

MORE

DISCO
SEMANTICS
ISSUE 1

A
collection
of literary
meditations
on the
subjective
concept of
"More".

Contributions

Ailsa
Beetham

Rachel
Christie

Barbara
Hallam

Harri
McAleese

Lilly Bryony
Menear

Angus
Rosie

Anonymous

Cameron
Thomas

Composed by:
Harri
McAleese

FOREWORD

Disco Semantics is an ongoing process to understand perception and its effect on meaning. In this issue the concept of "more" is perceived and field recordings of this perception are put to type and pictograph by numerous investigators.

It is the intention of this series to persist as long as there are characters to fill it. In future, if you feel so inclined, you can attempt a perception, and you may wish to record such attempts.

If you would like to contribute such records to enhance a future issue, *Disco Semantics* welcomes you. Check the website to see if there is another mono

Info/Back Issues:

www.themysticaljazzspaceship.org/zine

Submissions:

Harri.McAleese@Proton.me

Subject -> "Disco Subs"

CONTENTS

MORE 3

A POEM BY AILSA BEETHAM

ON HEALING 4

A WRITING BY RACHEL CHRISTIE

NO MORE 6

A SHORT STORY BY BARBARA HALLAM

NEW BUILDINGS 8

A SHORT STORY BY HARRI MCALEESE

MORE 13

A SHORT STORY BY LILLY BRYONY MENEAR

MORE 15

A SHORT STORY BY ANGUS ROSIE

THE HUNGER 20

A SHORT STORY BY AN ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTOR

MORE PER THE ZINE 23

ART BY CAMERON THOMAS

MORE - *AILSA BEETHAM*

It feels smaller now
the house
without the patter of paws on the vinyl floor
or the deepest of sighs

I will miss the warm patch on the carpet
just reminding you that once
he was there

I sit and wait for something bigger
The sudden loss of my foundation
ancient falling trees
to throw me back into a lonely cold darkness

why are my loved ones here when others' children are
not?

It is only now that I want to live
Those who brought me here slowing

it comes in smaller steps
or routines that can't be changed
and bright colour shirts no longer worn

My brothers frame engulfs her
A mother holds on to the arm
she once held in her hands
they walk aligned in space and in spirit

more than a memories
more than love
more than me

ON HEALING – *RACHEL CHRISTIE*

Am I allowed to still want more?

More now is different to more then. Back then, more was followed by 5 things I can see, 4 things I can touch, 3 I can hear, 2 I can taste, 1 smell. Was it that way round? Maybe it changed. I suppose it didn't matter. It was anything to escape more hands more touch more caresses from the haunting. Anything to stay in now and get away from more Then, more That. More meant make it stop. Make It Stop. MAKE IT STOP. And I would numb myself away from the fear. Pushing in more and more to drown everything to less.

After, more meant leaving my bed for long enough to shower and brush my teeth. More meant going outside and seeing people and maybe even going to the library. It meant I had returned to nature and it had returned to me in the weed thickened smog of coping. I showed up for my therapy phone call and relived each and every more of my past. Even the ones that I thought didn't matter. It turned out that one cry of more brought with it the screams of past aches, an arrhythmic cacophony of hurt that begged to be listened to. And each week we listened to a past more and how it impacted this more. And all the mores became less, became more in time and on beat. More nature and more walking and more health food and more gym and maybe I could have more than a crush again. Maybe I could be touched and I could ask for more without more becoming Then.

Slowly, gently, more became a request again. Can I have more than this moment here? Can I finish this year and be successful? Is there more than this town and if so can I be there? I regained my ambition,

and my god was it strong. God I've missed this desire for bigger and better things, but how did I handle this again? I don't remember how I achieved more than what was handed to me.

I started fresh, didn't accept less than what I wanted. I let myself dream of more from my job, my home, my relationships. I searched it out and created the steps and felt myself soaring higher and higher, further away from Then. I left behind reminders of all the pain I'd endured, let myself feel the present once more. Life is a beautiful, wondrous thing and I am navigating the highs and lows without shattering. I am in a constant search for more, whirling around and rediscovering the pleasures and pains of existing in real life.

Now, the haunting mores of Then that claw at my peace have lessened. They eke out of the cracks once in a blue moon and are stamped out like unwanted embers. The life I fought so hard to scrape back is here, and it is enough. I am safe, I am whole, I am away from the small town and the things that tethered me there. But can I still have more? Am I allowed to ask for more when I have already gained so much? Colours are brighter and skies are clearer and emotions are more vibrant. Wanting more feels like a betrayal of all that has been won. But sometimes I miss having to fight, having to push myself to grasp the low hanging fruits of success. What is now normal and what is how it should be? Did life become this easy thing that I can accept, or am I missing some deep part that everyone else seems aware of?

NO MORE – *BARBARA HALLAM*

It's still open. It's been three days. I told them.
I told them that it was open.

I'm walking past now on my daily walk. It's getting
colder now and I need my hat and gloves.

Why haven't they come yet. I said it was important.

I like my daily walk. Most people are at work so
it's quiet. I like the quiet.

The window is open but the music has stopped. It was
loud.

Everyday he played it. I heard it most when I was in
my garden or my kitchen. It came from that window.
His bedroom window

I went to his house I told him his music was loud
and maybe if he closed the window it wouldn't be so
bad. He sneered at me and told me it was his right
to play music.

Rude man

Why haven't they come. They said I should stop
calling with all these compliments and maybe call
the council. I informed them that this man was a
menace that his actions were upsetting the street. I
bet they think I'm a silly old woman.

I'm used to the name calling from school. They said
I was strange, ``````11``and I was too quiet. I
had to be. If you are quiet he doesn't know where
you are

They need to come soon. I tried. I tried to tell
them. I tried to tell him. No one listens no one
bothers. The window is open why does no one care.

The music was playing no one is concerned. Always busy never noticing what is around them. No one does anything

I did. I had to. I knocked on his door, when he answered I barged straight in and went up the stairs towards the music. He came up behind me and grabbed my arm before I reached the room. He shouted at me told me to get out that I was crazy. It was the sneer. The look in his eyes of disgust.

You can't talk to me like that anymore Dad I'm not crazy. What are you talking about you old bat he yelled. Just get out, out of my house. He went to grab me again.

You are not touching me again Dad no more, no more. I pushed him out of the way and left.

The next day as I was out for my daily walk I thought I should go round to apologise and also to politely ask him once again to turn the music down. It had been playing all night. The door was still open. I crept in went straight upstairs and turned the music off. Silence at last.

See isn't that better I told him as I left.

They still haven't come. I'm not calling again. I tried but it's quiet now so I don't need to. They came on the sixth day. Lots of people in the street then. All talking about the man that fell down the stairs. How no one had known he was there.

Poor man

After they had all gone and the people in the street went back to their busy lives it was quiet again. He's quiet now. Just like Dad

NEW BUILDINGS – *HARRI MCALEESE*

I feel pull. **More**, off in some unconscious peripheral.

Sweet sirenian tonalities.

My thoughts drift, moved by the attractive field.

Daydreams, considerations, ponderings, all sensible in small amounts, but I'm constantly drawn now.

There is, an ideal. I feel it now as I sit here. The tram window fogs with my breath, the cold contrasted with the colder outside, misting and pulsing. It is slow, unconstrained. That's how I know it's not fever. This is a strange thing. I am always found by this feeling in my quiet moments, not in stress. I think that means it's real and pure.

The buildings of a city in constant flux move by, our relative frames accelerate past one another. The buildings get taller every day, multiply in a dead, brutalist myosis. Their forms are only mildly perturbed by the division, carrying the same ideological DNA. They channel movement, commerce, noise, cars. They flower and allure, pull in consumption and pollinate the onlooker.

It disconnects me. I can think of **more**, and more that is wrong the longer I think. What considerations the architects ignore, what purpose the colony constructs itself for. I disassociate, consider the better ideal.

It can be tricky, and destabilising. I disassociate into the daydream. I believe in buildings that flow like liquid, covered in fertile greens, some for food, others for aesthetic. There is a constant strive for continuum between the man made and the godhead. That is the goal of these devout craftsmen. Temples to acknowledge the heavens, to become one with the flows of the Earth, to harmonise the minds of the human. They please the eye in parsing, and

offer more the longer you look. Those who throb as blood through them carry joy, determination. They look at the gentle arcs of light carving through the windows, smell the fresh and natural aromas and hear the gentle throb of bodily motion. Everywhere are retreats, places to be alone, because that value is understood, and its contribution to the commune is known by all. The people move, laugh, sing, and create, powered by the telluric currents the elegant structure around them channels. And they dream. They dream of better, they think of it and move towards a cultivated finesse. They sing; they listen. Their world full of antennas to a psychological melody, played to the dancing celestial spheres, the very beating heart rhythm of the Sun.

Someone, here inside this steel and whining worm, laughs loudly at a video I cannot see or hear. It shatters my dream and I am pulled back to now. I am sad to feel it go, to feel that train of thought dissipate, return to the ether of never to be. The tram trundles along. Me moved by it. They laugh again at the next piece of white noise, bubbling from the maw, gently rising into being with the simple flick of the thumb.

Why is that the way? I ask myself again. This is the pain of my **more**, alienation. I feel pretentious, stuck up.

'To even suggest a better way'.

So many people are content, tolerant, ignorant. Ignorance; we see it as a negative now. Ignorance can be pure. To not know is a simple bliss. You don't know what's more so how can there be a lack? I'm doomed now. I have consumed the cognito hazard. Even now I feel the memetic virus grip harder, taking deeper roots. I long for simplicity, for struggles against the conquerable, that bind me to friends and comrades.

Here, I see into the maw of a collective mind. One

that rots and pulls itself. It isn't the people's fault. Their **mores** are stronger than mine. I have to exercise will, much will, to even move away from that hole. I don't feel better for it, I simply do it to stay sane. It's exhausting.

I think so often of how to change it, how to get to people, make them see. Then comes the doubt: who am I, to think, I am better, more?

The seeing of something different, something a little further, higher, integrated, an ideal, layers itself onto all experience. It constructs a lens. In the imagination, it's beautiful, and that's the appeal.

Utopia.

The lens colours everything. Then the human world is challenging, imposing, a perverse distortion of what could be, and is, in my dreams.

In this way my **more** is agony. It eats me, and I feel a different pull, a pull for ignorance, satiation.

The whispers of the maw.

There is too much corruption here, too much. I look around and see everyone is distant, vacant. They listen and grin at the fizz. The bubble of unending white foam. Its instinct now, simple animal urges and habituations. Normal.

You can't control normal; it will do what it will.

The breakthrough was to know I could. Sing my will. Sing my control.

The tram rounds a corner and a coffee cup breaks free from its moor under the seat. Centrifugal forces drive it out into the open and its lid breaks off. The remaining liquid is strung out across the floor. The name penned on the side is a convenient lead to the culprit of this litter. The brand logo beaming out tells us who to blame for the dying world.

My view is occluded by a cloud. A teenage girl supresses that nagging itch in the subconscious by

drinking down hot vapour and it billows out of her nostrils. Never really enough, and the alveoli pop and crackle under the scolding mist.

I feel sure of this. I feel so sure. Every second I spend here edifies my resolve. My breath is clear, my vision vivid. More vivid than ever. My legs jitter, the anxiety mixing with excitement, my determination corralling both, cooling me. I gaze at the glowing letters, the light splinters into glistening beams. Almost.

I'd thought everything planned once. Some scheme concocted by individuals. Heinous selfish losers made gods of a crude pantheon. Their Mount Olympus made of a vile fusion of viscera, rotting landfill and leaking, flaccid phalli. These individuals exist, but they are no more at fault than cancer. Robbing us of happiness, loved ones. Cancer rots, but it is not malevolent. It simply is. A part of a malfunctioning whole.

There are no plans, the body is rotten.

I clutch my coat, checking for the instrument. My control.

Though unplanned, undesigned, these people, need to be shaken. Their pantheon exists, one of control, of satiation. They pry open the maw, though they did not create it. They let loose the vapour, the white noise, the rot. To most they are good, benevolent. To those who hate them, they are unstoppable. But I know a secret.

These gods can bleed.

They don't know it yet, but when they know it, they will know fear. They will retreat, run, hide, fight. Soon after the inertia will be unstoppable. The people will finally see the fallibility of it all, the shaky and vapid nature of our motions, and they will seek new buildings. New buildings and new currents and the rot will be washed away.

But first the gods must bleed.

The tram glides to a halt. The doors open and the cold air grips me. My breath feels crisp, and my body feels organic, biological. There is no wind. The bite of winter keeps the majority at home, and the morning further quietens the streets. I make my way. As I walk, my pace slows. I know my rendezvous, and the Roman numerals on the ancient tower ahead are telling me to relax. I'd heard of these moments, the clarity. Though they were wrong about the weight of it. I feel light, ethereal. The instrument fades from my mind. I round a bend and hop across the road and up the curb. Creeping across my face is a grin, even in the face of the gravity of now, I'm more alive than ever.

Now, ahead, shine the towers. The columns of the temple. I picture a naked sky. I walk on, and the sun begins to rise. Rays of the purest energy pierce the new clouds, stirred gently from their sleep by the radiance. The light trickles down the street, and I turn a final corner, the tower ahead.

At the base, there squirms a parasite, clambering out of its shell. It is bloated, and hides from the light. For a glimpsing moment, it exposes itself, lowering itself to the street and lumbering to the door.

For a moment, we lock eyes. I see indifference and my breath steadies. I flick my thumb, noise.

I let the instrument sing.

The parasite falls. Cries. Leaks onto the floor. Strings of tears, pleas and crimson.

My breath hangs as calm, gentle vapour.

I let the instrument sing **more**.

MORE – LILLY BRYONY MENEAR

"Would you mind if I just...?"

I smile and shrug, accepting the addition of another teaspoon to the growing pile of washing up.

*Don't you wish we could stay here forever
Can we go down there?
It looks so beautiful`*

Amid the clatter and chatter of my family clearing away the remains of dinner, Amber Mark takes over from Curtis Harding for her opening verse.

"Oh, since you're there..."

Another stack of plates appears at my left elbow, which is interesting because I don't remember them being on the table. The gravy smears and gradually hardening mash potatoes prove me wrong.



No words this time, just a gentle hover, a presence implying that, if I only stepped to the left – or better yet finished with the sink –

this one small side plate would wash itself of traces of pickled gherkins.

I wordlessly take custody of it, the blatant efficiency benefits of it being added to the current flow overwhelming the wrinkles forming on my fingertips.

"What should I do with...?"

The big ice cream spoon, the water glasses, the empty tupperware, all into the sink. The turmeric-stained silicone spatula, the good potato peeler, and the wooden spoon reserved specifically for onions all arrive propped inside the water jug, a bouquet of family traditions that briefly threaten to overflow the sink.

Reinforcements arrive for a while, wielding tea



towels to clear some space on the drying rack. It's a brief, welcome reprieve, but short-lived. Somehow, the coffee mugs are already done with, then cheese-smearing knives.

Inexplicably it keeps coming. More plates. A chopping board. More spoons. A bread knife. More. I try to maintain the water temperature without straining the boiler. I lean further into the sink, up to my elbows as I scrabble for a loose fork I felt just a moment ago. I reach deeper, chasing it through the eddies and currents of a growing channel, my hip hinged over the edge of the sink as my head goes under, my torso submerged, arms outstretched into the waters. There is a calm deep inside the fairy liquid currents of this washing up ocean. The voices above are muffled, their politics muted, the reenactment of old tropes mellowed. The certainty of the usefulness of the task shielding from the questions I am not here to answer, can't answer, have no answer for.

The strain leaves my arms and instead they float before me, tiny bubbles caught in the hairs slowly disentangling themselves and making their wobbly way to the surface. I hide there, in the depths, waiting for the kitchen to grow quiet.

I blink.

The water in the sink is tepid, the bubbles gone, leaving a clear view to the blank silver of the bottom. A household worth of people are either in the next room, or to bed, or making their way home. The music has ended; all but one of the tea lights have burnt out. I pull out the plug, flick my fingers to stop them dripping, and turn to look for a towel.



MORE – ANGUS ROSIE

"It has gotten out of hand, since we opened up to the...*public*." The Valet sneered out the word as if it burned his nostrils. "It was one thing – our benefactor – sharing his discovery with the rest of the elites, and then of course the government had to be told, I could even stand the academics with their careful prodding and poking. At least they were quiet. But now...all these brash Californians with tanned hides are coming in and destroying the place in aide of sharing our *miracle* with the rest of the unwashed." He paused in the halfway wistfully tracing a scratch in the wallpaper next to an ornately framed oil painting, *Lord of the Manor with Gun Dog*. "It is not what his late father would have wanted, or the lady of the estate – if only she was well enough to say something. Now – in here please."

I was frog marched in to a room, my stained navy overalls and dented gas canister contrasting the polished hardwood floors. A pile of broken electronics and cameras sat in the corner. In front of me a wall of newspaper clippings surrounded a door with three keyholes and a sign nailed to the front that read "*All items fed at OWN RISK*", the last two words in bold and underlined. "So...he's really in there?"

"He is." The Valet's eyes narrowed, "What have they told you about the job?"

"I know you need something fixing...they told me it was some sort of cage and they warned me I had to work fast but that's it really. Can I ask what happened?"

"No. The item you are here to fix is a container, of sorts. You will see once you go in that there is a gate. You will notice that the gate has broken. Do not worry - the gate is much too small for him to pass through, but it does need to be fixed. There are materials inside."

"Will he mind...me working while he's in there?"

"With any luck he will not notice you - the fourth feed of the day comes through a skylight above into the far corner, he is usually too distracted to notice anything else. But, if you want my advice, work quickly and don't talk to him - I trust you brought some headphones?"

I nod, producing a pair of headphones. I connected them to my phone and pressed play.

"Good...now let us get started." He produced a keyring with three keys - unlocking the door with three heavy clonks. The door swung open silently to reveal a large empty room, lit by a single penetrating window at the ceiling. The walls were smooth and bare up to around 12 feet, beyond this brick work was left bare, it was clear the room must have been constructed long after the rest of the manor. A heavy iron fence stood the width of the room. The gate was indeed needing repair - it was loose from the hinges and deformed. The metal that has once been shiny and grey was blackened. The concrete floor too was cracked and charred. A pile of iron bars and resin powder sat next to the fence.

"We need the gate secured and the floors repaired - I assume this won't be an issue?"

"No, that should be just..." my tongue froze as I noticed him. I thought initially it was a shadow, that they had moved him to another room but no...he

was there. It was an immense presence - a bubbling gargantuan pouring over the room. Light slaps echoed off the walls as the mass began to move. As he became illuminated features both animal and human in nature became apparent. Pale pink flesh with sparse coarse hair approached the bars, occasional pustules and rashes flashed past. What could have been a face eventually faced the gate, we stood staring - the valet dispassionate while my hands began to shake. A lumpy mass surrounding an open mouth gasping for air. The eyes were covered swollen fleshy mounds but a nose protruded softly, squashed by his surrounding anatomy. The lips were thick sausages, each one larger than my arm. They were covered in a pale slime, froth bubbling and trickling down a chin. Inside, the mouth was empty - whatever teeth once had existed were gone. Now only a searching tongue and pink gums slapping together. The effort of moving to greet the intruders had clearly exerted him - the sent of sweat overwhelmed the room, The Valet gripped his handkerchief to his nose.

"Headphones on, please. I am afraid this is where I leave you - any minute now he will be fed, ensure your work is completed promptly then leave. I will be on the other side of that door - knock and I will open back up for you." Will that he left, slamming the door closed and again locking the three locks - I was left in the room.

The window above opened as an alarm sounded. He moved with a shocking speed - squelching his mouth towards the ceiling, opening wide. Objects fell from the sky to the gargantuan. An entire junkyard entered the room - tires, broken furniture, rusted bikes, bricks. The man pulsed as one by one they entered his mouth. Nausea overtook my morbid curiosity. I stuck on my headphones, turned away and got to work.

* * *

Miles always knew he was different. A chubby child, he had often felt left out - ostracised. At school, girls would often call him names and boys would throw things at him in the playground. It wasn't until a bully in his year took it a step to far that his bizarre talents were realised.

"Eat it."

They surrounded him in the locker room. A bar of soap in his hands, tears streaming down his face.

"Please, don't make m-me."

Jonathan, the ring leader, was taller than miles, older. He had an easy confidence that drove the others to cruelty. "Do it! Do it!" the others chanted. One of the boys kicked miles, it hurt. Eventually - tired of waiting - the soap was snatched from Miles's hands and forced into his mouth. Johnathan stood over him - his hands covering his face - stopping him from spitting it out.

Miles could taste the soap. It was sour and stung his nostrils. He swallowed. Satisfied, the bullies laughed and walked away. Miles curled up in the locker room expecting to vomit - shuddering and waiting for the embarrassment to pass. But the vomit never came. The soap stayed down. It wasn't for the taste and the residue on his face he would not have known he had eaten anything out of the ordinary. Unfortunately for him - this blessing was not the end but rather the start of three gruelling years of torment.

Once Miles knew he could stomach swallowing unconventional things the bullying became less effective. Johnathan and his cronies would surround him and force him to swallow horrors - mud, dirty

socks...one particularly cruel boy even found a dead crow on the school grounds. While his followers soon got bored of the act, Jonathan persisted. Miles reached his limit.

One day, Jonathan cornered Miles in the kitchen pantry locking the doors. He jumped on Miles, beating him with a thick fist splitting his lip and causing his nose to bleed. He grabbed bags of flower and started pouring them into Miles's mouth. "Swallow it - you fucking loser!" he hissed in the darkness. Miles swallowed mouthful after mouthful - he choked down two kilos trying to appease his tormentor. He couldn't take any more - he shoved Jonathan away, hard. The boy rolled backwards - a mixture of shock and rage across his face. His flight was interrupted by the shelf behind him - a sickening crunch and his eyes went flat. He slumped to the floor - a trickle of blood pouring down his neck and across the floor.

Miles panicked. He only wanted it to stop. He shook the boy, slapped his cheeks but...nothing. If the school found out he would be expelled. Worse, arrested. How could he be so stupid?

Then Miles had an idea. No one else had seen them go into the pantry. And Miles had an unusual talent.

He slipped out to the kitchen and grabbed a knife.

Miles set to work.

THE HUNGER - *ANONYMOUS*

In the beginning, there was a man named Dow. Born into a world of empty fields and barren skies. His body was fragile and thin, hunger gnawed at his stomach day and night, a constant companion.

For years, Dow lived in this silent torment, days spent scraping together scraps from the streets, just enough to keep the hunger at bay for now. Yet, even when he ate, it was never quite enough. His body ached and his hunger persevered, it seemed the more he ate the more he required.

One day, as Dow wandered the streets, his stomach growling and his mind racing, he stumbled upon a strange, old woman, hunched with age but eyes full of warmth. She looked at Dow, as if seeing the hunger in his eyes and his soul. The old woman smiled, pitying the sight she saw and held out her hands. "Take this," the old woman said softly. "It is enough to ease your pain." Dow, looking down into the bony hands of the old woman saw a true delight, an entire loaf of bread. Too weak to refuse and desire firing in his eyes, he took the bread.

Dow tore into it greedily, each bite filling his body with warmth and comfort like he had never known. For the first time in his life, the hunger inside began to fade, replaced by a quiet, satisfied contentment. He felt whole. But that feeling, those fleeting moments of peace, became the seed of a deep longing. Dow began to seek more. The sensation of fullness was now his only desire. He devoured everything he could find, chasing the feeling of that first success, that first meal. He grew insatiable.

Now, to achieve that same satisfaction, he required far, far more. Each meal brought temporary relief, but it was never enough. The hunger always returned, stronger than before.

His appetite had surpassed well beyond that of a normal man, causing him to lack the resources to satisfy this hunger. He turned elsewhere. He began exploiting his family, his friends, anyone who would help him achieve his desires. Theft, blackmail, manipulation, all tools to meet his requirements.

As Dow's appetite grew out of control, so did his methods. Those around him watched in fear as Dow consumed anything he could find, even the things that once seemed unimaginable to eat.

Soon, Dow turned to the people themselves. At first it was small bites, quiet whispers of hunger that no one saw. But soon it became explicit, without remorse. Dow could not or would not stop. He needed more than the world could provide, and in the faces of others, he saw not human beings but mere morsels to be consumed.

The hunger, once a soft pang, had become a raging beast, devouring all in its path. Dow's existence became a cycle of hunger and consumption. His body, once frail and weak, grew bloated with the weight of his unyielding desires, but the emptiness inside remained. He rampaged through the land like a swarm of locusts, devouring all in his path.

Eventually, there was nothing left. The world had been consumed. Every grain of food, every living thing, every blade of grass had been devoured. Now Dow stood alone in the desolation of his appetite. His body now swollen beyond recognition, his mind broken, the only constant - his hunger.

In the end, the hunger turned inward. Dow, desperate to feed that insatiable emptiness, began to consume himself. Tearing at his own flesh, he began to feast, the pain of destroying himself paled in comparison to his need to consume. Once Dow's last supper had concluded, there was nothing left.

The world was empty. Quiet. Peaceful.



More per the Zine - Cameron Thomas

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

[Page unintentionally left blank]

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?

More?