



**VOLUME 1**  
**ISSUE 3**

**A2K CITY MAGAZINE**

# A2K CITY

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# *Satan, Beelzebub and some goth girl*



By: Dorky Alexandra



That's the answer for you! Eastern European boomers just prefer horrible company over peaceful solitude!

Sure thing, mom...

Oh! Maria, before you go to school, just know I will have the girls over so could you wear something a little bit more joyful? I don't want them to think I am raising some kind of weirdo...

SURE THING, MOM!

So, yeah, that's my home life, but it's not as if I am all that excited about spending time at school, either.

Ouch!!

Hah, ha, ha, hah!

Look, girls! It's Morticia!



As if I didn't already know the answer. It's because I am a goth and my parents don't get involved in my school life.



Why are you complaining? You're a corpse! You can't feel pain!

Why are you always picking on me?

I wish I could...



Yeah! And besides, if you don't like dealing with us, you should have just stayed in your hotel!



I heard Weirdo's dad is a perv who hooks up with 20 year old strippers!

Can you blame him? Her mom is a total slut who banged every guy within 100 miles!

Still, those strippers aren't much older than us... Yo, Weirdo! Did your daddy ever try to r\*pe you? Cause that would explain a lot! Ha, hah!



So yep...this is the kind of morning greeting I get from my classmates every day. But wait, it's about to get worse! First class today is religion. Although the constitution of Romania grants us religious freedom, eastern orthodoxy indoctrination is mandatory in schools, regardless of your actual beliefs.



# *Space Cadet*



# *Girls*



# DREAM EATER

/// Nocturnal Delight ///



**By: Occult Tooner**

Day 3, still no sleep. Creatures lurking,  
waiting for the inevitable



I can feel my eyes getting  
heavy. Second by second my  
mind slips into the darkness.



Death doesn't scare me but I can't help  
feel unease as it becomes harder and  
harder to inhale the last glimpse of life.





# EROGENOUS ZONE





I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH FROM  
BEFORE THAT DAY...



ON THAT DAY... OVER 200 YEARS AGO...



I WAS RESURRECTED FROM THE DEAD.



I BECAME

JIANGSHI...

A RESURRECTED CORPSE  
THAT HAS BEEN BROUGHT  
BACK TO FUFILL AN  
ASSIGNMENT...A PUPPET  
ON STRINGS. I BECAME A



# DEADMAN

AND SO... I BECAME A FIGHTER...





WHEREVER I WENT...

WHATEVER I TOUCHED...



DEATH AND DECAY WERE  
ALL THAT FOLLOWED...

I BEGAN TO WONDER...  
IF THIS DESTINY OF RUIN WAS  
ALL THERE WAS FOR ME  
IN THIS WORLD...

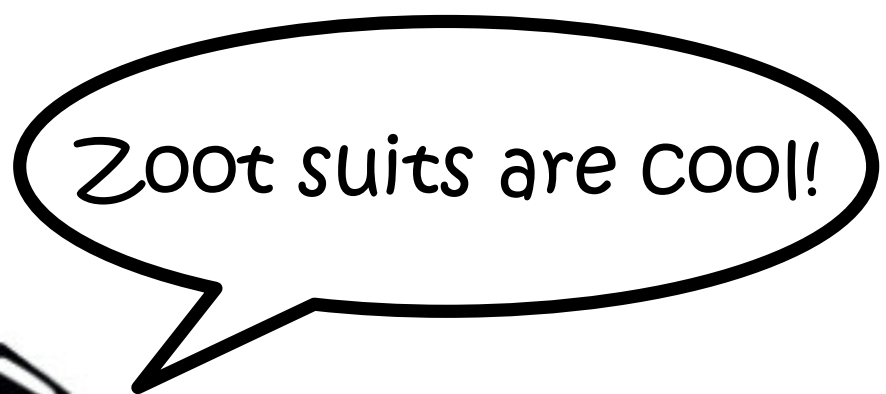
I LOST MY WAY...

EVENTUALLY I ENDED UP IN A BAD PREDICAMENT...

I SUPPOSE...IT WOULD BE A FITTING END FOR THE ABOMINATION I HAD BECOME...







Art by: RoyalFoil



# ANXIETY ISLAND MAGAZINE

VOL.1  
ISSUE 3





# **Vampire 101** *Rule #54*

**WEAR DARK BURGUNDY IN YOUR OUTFIT,  
HELPS COVER UP BLOOD.  
WEARING BLACK IS SUCH A CLICHE.**



**SPACE  
STUDIO  
13**



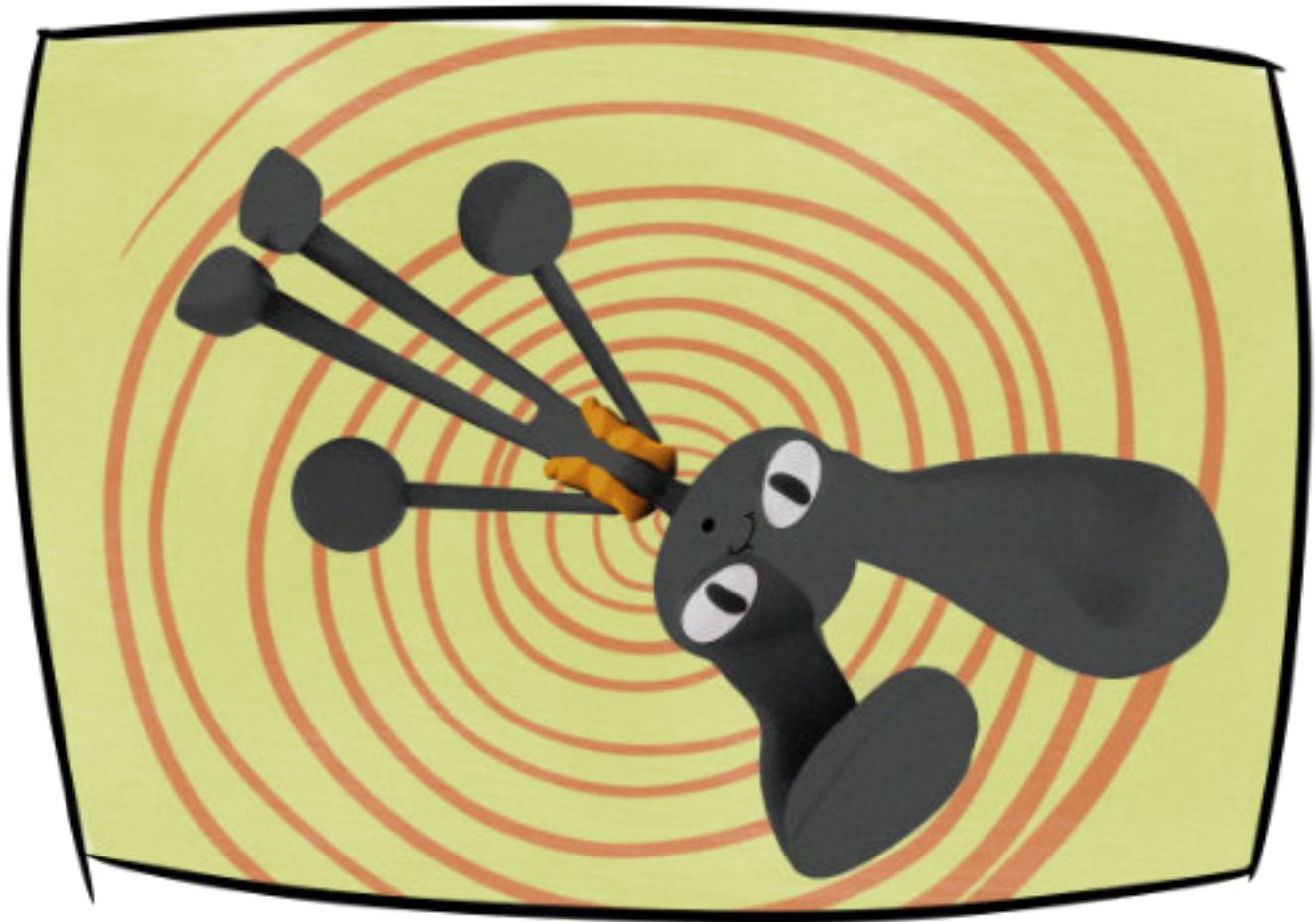


# JORGITO

BY: OCCULTTOONER



“Realities”







BE SURE TO ALSO CHECK OUT THE OTHER  
COLORFUL FLAVORS OF *BABY YOSHI'S*



@THEAQUATICBUNNY



FIERY, SAUCY, FLAVORFUL CHIPS BAKED TO PERFECTION WITH A  
NEW KICK. *BABY YOSHI'S FIERY WASABI* FLAVORED CHIPS ARE  
NOW AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL MUSHROOM KINGDOM.



# We Did What Simon Said

## By NoShave Dave Bashe

It was a lonesome night on Limestone Road, save two curious friends seeking out some adventure. With the gaunt crest of a silver-blue moon peeking over the wide rim of clouds there could be seen a truly old forest not so far off, abounding in truly old oaks and maples mostly forgotten by everybody alive. That's where Simon wanted to go.

"Ah look how weird that looks, over there in that big twisted thing, with the branches all spiking out", he proclaimed.

"That does I guess look weird... the way it looks..." Sulka followed with a scant less enthusiasm.

"Well we've gotta see it closer now don't we!"

"I guess we can go a little bit over there. Just not, maybe, too much beyond there..."

"You aren't afraid, come on", urged Simon, almost jogging ahead.

Sulka might not have been afraid of exploring at night, or even exploring old forgotten woods in the very late night, but Simon would sometimes forget which ways they'd been or not been, and it didn't always seem wise to let him take the lead entirely. She didn't have to run to keep up, but she did need to walk faster. Simon had the tendency of leaving others behind without meaning to on occasions where he got excited for something, and since he wasn't the best with remembering where they'd been or hadn't Sulka kept within easy speaking distance whenever possible. Alternately, she had the sometimes-habit of stopping and getting lost in the moment of a place when she wasn't focused enough on

the path ahead.

"Hey... you think we'll actually see anything, you know...?"

"Honestly? I think your grandpa's a real smart guy some ways but it kinda seemed like he could maybe get confused sometimes. You know how he was like, talking about there being a lady up on his roof, but then he forgot that part about it being a dream? I mean... I'm not saying there couldn't be anything weird out here, just..."

"Nah I get it, you aren't wrong. I was, I dunno. I sorta thought it would be cool to see something weird, and I mean it's fun just to go exploring here anyway."

As they met the edge of the very old forest it began to have a hauntingly almost profound sort of appearance.

Not quite familiar but not quite so unfamiliar in the ways they might have thought. Simon stopped for a moment as he reached a truly very old and colossal beast of an oak. The two of them stared upon its enchanted shape for a spellbound minute before advancing past the woody perimeter, their thoughts now compelled by a sublime urge to see further in. They didn't say much for a while.

The deeper they went, the more the world went quiet. Everything further in had an increasingly dreamlike quality including the air itself now. Late-season wind meandered through this mostly silent wood, weaving little pockets of a wistful pine-like scent. The forest even smelled old and forgotten.

"Whoa. Oh my god. Oh my... um... Hey, does that...? Simon... look-look over there at that tree, there. Does something about it... look, like, weird to you, at all?"





Simon didn't respond right away. He was looking between the great flowing willow tree and a little small space like a hidden path into a darker part of the woods.

"Like, so this tree—"

"I mean it looks cool," he finally replied.

"But like it doesn't give you a really weird feeling?"

"I... I dunno. I guess it stands out a little bit, but... you got a weird feeling from it then? Was it like a good weird or a bad weird?"

"I'm not... sure, I guess. It... the thing is, well... it very, weirdly resembles, something I've seen at some point, or... think I've seen. I don't know anymore. But... I thought for sure, like, I'd seen it in a dream, when I first saw it just now. Like I was positive I had seen that exact image in a dream, and it was like this weird feeling suddenly came flooding back to me. And almost like, maybe a little tiny part of me knew I would see it somewhere someday but I didn't remember any of that until just now, at least for like a really long time. Does... does any of that make any sense?"

"...So it's like, déjà vu?"

"I, I guess? I've never really thought about déjà vu or anything, is that what it's like kind of?"

"I guess? Could be anyway. Or maybe you really did see it in a dream; maybe we were fated to come out here and travel down that weird little pathway there..."

"Oh wait, NO! No we can't go down there, let's not ever do that!"

"Why did you dream about that too? Did we like die in your dream or something?"

"No, I... actually I'm not even sure. I don't really remember that specifically, I just... got a really strange feeling suddenly when you pointed that out there. Like... maybe it was in the dream. It just looks really wrong to me now. So let's not, okay?"

"Oh come on. Really? Now I gotta know what's down that way."

"No no no, really can we not?? I really really don't want to. Like really I mean it."

"Uhhh. I guess if you really never wanna do anything even slightly interesting we don't haaave to just look down a weird little path in the woods we'll probably never get the chance to see again."

"What do you mean, we could come out here literally anytime though."

"Yeah but you won't."

"I mean I... well... I guess I probably won't. But you could still go out here during the day sometime."

"I don't wanna come out here by myself, I don't know if I'll even find this exact spot again anyway."

"Well you can just come out here with someone else."

"No."

"Why not? Actually wait you're right, you shouldn't probably come out here again with or without me. Really maybe don't."

"You don't even wanna come down this weird path with me even just a teeny little bit? Like what's that possibly gonna hurt? If it looks dangerous we'll just stop anyway."

"No Simon. No."

"...I thought you wanted to see weird stuff with me."

"I do. Normally I... but this is different. It really just is, it feels so different than anything else we've tried to look for."

"Why, because something weird was maybe finally real this time? How many times will we get a chance to actually find something this cool? Like maybe never. We might've had one real magical adventure together but now we'll never know what it would've been like. We even

could have just gone the tiniest little bit and nothing bad would happen, we'd just know what was around the corner there."

"Please don't have a temper tantrum about it, you're just making it more sad."

"...Okay I'm sorry. Just... you got me so curious about it. And now we'll never know."

"Maybe it's better that way."

"I mean, we came out here actually looking for a small green man my grandpa saw, is a silly little path that much scarier to you?"

"I didn't think your grandpa's little green man was real before. Now... I guess a part of me's scared it might even be out there."

"So you actually believe his story now?"

"Honestly I don't know one way or another anymore. For all I know my dreams are real somewhere."

"Well, at least something halfway interesting happened I guess. I wish I got to have a weird premonition out in these woods though. I never get to see anything weird."

As the two gradually started to make their way back, Sulka saw the sliver of the moon glistening out from a pillar of cloud and began to have second thoughts. The strange feeling no longer tugged at her soul and Simon looked so disappointed now she wished she hadn't been struck with such a cowardly outburst. A little gray moth was the turning point. If a puny, delicate insect could live out its whole existence here then what was she getting all worked up over?

"Alright. Since it means the world to you we can go down that path a little of the way I guess."

"For real, you really don't mind now? You mean it?"

"But if we actually see anything even slightly weird, we'll run from it right?"

"Yeah yeah, we can still at least say we saw something freaky, we don't need to see it for super long though."

"If we see anything. Which I'm hoping we maybe don't still."

But they did see something that night. It was neither something they'd seen nor ever expected to see in their lives...

"Well no little green guys yet. We good to keep going for now?"

"...You know, this path isn't starting to actually feel so bad anymore."

"You like it now?"

"Kinda. I guess. It's at least not so... well... it doesn't really bother me anymore. Not much anyway. It is actually pretty in the tiny bit of moonlight. It's all different now than before. Whatever that was is gone. Maybe we were just supposed to wait a tiny bit or something."

"Huh."

"Wow. Those flowers right there, they kinda... do remind me of a dream I had, once. It wasn't a really bad dream though. It was more of a peaceful kind of dream, maybe a bit melancholy. I feel almost like... like I wouldn't mind living on a path like this. It almost has a magical fragrance to it. Almost like..."



Sulka had thought she was talking to Simon for a while. But she had slowed her journey's pace rather more than she realized, and Simon had continued on more swiftly.

"Simon, wait..."

She now did her best to catch up, not quite panicking at first but a little less enchanted than



she had been just before. Apparently she had paused quite a bit longer than she meant to, or even remembered. Either that or Simon had started going much faster than she expected he normally would.

#### “SIMON HOW FAR AHEAD ARE YOU?”

She quickened her pace even more, and was beginning to panic now. The path started to feel a bit different as well. It was becoming gradually more like it had felt earlier on, as if something about it wasn't right. And then just as she was beginning to really worry a scent reached her. A dreadful and strange scent, not like anything she could remember having smelled before. It had the stink of things not meant to be, like a kind of putrid you could only experience in your worst type of dreams. And with it was a sense of utter hopelessness, of being doomed without end. It was so abysmal and wretched it became a horror just to breathe.

And then at last, she saw something ahead of her. Something ghastly in such illogical ways it felt impossible. Something greenish. Or perhaps some color like green but not entirely a green we can describe. Something about it seemed, well, other-than-green, was the only way she thought to describe it to herself. It was something of a mire, or perhaps an oozing putrescence. And there in the damned middle of it was Simon, or what she thought was Simon.

She couldn't even speak. Whatever this place was, it seemed to have a partial hold of him. He kept trying to walk out of it, but he appeared either trapped midair or like he was flailing through quicksand in slow motion. Finally Sulka thought to do something, and it was the only thing she could think to do: she grabbed a long and ugly stick and she held it out to Simon. He struggled to grab onto it and a few times Sulka nearly bolted in sheer panic when he jerked a little bit less than naturally. The only noise he made was a weak and woeful gasping or groaning.

At long last, he held on as she managed to pull him forward. He was moaning painfully and coated in some kind of goop that smelled worse than death. She didn't dare touch him but he followed her out of the woods, or at least she thought he did. She wasn't entirely sure the

whole time but overall had the impression he was generally with her. The entire journey back was mostly a blur though, an ethereal and nightmarish blur she could barely remember afterwards.

But there was one thing she did remember. When they came back out from those terrible woods, she saw that Simon had changed, in a way. He almost seemed to be laughing at first, but he appeared... smaller than before.

#### “Simon, what are you—how... what?”

I suppose maybe it was Simon who was there with her, even though he wasn't as big anymore, and he wasn't quite the same shape either. It was most noticeable on his arm, which was contaminated the worst: it had shriveled down and mainly retained a disgusting shade of green. He looked at Sulka miserably as she began to collapse in shock, and then crawled away to hide himself forever deep in those woods. The last thing she heard from him were his bitter weeps of shame.

From that point on, Sulka would never enter any woods again. And Simon would never leave them. If that even was Simon at all.



SET YOUR  
SOUL ON  
THE THINGS  
YOU LOVE




SPACE  
STUDIO  
13





@TheAquaticBunny

A low-angle, wide shot of a futuristic interior space. The ceiling is a complex, curved structure with a large, glowing, wavy light fixture that dominates the upper half of the frame. The walls are made of metallic panels and feature several large digital displays showing cityscapes. The floor is a smooth, light-colored surface with a large, dark, abstract shape. A few people are visible in the distance, walking through the space. The overall atmosphere is high-tech and modern.

Go ahead  
And get lost





# ANXIETY ISLAND MAGAZINE

VOL.1  
ISSUE 3

**THANK YOU  
FOR READING**

Cover Design by: @TheAqualicBunny

HAPPY HALLOWEEN

