

# WALKWRITERS

THE FEAR ISSUE

Volume 1 Issue 9 - October 2014



## Letter from the Editor

FROM THE WALK WRITE UP INBOX

Hey,

It's been a while. Used to be that I would see you every night. Now, it's like I can't even remember what you look like. I miss the old days. Maybe check up on me tonight?

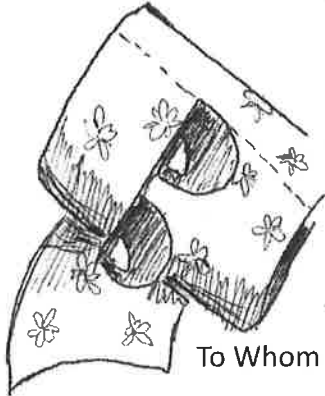
xoxo,  
The Monster Under the Bed



Idiots,

I mean COME ON! TOILET PAPER!?! I would NEVER go out dressed in TOILET PAPER!

-Mummy  
P.S. Ghost says he's angry too.



To Whom it May Concern,

My associates and myself greatly appreciate the increased attention the media has given to our kind. However, we find that these depictions are inaccurate, and often downright offensive. Like with all people, yes, there are those amongst us of less than admirable intelligence. However, not all of us are groaning, drooling idiots. Please find a way to amend this misrepresentation of our species in subsequent portrayals, or we will be forced to take legal action.

Sincerely,  
Zombie



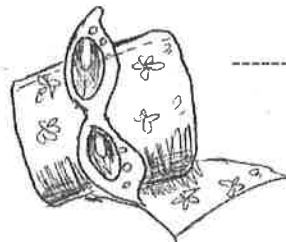
BUDDIES!

Remember the 80s? What. A. Time! Dumb jocks, scarred cheerleaders, lame nerds; IT WAS THE BEST TIME TO BE A MONSTER! These days no one seems to have time for the simpler things, but I'm ready to make my comeback! I'm just waiting to be put back into play! I WILL NEVER PEAK! Seriously, please, please, please, call me.

GO WEREWOLVES!

BOO!

-Ghost



P.S. Please see Mummy's letter regarding gauche fashion choices.

# CREDITS

**Editor-in-Chief... Audrey Frischman**

*"for my sweet baby Brass"*

**Co-Editor... Laura Been**

*"all bite and no bark"*

**Co-Editor...Philip Santos Schaffer**

*"nothing to fear but fear itself. Also spiders."*

**Illustrator...Adrian Rifat**

*"picks his nose when no one's looking"*

**Art Director...Kim Ross**

*"Halloween, schmalloween"*

**Copy Editor...Tracey Roth**

*"prefers yogurt to yoga"*

**Contributor...Isabel Wolfe-Frischman**

*"used too many words in her bio last ish"*

**Contributor...John Berbrich**

*"just got back from South Carolina"*

**Contributor...Dean Kritikos**

*"featuring new and improved poem breath"*

**Contributor...Dora Abigail Marin**

*"untamed hair, contemplating, and take out... true dat"*

**Contributor...Abbey Watt**

*"consistently brews tea and forgets about it"*

## I'm Not Crying

I can't believe you have a lady friend and I have a dead cat

To state the obvious, this is not how it was supposed to go.

Then again, who knows how it was supposed to go.

Our apartment building doesn't allow cats.

I convinced you to get one anyway,

Even though,

You don't like cats.

Funnily enough,

I asked,

and

our apartment building doesn't allow new girlfriends either.

You convinced me you had one anyway,

Even though,

I don't like new girlfriends.

To begin,

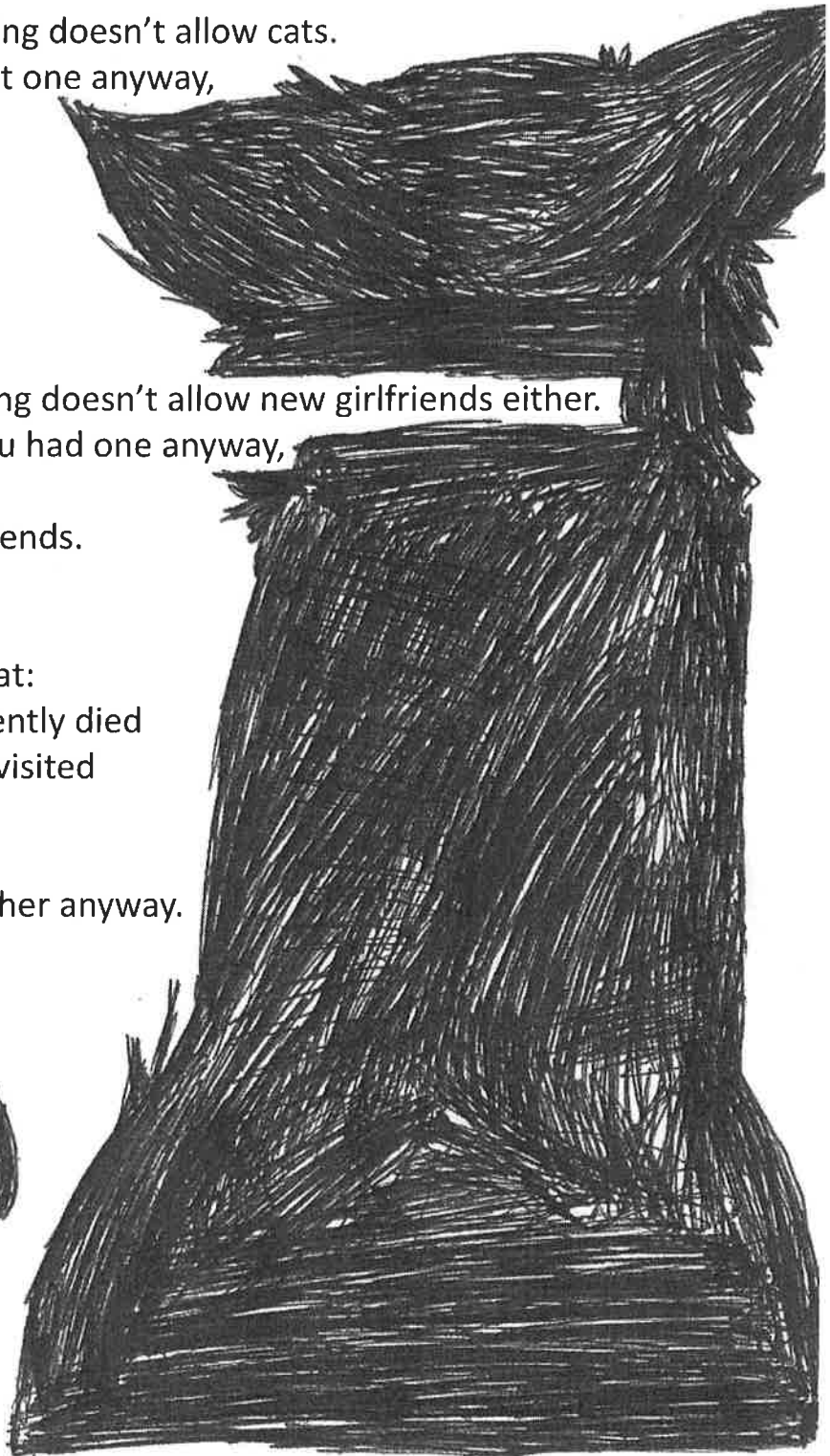
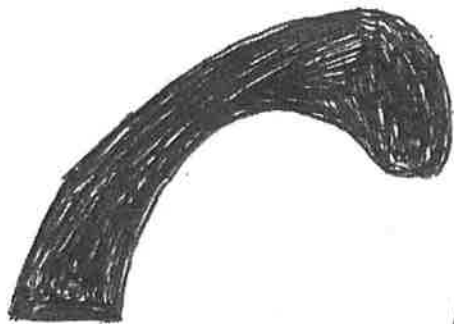
She's allergic to the cat:

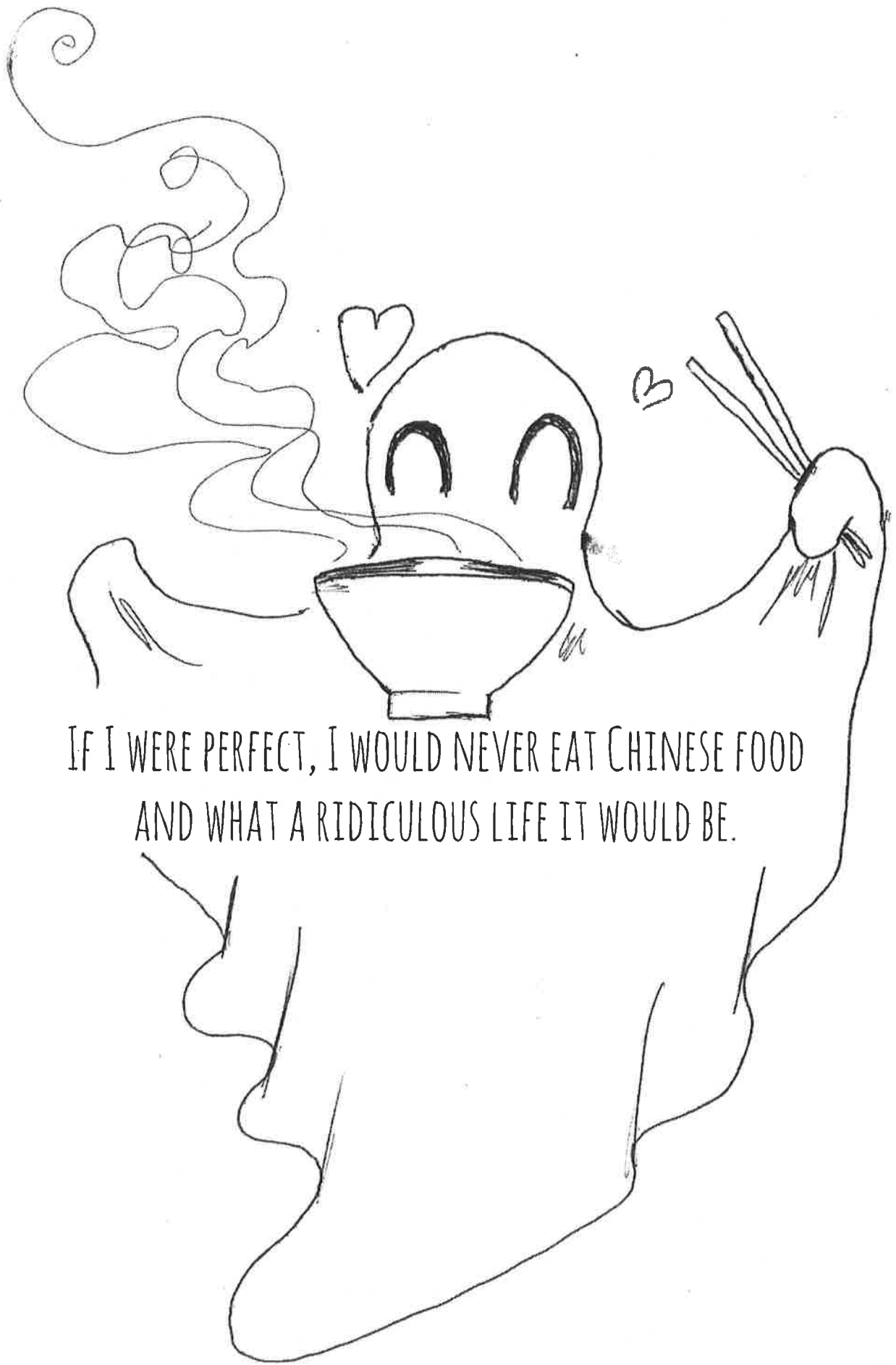
The cat who conveniently died

the week before she visited

To end,

I wouldn't have liked her anyway.





IF I WERE PERFECT, I WOULD NEVER EAT CHINESE FOOD  
AND WHAT A RIDICULOUS LIFE IT WOULD BE.

### All Ears on Rue d' Bonhomme

This one was a barber  
who cut hair for free.  
Only, he bent down over your shoulder,  
got real close,  
and took a whiff.  
And then maybe you got a second appointment

His wife was a real hoot,  
around town and back,  
with a wicked pocket book  
filled to the top with protection  
in any color you wanted.  
Swore she could see the future, that one.

And the son was such a card.

Adieu, adieu—  
a wakeup call.  
And the birds were in for tonight  
but then how could he punch in  
sans his gallon of coffee?

Then there was that hag,  
she went by Sally McFee.  
The devil's best friend,  
and her husband was the attorney.  
All in apartment C3.  
Did she know any other words?  
we wondered.

Meanwhile, he sat  
with a shotgun press'd  
against his temple  
at every instant.

And what flair, mon dieu!  
Old Man Romanovich  
who stepp'd down to Leo's for lunch every Monday  
for the same egg sandwich.

That one over there,  
he was a banker.  
Had his suit pressed twice per month  
and King Wok on speed dial, to boot.  
But my! The cleft of his chin.

His daughter, she was quite the heartbreaker,  
with a wicked case of ennui.  
He bought the thirty-two last week, you know.

And his brother-in-law is the Doctor.  
Rumor had it he had his hair cut twice  
and didn't like the side-part,  
burnt the bridge  
and called it a day.





## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Illustrations and Cover Art - *Adrian Rifat*

Page i... Womanhood Rising - *Isabel Wolfe-Frischman*

Page 3... Reddest Blood - *John Berbrich*

Page 4... Beware of Dog - *Dean Kritikos*

Page 6 ... I'm not Crying - *Audrey Frischman*

Page 8 ... Loodle's Doodles - *Loodle*

Page 9 ... I am Afraid - *Dean Kritikos*

Page 10... The Tale of a Pair of Legs - *Dora Abigail Marin*

Page 12 ... Christine has to die. - *Philip Santos Schaffer*

Page 13... it hurts kinda - *Philip Santos Schaffer*

Page 14... All Ears on Rue d'Bonhomme - *Dean Kritikos*

Page 16...Just a Few - *Laura Been*

Page 17...Pillow Talk - *Laura Been*

Page 18... 3 AM - *Abbey Watt*

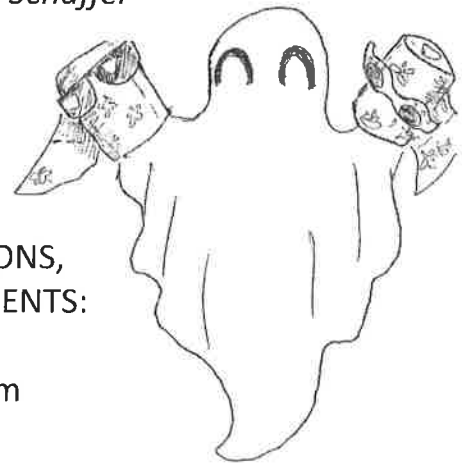
Page 19... the spoo(ooo)ky poem - *Philip Santos Schaffer*

Page 21... Table of Contents - *Audrey Frischman*



INQUIRIES AND SUBMISSIONS,  
COMMENTS AND COMPLIMENTS:

[walkwriteup@gmail.com](mailto:walkwriteup@gmail.com)



Content is the property of individual and respective producers and may not be reproduced or reprinted without permission. Feel free to show it to your friends and talk about how cool we are.

© October 2014

