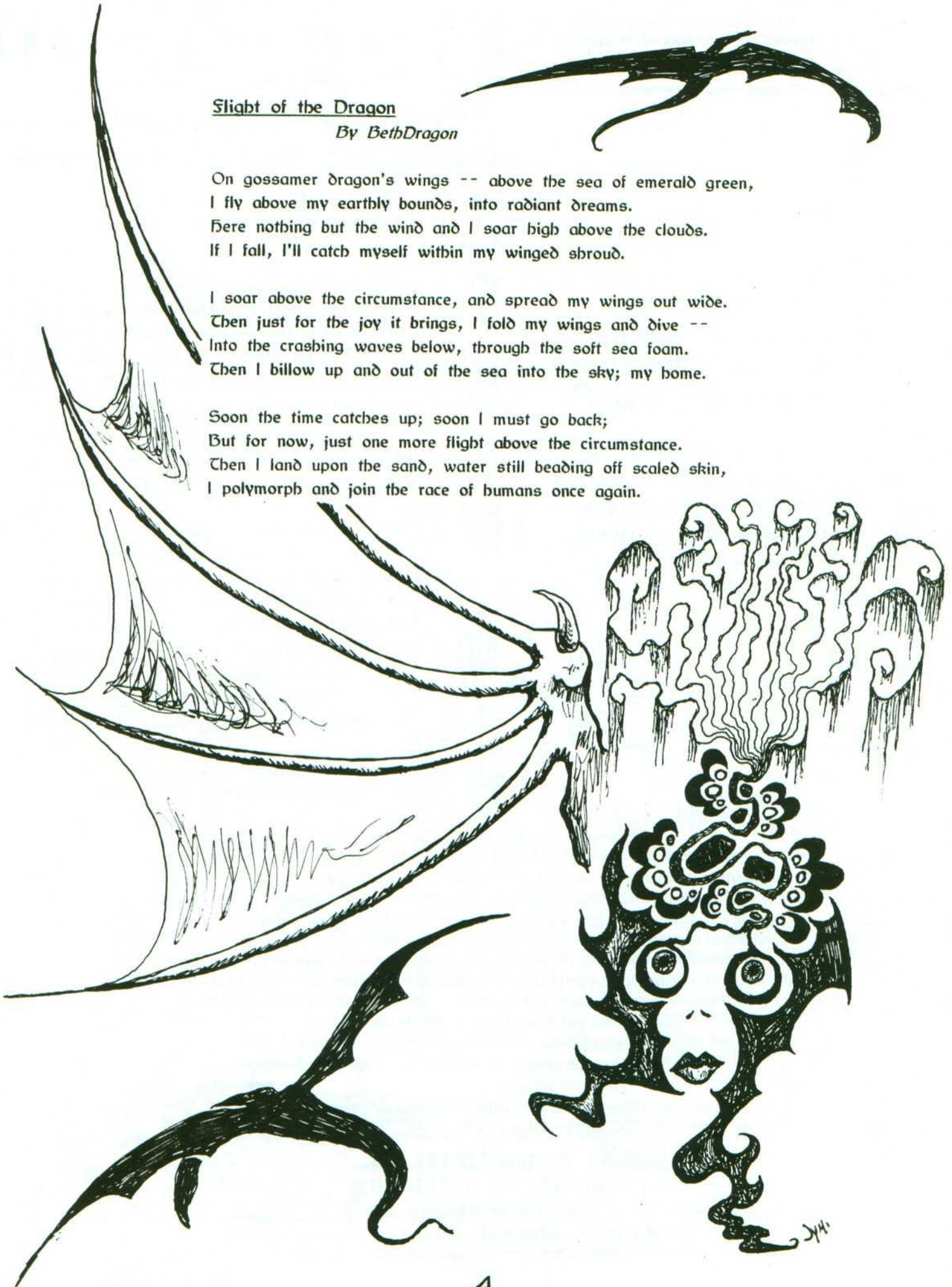
Slight of the Dragon

By BethDragon

On gossamer dragon's wings -- above the sea of emerald green,
I fly above my earthly bounds, into radiant dreams.
Here nothing but the wind and I soar high above the clouds.
If I fall, I'll catch myself within my winged shroud.

I soar above the circumstance, and spread my wings out wide.
Then just for the joy it brings, I fold my wings and dive --
Into the crashing waves below, through the soft sea foam.
Then I billow up and out of the sea into the sky; my home.

Soon the time catches up; soon I must go back;
But for now, just one more flight above the circumstance.
Then I land upon the sand, water still beading off scaled skin,
I polymorph and join the race of humans once again.



ASK PERCY THE SCIENCE CLOWN!

Dear Percy the Science Clown,

What keeps the moon from falling? I've never understood that. How far up does Earth's gravity reach? Is the moon going to crash on us someday? Why don't we ever get to see the other side of it? Oh my god. That's really weird. Don't you think that's weird?

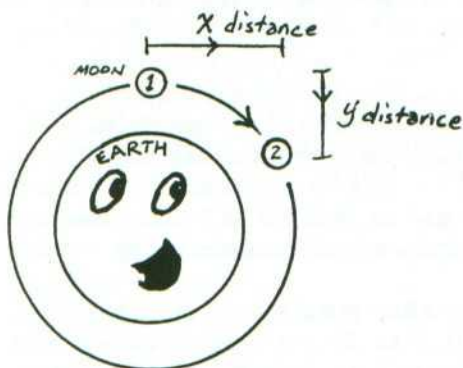
Anxious

Dear Anxious,

Ok, calm down. Take your pills. Deep breath...there. Now listen.

In fact, the moon is falling, and Earth's gravitational reach (as well as that of any object with mass) is infinite. Its strength lessens with distance, but it never reaches zero.

Anything in orbit stays there because of its forward momentum. It's falling – but it's also moving forward at such a speed that the horizontal distance covered during its vertical motion corresponds to the curvature of the planet. As the moon falls a mile toward Earth, it also travels forward through space far enough that the surface of the planet below curves down one mile.



The moon is constantly falling. If it were going any slower, it would eventually spiral down to the surface. Any faster, and it would go whizzing off into space. Don't start hyperventilating, now – neither of these things is likely to happen. According to Newton's First Law of Motion, the Law of Inertia, any object not already moving isn't going to start, and any object moving in one direction isn't going to stop, slow down or change direction, unless some other force comes along to influence the these objects. And unless you plan to get up there and push against the moon's forward motion, the only force influencing the moon is the Earth's gravity and the occasional piece of space junk that hits its surface (the effects of which are negligible).

No, I don't think it's weird. It happens all over the universe. However, you brought up one interesting coincidence in our Earth-moon system that not many other satellite systems can claim – we never see the other side of the moon. It does spin as it revolves around the earth, but its rotational period happens to be exactly the time required to keep the same side always facing the planet. That's kind of weird, but I promise you don't need to worry about it. Do you feel better now?



Dear Percy the Science Clown,

How do fireflies make their butts light up? I like that. I want to try it too.

Lambchop

Dear Lambchop,

That, my friend, is recycled sunlight. The sun's photons hit a plant's leaf and excite the atoms within it (an excited atom is one in which the electrons have more energy and, thus, bigger orbits around the nucleus). Chemical reactions (which I don't have the space to describe) within the plant molecules trap the atoms in these excited states. The plant uses this excess energy to fuel *photosynthesis*, that is, changing other chemicals from air, water and soil into nourishing sugars and carbohydrates. Along comes a hungry *Lampyridae* (firefly) and munches the leaf. Later, in the bug's body, the chemicals that kept the atoms excited dissolve. The electrons return to their original state, giving off that extra energy in the form of photons – and the bug's butt lights up! Isn't that neat?

The bugs use this nifty ability to attract mates, so I can certainly see why you would wish to emulate them. Unfortunately, most persons who are not fireflies just can't make their butts light up. You never know, though. Maybe, if you eat enough vegetables – I mean piles and piles of them, and then bend over and place a lit candle very close to your butt for awhile (to give your cells the idea), I just bet something interesting will happen. You try it and let me know.

Dear Percy the Science Clown,

How do you manage to look so great all the time?

An Adoring Fan

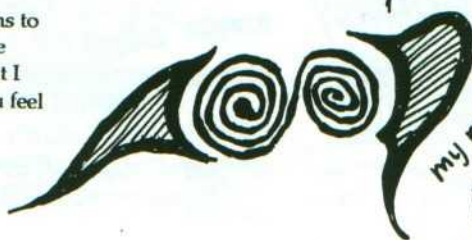
Why, thank you!

My acute fashion sense can be attributed, in part, to my lab partner. Rollo the Analysis Buffoon is not only an inter-galactically accredited scientific genius, but is also invaluable for helping me keep my accessories in line. And he can sing, too!



Got a question for Percy? Send it to the Grim!
Come on, you know you want to!

percy@thegrim.net



my mouse is on fire!



RENEWAL

By Cyndi Vallad

The events of the day weigh on my mood.
The concerns of the week depress my mind.
The happenings of the month draw down my spirit.

The worries of the year compress my soul.

The planning is complete.

The arrangements are made.

The forest calls to me.

The time to renew myself is here.

Warm sun.

Birds softly calling.

Cool wind.

Rich damp earth.

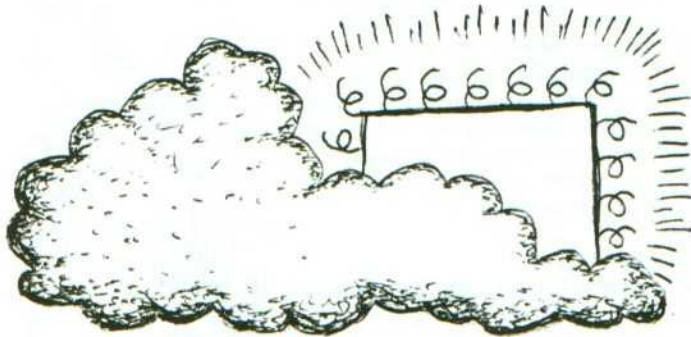
The sun on my face lifts my mood.

The wind refreshes my mind.

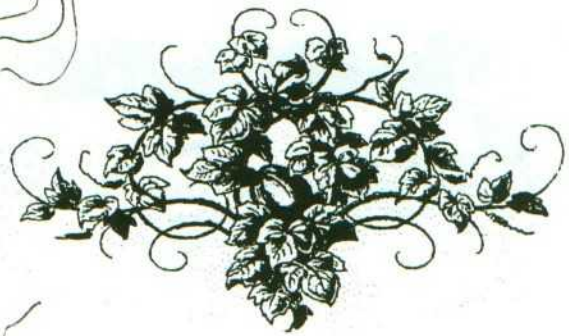
The birdsong calls to my spirit.

The earth...

The Earth, she nourishes my soul.



The Miracle of Flight



Naked in Group Therapy

Who am I? I'm Denise. I'm Nathan and Trevor's mom. I'm Bruce's wife. I'm a daughter, a sister, a friend, teacher, student. I'm a photographer, a musician.

What am I afraid of? Not being loved unconditionally, accepted, needed. I'm afraid my soul-mate will want a younger, better model. I'm afraid my boys will need me and I won't hear them call. I'm afraid my boys won't need me. I'm afraid my parents, husband, boys, sisters will die. I'm afraid I won't be what someone needs. I'm afraid to feel what I need, because I might miss what someone else needs.

What makes me angry? Being lied to. Being lied to. Being lied to. Being lied to. Being lied to. Being lied to. Being lied to. Being lied to. Being lied to.

What makes me happy? My boys. My husband. sigh.

What do I feel guilty about? Not meeting enough of the needs of my husband, my sons, my parents. Working instead of being home at night with my family — in bed with my husband. Sleeping during the day instead of being with Trevor. Being tired all the time, so everyone else does laundry, cooking, cleaning.

What do I pretend/what am I dishonest about? I pretend I'm okay. I'm dishonest about my needs ("I'm always okay." "I don't need anything." "I don't need anyone.") I pretend that I can always be in control, that I can't be hurt, that no one can ever make me cry. I pretend that I can help everyone, and that I never need help.

An Introduction to Numerology

-- Jymi

Numerology is the study of the deeper esoteric meanings of each of the numbers. Usually it is used by assigning each letter of the alphabet a number, adding up the letters of a person's name, and divining their personality traits from the resulting sum.

This amusing parlour game evolved from studies of reams upon reams of ancient texts written by scholars who not only considered the numeric value of each word they used, but the way it related to all the words around it. Numerology affects language on levels from one letter at a time to entire tomes of hidden alpha-numeric patterns. Thus, all writing has both a surface meaning (that which is readily apparent from the words on the page), and a deeper significance that most people will never read: the patterns and relationships of the numbers embedded within the text often tell the other half of the story. *The Bible Code* by Michael Drosnin (©1997, Simon & Schuster) illustrates this concept nicely.

Numerological systems vary slightly from source to source, so students have to determine which system they feel is the most credible. Here is a common table:

A - 1	J - 10 (1)	S - 19 (10 = 1)
B - 2	K - 11 (2)	T - 20 (2)
C - 3	L - 12 (3)	U - 21 (3)
D - 4	M - 13 (4)	V - 22 (4)
E - 5	N - 14 (5)	W - 23 (5)
F - 6	O - 15 (6)	X - 24 (6)
G - 7	P - 16 (7)	Y - 25 (7)
H - 8	Q - 17 (8)	Z - 26 (8)
I - 9	R - 18 (9)	

The second numbers by the double digits are derived from adding each digit:

N = 14 = 1 + 4 = 5. Thus 5 is the number assigned to the letter N in this system.

You can get the numeric story behind any name by adding the numbers given to the letters of that name:

T H E G R I M

$$2 + 8 + 5 + 7 + 9 + 9 + 4 = 44 = 8$$

Eight is a number of worldly success, authority, power and strength. Hey, that doesn't sound too bad! But 44 is one of the special double digits which has higher levels of meaning and shouldn't be broken down. 44 includes...well, I'll quote my book*: "Your desire should be that others may share in universal prosperity and you should set about to construct situations in which this is possible." To me, "universal prosperity" means that everyone can share in the creative joys of an infinite multiverse, so I started this magazine to help that concept along. See what numerology is getting at? (I didn't even consider numerological factors when I chose the name -- actually, I got the name out of a dream I had in which I was the editor of some weird little magazine...) As you can guess, I've barely scratched the surface here. And my whole point of writing *this* article was to introduce the next one.

Most people only consider the Arabic and Hebrew alphabets when they think about numerology. However, it's been said that "mathematics is the language of the universe", and as Sean Thayer will show us, numbers define and transcend written languages throughout all history and culture.

*Numerology and the Divine Triangle

by Faith Javane and Dusty Bunker.

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An excellent book for the beginning student or for one already familiar with the basics of numerology and ready to delve more deeply into the subject.



RN+I< AFBMAFTI<S

YNTFFCXP:NTISJCYZ:TBMMTONQ

Though mostly thought of as tokens for divination similar to the use of tarot cards among the pagan and heathen religions, the previous breakdown of its root-word exemplifies deeper, more esoteric characteristics. They have been found as potent magical signs engraved into stone, wood and even etched upon steel and iron weapons as early as 50c.e. They were carried as talismans, jewelry and weapons, and carved into burial markers and magic totems called *nid* poles. There have even been examples of *runic* forms built into the framework of certain structures. For purposes of simplicity I will use the perspective of the *runes* in the most spiritual sense: manifestations of the various mysterious forces which make up the universal construction.

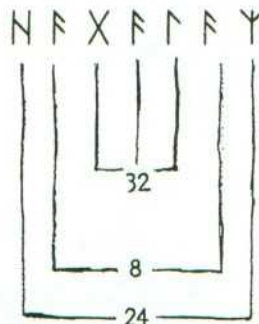
It is easiest to understand this as a sort of Periodic Table for the energies which exist beyond the physical/tangible realm. Because of the manner in which these *runes* are historically preserved, there also is a number signature for each. This is simply a series of digits from one to twenty-four following the order of their presentation. Let's take Ingwaz: ◇ (I-NG-WU-A-Z). It is working as a rune of an ordering

5 staves = 60 (4 x 15)

30

15

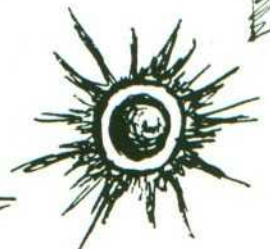
Now think upon Hagalaz: **H** (the Hail-Seed). The total of HAGALAZ is 64 (8×8). That is the power of 8 taken into an eight-fold direction; to every quarter and every eighth (ætt). Every other rune is Ansuz: **A**. When looking at it one can see how its name represents various layers like that of an onion or a Seed. A seed has layers; a shell, a skin, and the "fruit" within. So figure the numbers, totaling the various combinations. Immediately there is a pattern from outside to in. Working your way from the shell to the fruit note that the two outer runes, HAGALAZ: **H** and ELHAZ: **A** total 24; a complete, protective shell – holding the composition intact through the wholeness of the entire Elder Futhark (24 *staus*).



The following table will help to clarify any confusion as to the number, translation and esoteric interpretation of the runes of the Elder Futhark.

F - 1 - F	fehu	cattle, money (gold)	dynamic power
U - 2 - U	uruz	aurochs (powerful animal)	primal, formative essence
Þ - 3 - th	thurisaz thurs	(etin) or giant	breaker of resistance
F - 4 - A	ansuz	Æsir (sovereign god)	sovereign ancestral force
R - 5 - R	raido	wagon or chariot	path or vehicle of cosmic force
K - 6 - K, C	kenaz	torch, sore	controlled energy
X - 7 - G	gebo	gift	exchanged forces
W - 8 - W	wunjo	joy, pleasure	harmony of like forces
H - 9 - H	hagalaz	hail (seed)	seed form, primal union
N - 10 - N	naudiz	need	resistance/deliverance
I - 11 - I	isa	ice	contraction/concentration
J - 12 - J	jera	year (good harvest)	orbit (life cycle)
E - 13 - i/ei	eihwaz	yew tree	axis (tree of life/death)
P - 14 - P	perthro	lot cup	evolutionary force
Z - 15 - Z, R	elhaz	elk/sword protector	protective and tutelary numen
S - 16 - S	sowilo	sun	sun-wheel (pure hard light)
T - 17 - T	tiwaz	Tyr (the sky god)	sovereign order
B - 18 - B	berkano	birch tree (goddess)	retainer/releaser
E - 19 - E	ehwaz	horse/two horses	trust and pairing
M - 20 - M	mannaz man	(humans)	human order (divine ancestry)
L - 21 - L	laguz	water, leek, flow	life energy and organic growth
NG - 22 - ng	ingwaz	Ing- the earth god	gestation-container
D - 23 - D	dagaz	day	twilight/dawn (paradox)
O - 24 - O	othala	ancestral property	self-contained hereditary force

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AUTUMN AGAIN...

AGAIN.

BRINGS BACK THE SAME NAMELESS PAIN

THE SOUL TURNS BRITTLE

EASILY CRACKED

WAITING TO SHRIEK

AND IN SEPTEMBER MY EYES GET CRAZY

LIKE A BLOOD SACRIFICE

THE SOUND OF : STEEL ON BONE

BUBBLES IN THE BACK OF MY THROAT

- AND OUT THROUGH MY EYES

IM FORGETTING SOMETHING...

AUTUMN AGAIN:

CHILDREN STUFFED WITH STORIES AND PIE,

A RED LEAF SKITTERS ACROSS THE CEMENT

~~BRINGING IT ALL BACK~~ BRINGING IT ALL BACK

AGAIN...

I ALMOST HAD IT THAT TIME.

I WAS A CHILD, ONCE

CRASHING THROUGH PILES OF AUTUMN

RUNNING TOWARD THE REST OF MY LIFE:

~~I~~ I RAN WHEN THE WORLD WAS NEW.

AUTUMN.

AND ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO

IS RUSH INTO MY DARK ANGEL'S ARMS

AND SLEEP IN SAFE SERENITY

AT HIS SIDE.

IT'S BEEN A VERY

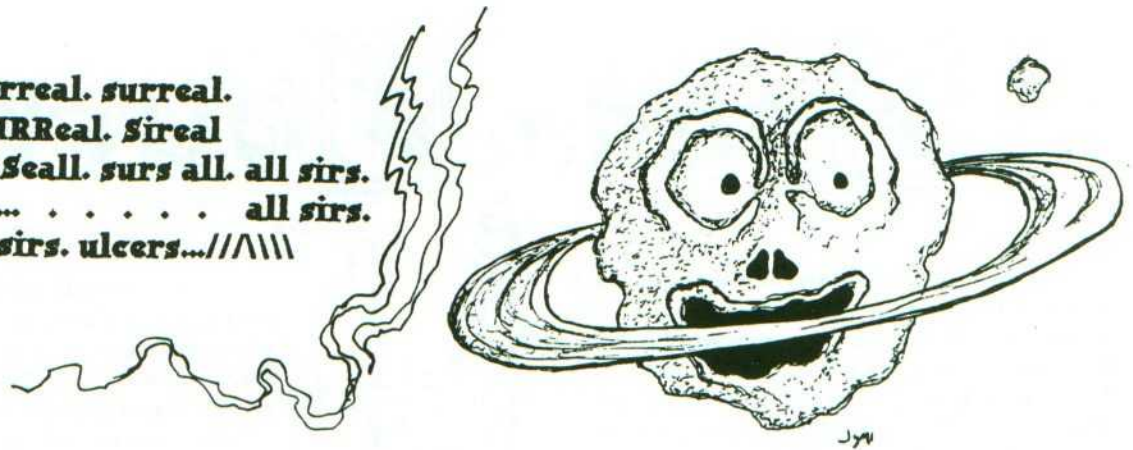
VERY

LONG TIME.

-Lym

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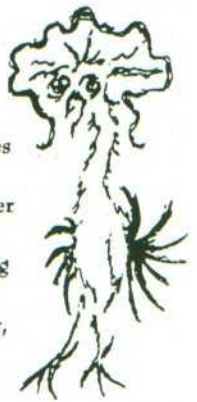
ryan van



MY FAVORITE STUPID EMAIL

^{31*}
 This Issue: ~~30~~ Fun Things to Do on an Elevator

1. Make race car noises whenever anyone gets on or off.
2. Blow your nose and offer to show the contents of your tissue to other passengers.
3. Grimace painfully while smacking your forehead and muttering, "Shut up, dammit, all of you just shut UP!"
4. Whistle the first seven notes of *It's a Small World* incessantly.
5. On a long ride, sway side to side at the natural frequency of the elevator.
6. Crack open your briefcase or purse, and while peering inside, ask: "Got enough air in there?"
7. Offer name tags to everyone getting on the elevator. Wear yours upside down.
8. Stand silent and motionless in the corner, facing the wall, without getting off.
9. When arriving at your floor, grunt and strain to yank the doors open, then act embarrassed when they open by themselves.
10. Lean over to another passenger and whisper: "Noogie patrol coming!"
11. Greet everyone getting on the elevator with a warm handshake and ask them to call you Admiral.
12. On the highest floor, hold the door open and demand that it stay open until you hear the penny you dropped down the shaft go "plink" at the bottom.
13. Stare, grinning, at another passenger for awhile, and then announce, "I've got new socks on!"
14. Meow occasionally.
15. Bet the other passengers that you can fit a quarter in your nose.
16. Show other passengers a wound and ask if it looks infected.
17. Sing *Mary had a Little Lamb* while continually pushing buttons.
18. Holler, "CHUTES AWAY!!" whenever the elevator descends.
19. Walk on with a cooler that says "human head" on the side.
20. Stare at another passenger for awhile, then announce, "You're one of *them*!" and move to the far corner of the elevator.
21. Leave a box between the doors.
22. Ask each passenger getting on if you can push the button for them.
23. Wear a puppet on your hand and talk to the other passengers through it.
24. Say "Ding!" at each floor.
25. Lean against the button panel.
26. Say, "I wonder what all these do?" and push the red buttons.
27. Listen to the elevator walls with a stethoscope.
28. Draw a little square on the floor with chalk and announce to the other passengers that this is your "personal space".
29. Bring a chair along.
30. Take a bite of a sandwich and ask another passenger, "Wanna see wha in muh mouf?"
31. Blow spit bubbles.
32. Announce in a demonic voice, "I must find a more suitable host body."
33. Carry a blanket and clutch it protectively.
34. Make explosion noises whenever anyone presses a button.
35. Wear X-Ray Specs and leer suggestively at other passengers.
36. Stare at your thumb and say, "I think it's getting larger."
37. If anyone brushes against you, recoil and holler, "Bad touch!"



* THE OTHER THIRTEEN JUST DIDN'T SEEM LIKE ALL THAT MUCH FUN.

Dream Journal

A friend and I were swimming in the lake when something started to bite my legs. I thought it was a snake because when I looked down, it looked like a snake. But it was a bunch of little slimy-like lizards with a lot of teeth!! We both screamed and jumped out of the water. We ran towards a house, while these things kept biting our legs. We went into the house and shut the door and ran upstairs. We figured we had lost them. We walked around, checking the rooms out. It was a pretty cool house. I walked into a bedroom and it had the bluest carpet: like the color of a Hawaiian ocean. I stepped into the room and as soon as I touched the floor, those creatures popped out of the carpet like it really was water. I jumped out of the room as fast as I could, but I still got bit several times.

I couldn't believe that they got into the house and were swimming in the carpet! I was still scared to leave the house and I didn't know what had happened to my friend. I figured that if I stayed out of that room I would be okay. I went back to searching through the other rooms upstairs. I was walking through one of the other rooms when a bunch of people started showing up in the room. I thought they were just normal human beings. Man, was I wrong!! They stared at me like I was their dinner!!

I wanted to run but there were too many of them. They started biting me repeatedly. It hurt so badly!! I didn't know where the hell I could go. I guess I was screwed!! I couldn't take anymore of their biting, so I told them I would join them. The catch was, though, I had to marry one of these bad creatures. Like things weren't bad enough? I figured I didn't have much of a choice so I agreed. I chose one of them and they were going to have a ceremony right there. Talk about a very quick wedding!! They have me lay down in the center of the room and everyone is standing around me. This didn't look to good for me: I was slightly nervous.

My mate entered the room and started undressing me. I asked him if it was going to be very painful. He assured me that it wouldn't be that bad. Why did I have a feeling it wasn't going to be that good either?

He started out by biting me all over. Geez, what a romantic guy!! Then he did what I would call a sexual ceremony for those creatures. He put his mouth over my feet, and slowly started to swallow me. It was

extremely uncomfortable. I watched as he swallowed my body and his mouth stretched more and more. I felt myself sliding down his throat, little by little. Before I knew it, my entire body was inside his. It felt really weird, weird in a way that I could not explain. I felt so slimy, especially while I was looking through his eyes.

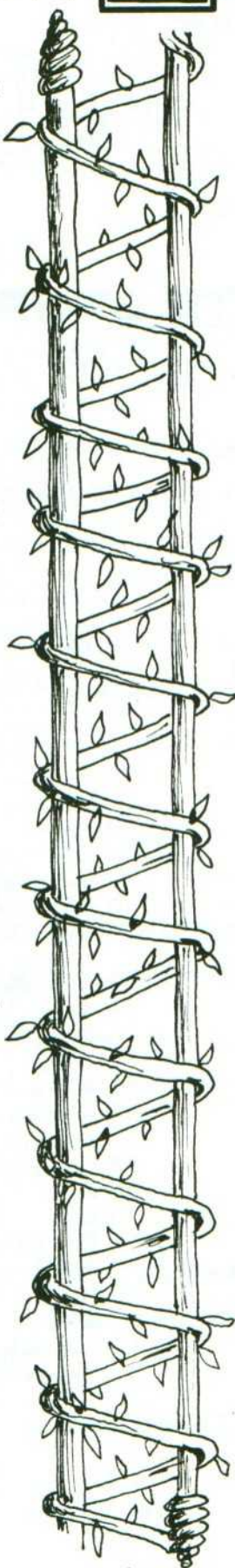
My body went through so many changes: like when a man turns into a werewolf. I felt like I was a totally different person: a very powerful person. The one thing I had to do to stay alive was bite other people. The idea seemed pretty sick at first, but I knew it was something I had to do.

The "biter gang" (that's what I'll call them) and I started out at a local supermarket and started killing all the people there. We attacked men, women and children. I really had a hard time killing the kids, but it was all part of my survival. We took any weapon we could find to make them weak, then we bit them until they died. After we wiped out the grocery store, we went to the mall. It seemed like our biting clan had grown within minutes. It was like a giant blood bath. People were dropping like flies.

It didn't seem to bother me anymore: biting the people, that is. I guess it wasn't much different than being a vampire. In a way, it was unique to be a part of a whole new breed of mankind. We didn't keep who we were hidden. Our goal was to wipe out the human race and take over the world.

t-fantasy

The eating or biting of another being has always been deeply symbolic throughout history. Most believe that by eating a being, you absorb their essence, and you and that being become a sort of new creature, with your essences melded together. In the waking world, this often involves bodily death for the one being absorbed, but this isn't always so on the other planes, where the form one takes is manipulated and affected differently than the body we're used to here. It sounds like you joined that clan in more ways than one! Marriage itself, in fact, symbolizes the merging of two beings into one. It's interesting that you were able to retain your individuality and remember the experience of literally blending your spirit with another's. However, the fact that you were frightened and coerced into the joining doesn't speak well of the clan...or maybe that was just your waking self's conscious reaction to them. If you remember more dreams with these people in them, let me know — we'd love to hear the next part of this story!



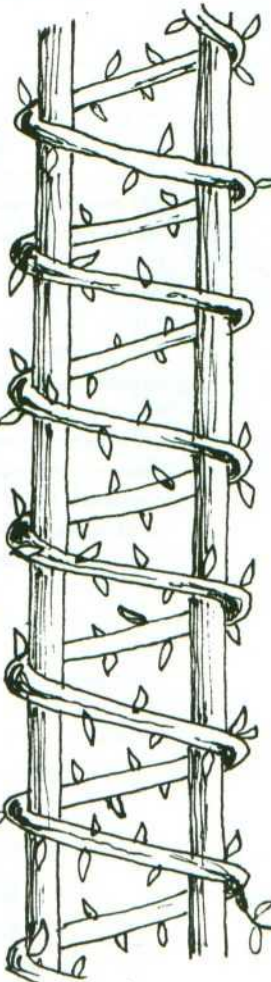
Now here's one of mine...

I dreamed that I was dating a guy who lived and worked in a playhouse. We had just started dating, and he showed me to his room in the basement. We were in a side hallway, and to our right was an enormous open area that would have been underneath the stage and the audience seating area on the main floor. I made some comment of appreciation about this, and he said "Actually, that's the Epithicum." In my dream, this word meant "backwards", or "breach".

His room was decorated in beautiful hardwood flooring and walls with furniture that matched. He told me that the furniture was made from the bones of the monks that had used the theater as an abbey in ancient times. He said that if I looked close enough at the wood, I would see the fossilized bone cells. I did, and I saw them: they were tiny counter-clockwise spirals.

The room was also full of old books. He grabbed one, pointed to a name in it, and asked if I could tell by the letters if the person named -- a mythical figure, I knew -- was married. I was flustered: he seemed like he would be a lot more knowledgeable about these things than me, and I couldn't figure out why he was asking me about it. The letters were a combination of old magical alphabets and Greek. I recognized some of them, but I told him I wouldn't be able to tell much about the symbols in the lettering without my books. There was an extra line above one of the letters, though, which I told him could have meant that the person was married. This seemed to satisfy him, and we went to lunch.

-- Jumi X/o



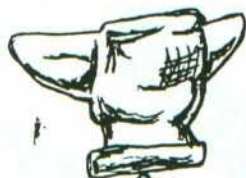
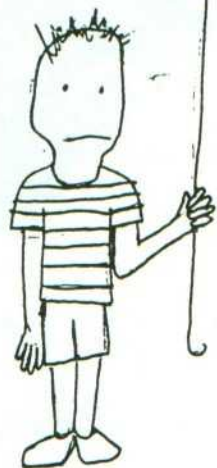
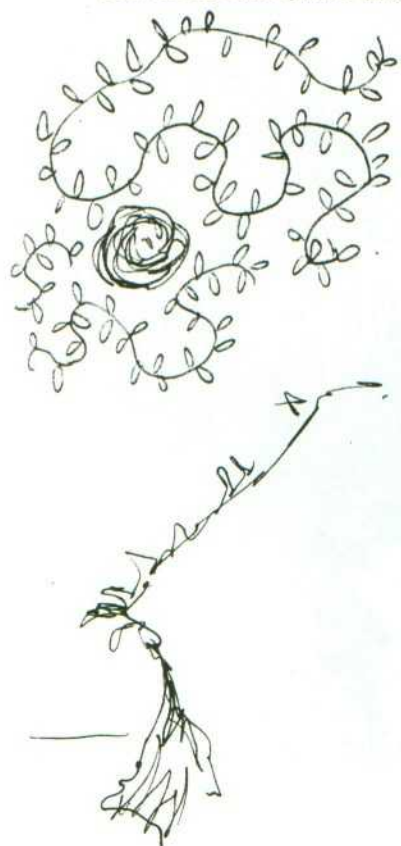
When I woke up the first thing I did was grab my Latin dictionary. The prefix "Epi", I remembered, means pre-, first, outer, stuff like that. The closest word I could find in the dictionary was "epithea", which means additional. If only I could speak Latin while awake as well as I seem to do in my sleep!

Spirals in general are a symbol of infinity, creation and cycles. Counterclockwise spirals have been connected to return, home or homecoming in several cultures.

Your turn!

Dreams are sometimes our only reliable contact with other planes.

Donate a page of your own dream adventures to add to the Grim's chronicles. We are especially interested in patterns of symbolism, intense detail, and recurring themes, events, characters and/or locations, but will be more than happy to have a look at whatever part of the dream world you have to share. Like a jigsaw puzzle...when we can see all the pieces...it starts to make sense.



You Done Got Mail...

To: Everyone@Multiverse.all
From: Jymi X/O<notbloodylikely@sha_right.com>
Subject: AAAAAAARRRGGGGH

You know how it goes. "Wow, 35 messages in my email box. Ooh, here's one from my good, dear friend BlarThrop-19, I wonder what he's got to say?"

-- click --

Oh, no.

BlarThrop, you didn't.

He did...it's one of *those*.

"I don't know how, but this really works! 10 seconds after I finished reading this, diamonds began shooting out of my ass and now I'm fabulously rich!"

"A woman in Elmira, Ohio completed this and ran into Mel Gibson that afternoon at the neighborhood SnappyShop! They're getting married on Tuesday!"

Uh-huh. Techno-magic? Harmless fun?

The catch is that in order for the magic to work, you have to forward it to everyone you've ever met.

Within 12 seconds. Minor annoyance? Well, you don't get a choice: It goes on to say that if you don't send it on, your best friend is going to be hit by a car and die. Your goldfish will drown. You will contract a rare, deadly, unpronounceable and incurable disease of the privates. Everyone will point and laugh at you as you stagger, dying, down the street. All because you're considerate of others and/or just don't know that many people. (And the ones you do know were already on the previous recipient list.)

To anyone who is even minorly superstitious, this can be kind of disturbing. No fair being cursed if you didn't do anything! No one asks for these damned letters. I don't know anyone who was greatly blessed or cursed by doing one thing or another with them. However, for those of you who may feel a twinge of guilt or fear everytime you receive one and trash it rather than bother your friends and family with it, I offer this counterspell. Scan or type yourself a copy of this article (or you'll be able to get it at the website soon) and save it, in whatever format you like, in your email program. It will effectively negate any possible magic effects of those annoying chain letters as your computer downloads them. Instead of living in fear of unjust retribution, just send a copy of this back to whoever sent you the offending chain letter. They could probably use it, too. You have my permission to make as many copies of this article as you like and distribute it as widely as you wish for the above-stated purpose, as long as you don't alter the wording of the text in any way. Put it this way: if you change anything, it won't work.

Links of spite and foolishness

Chain pass through

Deater-Magic woven only to distract

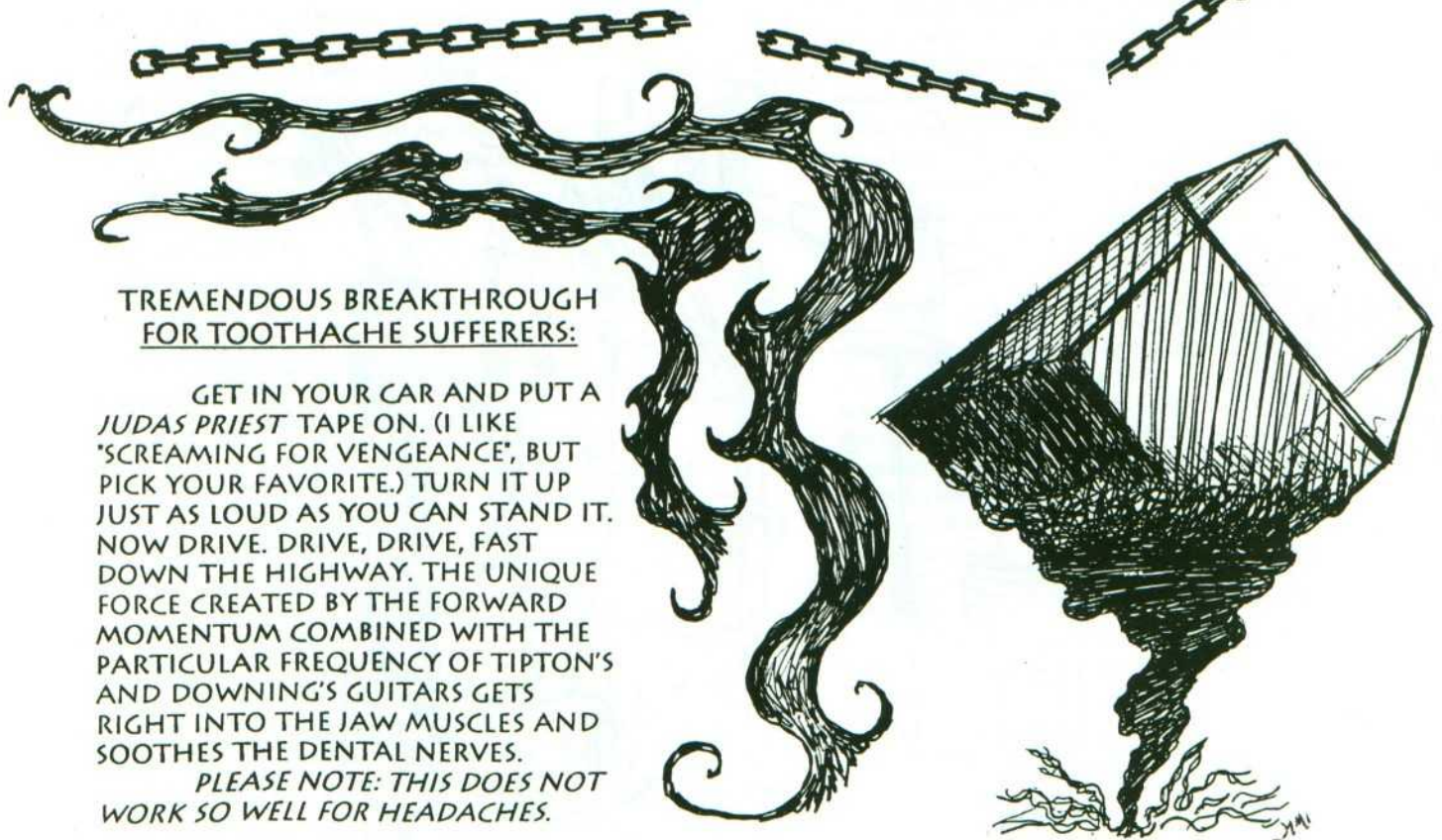
Chain pass through

I strip you of power

Chain pass through

Thou shalt do no harm

Chain break, dissolve.



TREMENDOUS BREAKTHROUGH FOR TOOTHACHE SUFFERERS:

GET IN YOUR CAR AND PUT A JUDAS PRIEST TAPE ON. (I LIKE "SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE", BUT PICK YOUR FAVORITE.) TURN IT UP JUST AS LOUD AS YOU CAN STAND IT. NOW DRIVE. DRIVE, DRIVE, FAST DOWN THE HIGHWAY. THE UNIQUE FORCE CREATED BY THE FORWARD MOMENTUM COMBINED WITH THE PARTICULAR FREQUENCY OF TIPTON'S AND DOWNING'S GUITARS GETS RIGHT INTO THE JAW MUSCLES AND SOOTHES THE DENTAL NERVES.

PLEASE NOTE: THIS DOES NOT WORK SO WELL FOR HEADACHES.

Passing Reflections

— Angel Memory

If you could come back, would you?
Okay, let me rephrase that... if you could have made it never happen, would you? Am I being silly, or are you really there? I feel your presence all the time, but I can't be sure. Right now, I feel like your arms are around me. I feel like your hand is on my back. Arms all around me, and cheek against cheek. It's not like the "cold" in the movies or the books... its like a warmth I've never known before. A heat.

When I'm very sad, it's almost like you are right there. I can think about you, and your arms surround me, and I feel close to you. If I imagine hard enough, I can run into your embrace again. I can hold my arms out to that first great hug of the day. I can almost feel my face pressed against your chest. Your arms folded behind my back. But you're not there.

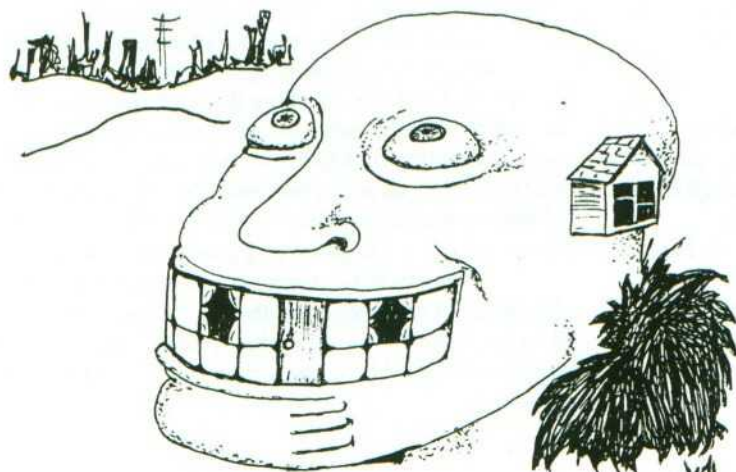
How do I move on? I can't find the answer on my own. I am still plagued by the sadness. I can't drop this, and I can't move on. You're not here...how can I? I love you, and you no longer exist in this phase. I wasn't ready to lose you. Do you remember that note I wrote you, when you had said you were going to quit working, and I begged you not to, since I wouldn't be able to see you every day.? I meant that. I mean it now. Not having you walk across the parking lot in front of my car tears me apart.

You and your beautiful tie. Always another beautiful tie. Yupp! I miss it. I miss you.

If I love you enough, maybe you can come back. If I loved you enough then, maybe you would have never left...but the love is just the same...I loved you this much before. It's just amplified in your absence. I miss you. I need to see you, and feel your arms around me. I need to know that you're still here. It would make it easier to know that you can hear me, and see me and read these words as I write them.

Whatever dreams may come, I just hope you're in them....

Mr. House



Gorehart Laboratories

METAPHYSICAL CONSULTANTS

OCCULT RESEARCH AND SERVICES
INTERDIMENSIONAL COUNSELING



"SOMETHING REALLY WEIRD
HAPPENED TO ME..."

954 2537

is this it?

i see no hope for people.

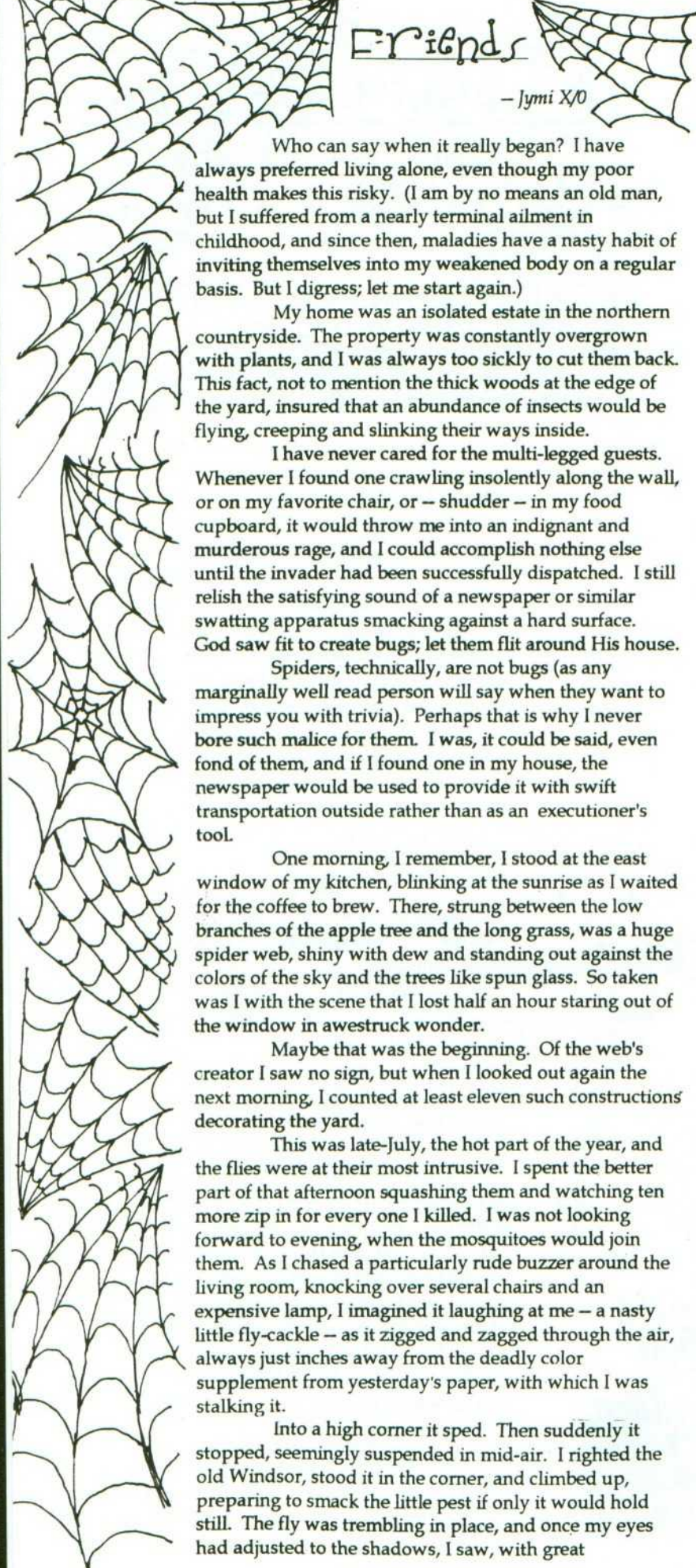
i see no hope for me.

people are always contradictory, saying one thing and living the other. back stabbing gossips. vivisecting the living on the morgue table with the body not present. disseminating the facts of a persons life, without cause or consent. and who am i in all this? i dont even know. i had a job, my life went nowhere. i've been unemployed for six months. . . my life is still going nowhere. people keep telling me the direction. but that also leads nowhere. college, a job, a house, marriage, but then what? run around in circles for 40years then put a bullet in my head? a good life is its own reward- but what the hell is a good life? i dont want to be a cog in the machine of society. i dont want to be in the machine at all. its absolutely insane to call this an ideal when all youre doing is filling up a random slot of the nations social fabric, a slot anyone else could easily replace you in. when people die they are forgotten. only a select few get immortalized. and what of the rest of us? did we not count? alexander is remembered as a great king, but what would he have been king of had no one acknowledged his throne? why not remember the people he ruled who helped/allowed him to be so great? spurn the mass and raise the individual? who the hell came up with this system? what kind of solipsistic history are we teaching our kids? macarthur was a great general. what about the men he commanded? would he still be great if the men under him refused his authority? i wasnt meant for this. i cant have been meant for this. how do i get out? help me please get out!!

ryan van 07.06.2000

©arco iris

1100010 0011100 1111100 0001101 0011010 0011100



Friends

— Jymi X/O

Who can say when it really began? I have always preferred living alone, even though my poor health makes this risky. (I am by no means an old man, but I suffered from a nearly terminal ailment in childhood, and since then, maladies have a nasty habit of inviting themselves into my weakened body on a regular basis. But I digress; let me start again.)

My home was an isolated estate in the northern countryside. The property was constantly overgrown with plants, and I was always too sickly to cut them back. This fact, not to mention the thick woods at the edge of the yard, insured that an abundance of insects would be flying, creeping and slinking their ways inside.

I have never cared for the multi-legged guests. Whenever I found one crawling insolently along the wall, or on my favorite chair, or — shudder — in my food cupboard, it would throw me into an indignant and murderous rage, and I could accomplish nothing else until the invader had been successfully dispatched. I still relish the satisfying sound of a newspaper or similar swatting apparatus smacking against a hard surface. God saw fit to create bugs; let them flit around His house.

Spiders, technically, are not bugs (as any marginally well read person will say when they want to impress you with trivia). Perhaps that is why I never bore such malice for them. I was, it could be said, even fond of them, and if I found one in my house, the newspaper would be used to provide it with swift transportation outside rather than as an executioner's tool.

One morning, I remember, I stood at the east window of my kitchen, blinking at the sunrise as I waited for the coffee to brew. There, strung between the low branches of the apple tree and the long grass, was a huge spider web, shiny with dew and standing out against the colors of the sky and the trees like spun glass. So taken was I with the scene that I lost half an hour staring out of the window in awestruck wonder.

Maybe that was the beginning. Of the web's creator I saw no sign, but when I looked out again the next morning, I counted at least eleven such constructions decorating the yard.

This was late-July, the hot part of the year, and the flies were at their most intrusive. I spent the better part of that afternoon squashing them and watching ten more zip in for every one I killed. I was not looking forward to evening, when the mosquitoes would join them. As I chased a particularly rude buzzer around the living room, knocking over several chairs and an expensive lamp, I imagined it laughing at me — a nasty little fly-cackle — as it zigged and zagged through the air, always just inches away from the deadly color supplement from yesterday's paper, with which I was stalking it.

Into a high corner it sped. Then suddenly it stopped, seemingly suspended in mid-air. I righted the old Windsor, stood it in the corner, and climbed up, preparing to smack the little pest if only it would hold still. The fly was trembling in place, and once my eyes had adjusted to the shadows, I saw, with great

satisfaction, that it had flown straight into a thin spider web. And there, emerging from the darkest shadow, was the artist: a tiny brown spider, hardly bigger than the fly itself.

I jumped down from the chair and went to the kitchen for a glass in which to catch the spider, so it could be out of harm's way when I smashed the fly. But when I returned, the fly had already ceased its struggling, and the spider was spinning a shroud for it.

After a moment's thought, I came to a decision. I tossed the glass onto the couch, put my hands on my hips, and sighed with mock resignation.

"Very well," I declared to the house in general and the spider in particular. "If 'in the house' is where you really want to be, I'll not put you outside. But mind, make yourself useful, and kindly keep your webs out of my way."

I called this one "Brian."

The following morning, when I finally turned my gaze away from my sylvan, web covered yard and prepared to begin my daily drudgery, I nearly dropped my coffee mug. (Oh, all right, I did drop the mug, sending coffee and shards of pottery scattering across the floor. I was so amazed at what I saw that I didn't even notice the mess until I later stepped on the broken mug handle with my bare foot and slipped in the puddle of coffee as I hopped around cursing.)

There, on the upper half of the kitchen's west wall, strategically placed to catch the morning sun, were four giant webs. They covered the cove molding like fine wisps of cotton and shone like crystal in the bright morning rays. There was a spider in the center of each web.

"Oh, really..." I said in a small, but firm, voice when I had recovered from the shock of this marvel. "I know last night I said...but don't you think this is a little...?"

Amelia, Jasper, Benjamin and Maria (as I dubbed them shortly thereafter) each waved two or three friendly legs at me.

From that day forward, the webs, inside and out, increased exponentially. Soon all the ceilings and every unused nook and cranny were covered with thousands of delicate strands. Everywhere I looked were busy spiders spinning, waiting for prey, dining, and clearing away torn webs to start again. I continued naming my little housemates until they grew too numerous to track. Brian was always my favorite, though, and he kept to himself in his quiet corner, but the others demanded my attention in their various idiosyncratic ways. There was Daniella, who wove an exquisite gossamer curtain over the living room window to replace the old heavy thing that had torn and fallen behind the couch years ago; Mortimer, an excitable fellow who shared the front hall coat rack with the slower-but-much, MUCH-larger Lydia (and glad I was when the two of them settled their differences and no longer needed me to referee when a trapped bug shook both webs).

True to our agreement, no webs appeared across doorways or anywhere else that might be inconvenient to their host. And they did make a point of being useful — I was not bothered by a single insect for the rest of the summer.

On the morning I saw frost instead of dew on the webs that blanketed my lawn, I knew the season was ending. My spiders began to disappear, one by one, leaving their intricate constructions for me to find frayed at the edges and wilted into sad, dusty strings that hung forlorn and abandoned. I had not the heart to sweep them away.

I had no heart to do much at all, really. Fall came fast and hard that year, with a promise of early winter in the air. I took sick in late September and soon it was all I could do to get myself dressed in the morning. Some days I didn't even bother with that, and instead would wrap myself in a threadbare robe and pad downstairs, slowly, so as not to jar my body into a fit of coughing and retching.

There was no furnace in my house, since technology had not yet found its way into this backwoods part of the country. I had to huddle close to the small woodstove in the kitchen, sipping my coffee, eking every bit of warmth from the log. I would whisper "good morning" in my raspy voice to the few spiders left in that corner.

I found Brian one day, lying on his back on the seat of the Windsor. His legs were curled and still, and he looked even smaller than when I'd first seen him. My body convulsed as I tried to hold back tears. I failed, and collapsed to the floor, shaking with racking coughs and sobs of pity for my spiders and myself. When I could stand again, I tenderly picked up Brian's body and placed it in a glass. I carried it upstairs, put the glass on my nightstand and sunk into bed, utterly overwhelmed by a sick, feverish delirium.

I remember, vaguely, visions haunted by shadows and dark corners. Voices, too high and fast for me to understand, chattered back and forth in tones sometimes frantic, sometimes serene and reassuring. At all times I felt the weight of winter and its chilly tendrils gripping every living thing. I believe there was a blizzard raging outside at some point, but I cannot be sure if it was real or an imaginary symbol of the end of my life.

I'm going to die, I thought in a more lucid moment.

"Quit sniveling," said a voice. "Lie still, and you'll be fine."

My eyes popped open. Above my head was the grandest spider web I'd ever seen, with fine, thick cables reaching to every corner of the room. The center was a perfect spiral maze, and descending from it was a spider. Her body – the voice, at least, was female – was as big as a watermelon and gleamed like a sharp obsidian sculpture. Her long legs waved gracefully as she landed, lightly and precisely, upon my chest.

"Well?" she said, her cluster of dark, mischievous eyes glinting. Her voice tinkled like a windchime in a spring breeze. "Do you have a name for me?"

"I think," I said in a shaky whisper, "that you might already have one of your own."

"Clever human." She caressed my sweaty cheek with one leg and tapped poor Brian's glass coffin with another. "This one left you a present," she said. "Check the corner next spring."

"I won't make it that long," I said. "I'm dying."

Five of her eyes rolled upward. "Clever and melodramatic."

Before I could reply, she lunged at my neck. Her fangs pierced my skin, and I felt the poison – strangely calming – coursing through my body, painlessly numbing me as it saturated my veins. I slept.

When I awoke, my first thought was that my corpse had been found and buried, but the light filtering through the gauze that covered my face dispelled that horror. I found that I could not move; I was wrapped in a silk-like cocoon. I summoned all my strength, found more than I expected, and ripped through the strands. I sat up and wiped the sticky film from my face.

A thick layer of dust hung on everything in the room. The air was warm and invigorating. I discovered that I was ravenously hungry and thirsty, so with energy I had thought long gone, I practically skipped out of bed and down the stairs.

The rest of the house was just as dusty. I wiped the stove and coffeepot, set water to boil, and glanced out of the window. I saw, in the yard, a melting pile of old, dirty snow. New grass shoots poked their heads above the muddy ground, and here and there were clusters of crocuses in full bloom. The sun shone with dazzling springtime brilliance on the new spider web in front of the window. I had slept the winter through in that serene cocoon.

I recalled the giant spider of my dream. More curious now than disoriented, I rushed to the living room and peered at Brian's corner. I could see nothing but old cobwebs, so I brushed the dust from the Windsor and stood on it for a better look.

There, tucked away deep in the shadows, was an empty egg sac.

"Must have been a 'Brianna'," I mused.

As I drank my coffee, I watched hundreds of impossibly small brown spiders scuttle back and forth, across the ceiling, into and out of cupboards, preparing for fly season.

I have since moved to a warm tropical region, and my health has improved. I did not sell my old estate, but instead left it to deteriorate as it pleased. "Leave it to the woods and the creatures," was my decision.

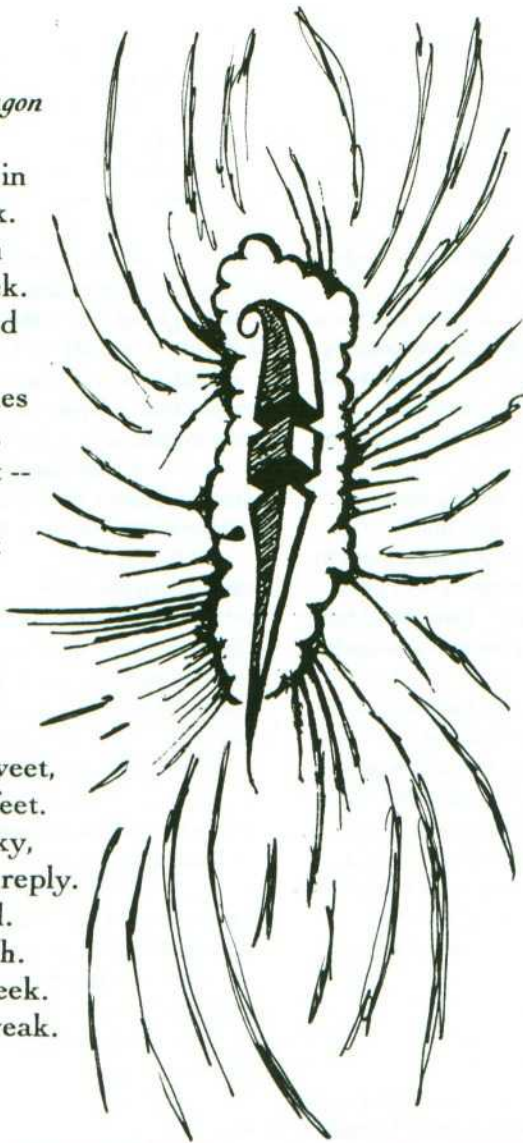
My small beachfront shack is equally as isolated as the country house, and that's fine, for I still enjoy my privacy. But I am not completely alone. 'Chester' is the name I gave to the first tarantula.



In Search of Truth...

-- BethDragon

Escape the madness creeping in
Run away -- do not look back.
Leave behind the fire within
Hurry now -- get back on track.
Do not allow your feeble mind
To dictate what you see.
Resort to heartfelt, soulful times
Resurrect your dying breed.
From whence came your spirit --
You must trace it back,
If for wisdom filled recusant
Then you shall not lack.
Put all into searching,
For truth be all consumed --
Find the doorway of feeling
Is there only one Truth?
Over hills of emerald rich and sweet,
Run quickly now -- be swift of feet.
Look into the amber twilight sky,
Then in the stars you will find the reply.
One moment left -- use it well.
Do not sit idly collecting wealth.
Be all or nothing -- search and seek.
For Time grants nothing to the weak.



hungry?!
how can you
be hungry?
You've got a
whole
gutfull of
Snot!
hungry. humph.



moms
of
HELL
#1





Poem By My Cat
--Igor

I am a good boy.
I am cute.
I want the door open.
I WANT THE DOOR OPEN!
I am a good boy, oh, yes, I am.
Please don't pick me up.
Can I have some of that?
I want the door open.
I made a hairball for you.
Chase me.
What's back here?
I am cute, and I want the door open.
Aren't I a good boy?
Hello.

CONSISTENT.CONSSISSTENT.
CONNSISTENT.CONNI'S TENT.
CONNI STENT.CONNED ENT.
CONNDENT.CONNET.COMET.
CLEANSER?

ryan van



RECOMMENDED READING

This month I'm going to recommend TSR's **PLANESCAPE™** series. Sure, it's intended for the Dungeons-and-Dragons roleplaying game. For those of you who have heard all the rumors but who have never played, I promise it's not going to send any of us off blithering into the night. No one is talking about devil-worship (or at least not *suggesting* it) and I promise not to spout mystical invocations like, "On initiative 7, have your halfling mage-thief roll 6d6 +1 and save vs. polymorph."

Planescape, like all DnD modules, is a collection of information about fantastic lands and the creatures and cultures that inhabit them. Roleplaying game enthusiasts can use these as settings for their adventures. The thing about *Planescape* is that the whole sodding 2000+ page series describes exactly what the Grim is about – making contact with and finding portals to other planes of existence, and exploring the infinite realms of possibility.

They've got the elemental planes (kingdoms composed entirely of Air, Fire, Water and Earth). They've got the Outer Planes (the homelands of people we would call devils, demons, angels, and their ilk). They've got the Astral plane, which, according to the book, is that infinitesimally thin plane which exists as a buffer between all other planes. They've got (and I *really* like this one) the Ethereal plane, which is composed of possibility – a boundless ocean that holds any circumstance a being can imagine and all possible realities. Some say that the Ethereal Plane provides the stuff of which the multiverse is made. Personally, I'm inclined to agree. They've got Sigil, the City of Doors...which you'll just have to read about for yourself. It's a treat.

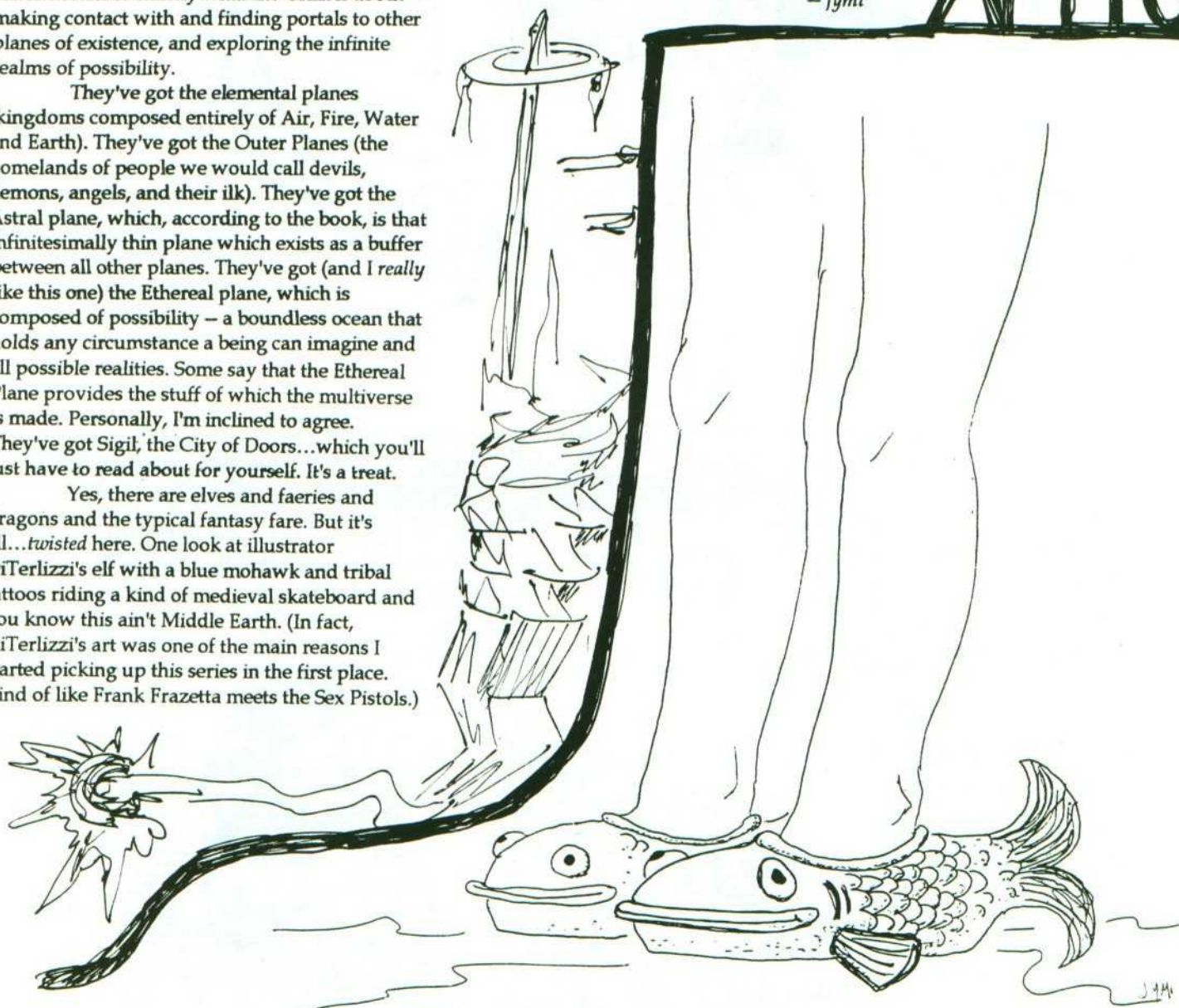
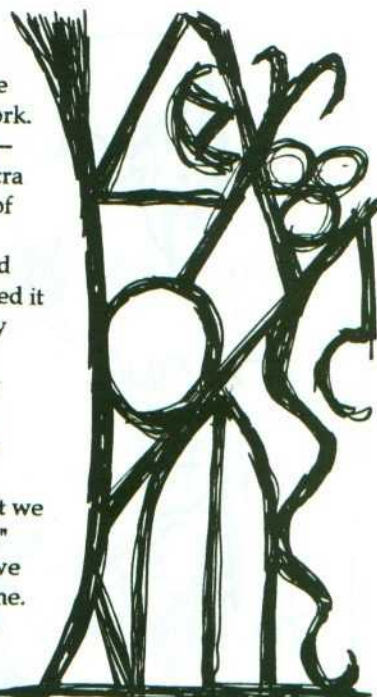
Yes, there are elves and faeries and dragons and the typical fantasy fare. But it's all...*twisted* here. One look at illustrator DiTerlizzi's elf with a blue mohawk and tribal tattoos riding a kind of medieval skateboard and you know this ain't Middle Earth. (In fact, DiTerlizzi's art was one of the main reasons I started picking up this series in the first place. Kind of like Frank Frazetta meets the Sex Pistols.)

Even the writing style itself contributes to the mood. I find myself using Planar Slang at work. "I'm a little peery about this QC report, berk – you must be barmy if you think you'll get extra jink for work like this. Where's a good team of Modrons when we need them?"

Planescape may be a little hard to find now; I think Wizards of the Coast discontinued it when they bought TSR. But if you go to E-bay and search "Planescape" you're likely to find enough to keep you busy for awhile. I'm only missing "Dead Gods", "Something Wild" and "Doors to the Unknown". A-hem. Just in case anyone cares to buy me a present.

Now, I am in no way suggesting that we all look for various trinkets that may be "keys" and start presenting them at every doorway we encounter in case it might lead to another plane. No, no, no, of course not. That would be silly.

– Jymi



FISHOES

ZIEBARR'S

come visit

HOT HOME COOKIN' and LUBE SHOPPE!

ZIEBARR SEZ:

WHEEE-YAAAAH!!

**STOP IN
FOR A STEAMIN' SLICE
OF ZIEBARR'S
FAMOUS
RETCHBERRY PIE!**

YUM!

YUM!

EAT KIDS FREE!

FRIDAYS:
ALL-U-CAN-EAT

**BRING THE KIDS
TO MEET
UNCLE SMARMY!**

- FREE MAIL FORWARDING
- DAILY TOURS OF BEAUTIFUL SNATCH CANYON
- VISIT OUR *Gift Shop!*
- "WE GOT GATORS!!"

Clip-n-Save this Coupon for a...
**FREE TICKET IN THE
SACRIFICE Lotto!**

*On the 3rd layer of Hell (that's Minauros to the locals!),
just past the Holiday Inn*

Jymi, I read your 'zine. I wrote this a while ago.
Was wondering if you'd be interested. - Big J

I remember the day I was "born"...at least this time.

It had been a long time since I was anywhere but in the fog. It wasn't suffocating me. I almost loved the feeling on the drops of water surrounding me in a smoky haze. My spirit spun round my being. I saw myself there, eyes shut tightly to the images around me in the fog. I heard something...a bell. Not the bell tower kind of bell, but the small tinkling of a silver bell. It was beckoning me. I turned, searching out the sound with all that was in me. The fog misconstrued my perception. The whisper of the tiny bell rang in my ears from every direction. I reached forward, hoping to grasp a something that hadn't been there for a very long time.

I remembered every other place I had been. The garden where I met him in a romantic interlude...the playground where I had been pushed down and scrapped an eight year old knee cap...the dungeon where I had first grown accustomed to the taste of must while you sleep...the meadow where I had danced with butterflies while the sun peaked down on us...the wood where I saw my first fairy...the cave where I kissed my first dragon...the back seat of the car where I took my first lover. I then

remembered the first autumn I'd ever seen. Trees stood miles high above me, changing colours like a kaleidoscope. So quickly, the leaves would change from vibrant green to golden orange, rusty brown, and pale red...They fell, swirling around me and my dog. I looked down at my side, as I buried her unmanned ship under the tree where I first saw the leaves fall...

Suddenly the fog lifted. Slowly at first, then as if the fog never existed at all...a waterfall to my left, a forest of colour to my right...a path between the two where I stood; then walking toward an unknown person. A house, peeking up from the sea of trees that lined my path. It beckoned me. It pulled me closer. But it wasn't the house that called me...it was her. Her blue eyes danced in excitement as she saw me for the first time.

"You're the first to arrive." she smiled brightly, arms spread out over the edge of eternity. "This is our home."

She had called me out of the mist and brought me home. I took her hand and held it tightly. We looked back down the path from the porch of the old Victorian house, and watched as others emerged from the sea of trees. She smiled and welcomed each one that came.

"Welcome home," she'd say.

It feels like I was never anywhere else. Always here. With my new family and the blue eyed girl. My home...Autumn Falls.

Ms. J is a friend from a neighboring plane of existence.
She communicated this through her channel here on our plane.

THE END

You have been watching

The End of the World, a Gorehart Laboratories Production conceived and written
by its Author.

Directed by Whoever Was Sitting In The Biggest Chair When We Started

Produced by Those Who Got Paid Last Week

Special Thanks to The Nice Lady Who Picked Up The Difference at Denny's

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Catering provided by Here, Eat This Industries

William Shatner's sunglasses by RayBan

Special effects by Random Explosions, a division of Gorehart Laboratories
Designer viruses by Here, Eat This, another division of Gorehart Laboratories

Transportation provided by Momentum, Inc.

Soundtrack available now from K-Tel

Special cameo appearances by

Kermit the Frog

and

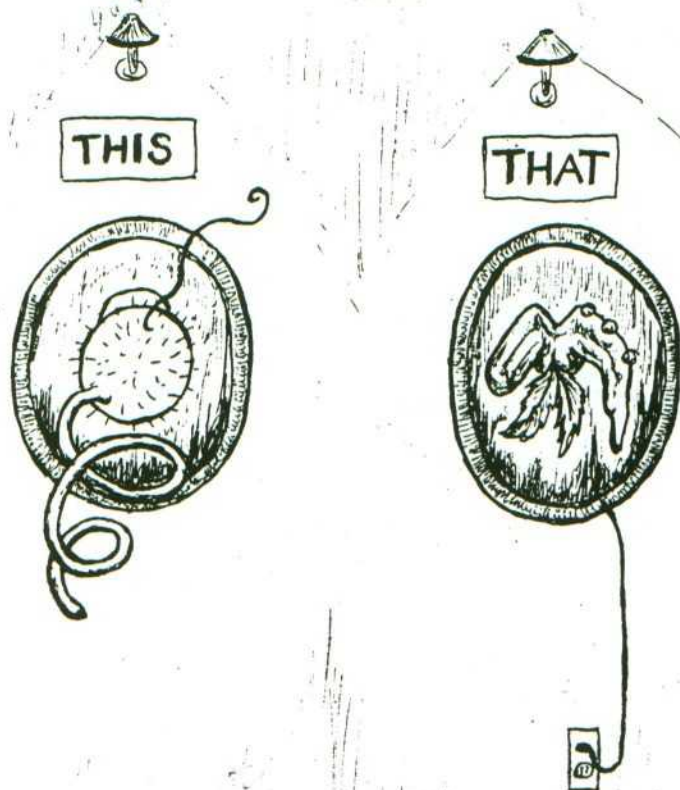
God

The author wishes to thank everyone without whom this film would not have been possible.

All real characters portrayed in this living or dead film are purely coincidental,
and any resemblance is entirely fictitious.

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THE
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