



**LEGENDS  
of  
URBAN HORROR**

*A Friend of a Friend  
Told Me*

Edited by Gloria Bobrowicz

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Sirens Call Publications

**Legends of Urban Horror:  
A Friend of a Friend Told Me**

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## Bunnyman

*Sean Keller*

Claire's feet kicked wildly, nearly toppling the end table and floor lamp, but Daniel reined her in, yanking her back to the center of the room. Her hips twisted and writhed in a desperate, animal attempt to spin free from what the both of them knew was the moment of her death. Daniel thought he heard the bone in her heel shatter against the concrete floor, and a slight smile crossed his full lips. The lips that parted in a warm smile while convincing Claire and the others before her to forget inhibitions, to throw caution to the wind and simply give into hedonism and whimsy. He promised Claire a night of passion and he delivered. He delivered in spades. As Daniel tightened his grip and squeezed the young woman's airway, he could feel her emotions erupting through the flesh in violent paroxysms. Fear. Betrayal. Rage. He was quite certain that he had honored his word. What more passionate state could a human reach than struggling for very survival and finally succumbing to the great unknown?

It was this more than the end result that drove him. The fact that he had to kill Claire was a regrettable result of the process. It wasn't as if he could bring the girl to the brink of death and then just let her go... it wouldn't be real. That would be a cheat. He had tried it once and when the poor girl had awakened, she was in such a state of hysteria that he had to finish the job more quickly, which was messy... and Daniel hated messy.

Her feet still kicked, but with less ferocity, less vigor. Claire's life was draining away and soon would be gone. The moment was always heart-breakingly brief. It was time to rise. Daniel was lying on his back on the cold concrete floor with Claire atop him. His left arm was clamped tightly into the soft flesh under Claire's chin and he gripped his left wrist with his right hand... the position had been perfected, but it prohibited him from seeing her eyes, seeing the life leave her body. Now that she was weaker and fading fast he sat upright, straining his tightly-trained abdominal muscles to lift the girl against her will.

He sat the dying woman upright and caught her expression in the dressing mirror. He stared deeply into her eyes and prepared himself for the spasm he knew would come. Claire's eyes fluttered, trapped between consciousness and oblivion, but in a sudden flash, the former won out and she caught sight of her reflection. The reality of her own impending death shot a fight-or-flight rush of adrenalin through her body. She kicked. She clawed. She twisted and tried to cry out, tried to suck in a breath, just one breath. This was what Daniel lived for. His breathing quickened and his heart raced. He could feel a rush of blood as his cock stiffened against her writhing body. It would be over soon and he would miss this moment, this high. He stared deep into Claire's eyes as the life drained away, seeing her in that final, hyper-aware state, knowing her better than any lover, better than her parents. Daniel stared deep into Claire's eyes and saw it... inevitability. She was not yet dead, but had given in. Her body went limp in his arms...

## Never A Bride

*Lisamarie Lamb*

It lay – crumpled, stained, forgotten – at the bottom of a wardrobe in a long abandoned bedroom in a house that had once known love and laughter and now only knew the tramp, tramp, tramp of potential buyers' feet.

This was not the first time it had been left alone, but it *was* the longest time. It had been years. It could feel those hours and days and months adding up, creasing it, smudging it, leaving its lace yellowed and its sash frayed. It could feel time eating away at it. It could feel itself fading in and out of fashion and becoming nothing more than rags.

A dress. A bridesmaid dress, to be precise. Mint green and white, yellow flowers dotting its skirt where they hadn't fallen off or become a meal for moths. Once a prized possession, handmade to the bride's specific instructions, it now languished, discarded, in a flurry of spider webs and dust. It used to have matching gloves, a boater hat, earrings that had taken weeks and weeks to find, but these had all been lost years ago and now it was completely alone.

When the front door of the house opened, it sensed it. A breeze rustled its ruffles and it almost rose up, almost, it tried, but its bodice with the beads sewn ever so carefully on, one by one, was too heavy and it sunk back down. But it had been close. It didn't matter – there was movement downstairs. A viewing. There were footsteps, voices; there was the sound of excitement, a squealing child, all of twelve years old. A girl. And a younger one, perhaps eight, maybe nine. Sisters.

The dress wanted them.

The dress knew it could have them.

The dress understood that it would need to be patient for just a little while longer.

\*\*\*

The bridesmaid dress was old now, but once it hadn't even existed. It had come into being in the mind of a bride to be, beautiful and rich and terrified that society would discover that her fiancé – an actor, a playboy, but a man she had told everyone who would listen that she could tame – was being unfaithful. It was a scandal just waiting to show itself, just waiting to make itself known, cruelly and with vicious intent. Ripe and ready for the papers to grab hold of, caress, construct as their own and then make public.

The bride would be the most talked about (and laughed at) woman in the country. In the world. She would be scorned and pitied. She simply could not allow it.

But the bride had an idea.

A wedding was, in the end, all about the dress. Wasn't it?

## The Pit

*K. Trap Jones*

During the summer of '87 was when we first heard the tale. My friends and I rode our bikes to the local gas station to buy some soda and candy like we often did. With pockets full of quarters and a desire to kick start a quality sugar rush, we plowed through the frosted doors of the store and felt the cool air cleanse the northern Florida heat from our skin. We fully believed that our weekly sugar purchases kept the owner employed and our egos showed it as we barreled past the old man and into the candy aisle. The options were always the same, but seemed different each week for some reason. Watermelon was my flavor of choice and it was the thrill of the hunt that always proved to be the most exciting part. Rummaging through the other flavors and pushing aside cherry, orange and grape until I found the sweet essence that were the watermelon candy sticks.

We usually ignored other conversations that were occurring in different aisles, but something caught our attention that day. It must have been the overall boredom of the summer or our quest for a new adventure. Two high school kids were standing in front of the beer section debating the best way pull a fast one on the old man. It wasn't the beer talk that captured us; it was their next discussion that had all four of us eavesdropping through the boxes of candy bars. They spoke of a pit that was hidden within the woods, far from that one dirt road that leads to the fence. Their words caught our curiosity because we knew that dirt road and we had been to that fence on many occasions. We used to shoot pellet guns at the sign that read *Air Force Property: Do Not Trespass*. We listened intently as they spoke of a pit so deep that the sounds of hell emitted from the belly of the beast. They argued back and forth as to what exactly lived beneath the threshold of the pit. One said he had heard it was a demonic creature that fed on those who fell within his abode. The other claimed that the pit was actually the chimney stack of an old hag so disgusting looking that she built her home underneath the ground to hide herself from society. Those who fell would be burned alive. At night, the smoke from the charred victims could be seen rising above the trees.

The next day we set out early with our backpacks filled with everything that was necessary to survive an adventure; beef jerky, soda and firecrackers. We crossed the threshold of our neighborhood and walked along the dirt road that led to the woods. We knew the area well and spent many summers trying our best to build tree houses amongst the tall, swaying pine trees. The woods represented our escape from reality. There were no rules to follow, no homework that needed to be done. It was freedom.

The dirt road took a sharp right and that was where we always entered into the trees. We headed straight for the fence where the Air Force sign hung. After finding the perfect walking sticks and sharpening the points with our pocketknives, we discussed what exactly might be at the bottom of the pit...

# The Kindness of Strangers

*Kimberly A. Bettes*

The clock struck two o'clock, and I eagerly walked to the front of the building and clocked out. It had been a long night, just like the string of long nights before it. My shift ended two hours earlier, but I stayed late like always, working an extra couple of hours to earn some much-needed money. It wore me out to do it, but I did it anyway. I had no one to rush home to, and I sure liked to shop, so while I was here I might as well stay late.

With aching feet and legs, and a throbbing lower back, I walked to my car, wishing I had a job where I could actually sit down, or at least a job that didn't require standing on concrete for twelve straight hours. But I liked the job and the people I worked with, so I toughed it out.

I got in my car, preparing for the long drive home. All my friends had tried to talk me into moving closer to work so I wouldn't have to drive so far. They were worried about me, and why wouldn't they be? I drove an hour each way to work, and the trip home was in the wee hours of the morning. And if that wasn't bad enough, I drove country highways, where there was no traffic at two in the morning. If something happened, I had to depend on myself. It's not like someone would come along within a minute and stop to assist me. Their worries weren't unfounded.

With the radio up and the windows down, I pulled out of the parking lot and headed home. As the lights of the sleeping city fell away behind me, the pure darkness of the country enveloped me, both welcoming and daunting.

It was peaceful driving the country road, and it was beyond rare to meet any oncoming traffic. I was free to let my mind wander, to think about the things the noise of the day kept me from focusing on. I could get a little silly singing loudly with the radio without fear of other drivers seeing me. It was a good way to unwind from a long, noisy night at work. But there was also a downside to driving a dark two lane highway at night, alone.

One of the things that bothered me about driving home was my overactive imagination. The night was dark, broken only by the glow of my headlights, which illuminated the highway directly in front of me. Trees lined the highway on both sides, and I always envisioned a deranged man stepping out of the tree line and onto the highway, hell-bent on killing me. I tried to have a plan in place in case that unlikely scenario ever happened. Would I stop? Would I plow him down and keep going? With any luck, I'd never have to find out.

But the main concern was always that I'd fall asleep at the wheel. And though I'd never told anyone, I actually had fallen asleep a few times while driving home. After battling with tired, burning eyes, I'd simply blinked and nothing more, but my eyes remained closed. They eventually opened, allowing me to see that I was completely on the other side of the road...



## The Delectable Hearts

C.M. Saunders

What a way to spend Halloween. Watching some second-rate pop punk band in a stinking downtown dive next door to a brothel.

“Go check these guys out tonight,” Bob Rickards, his merciless and increasingly jittery editor told him that afternoon. “The Delectable Hearts. Unsigned, but they've been creating quite a buzz on the local scene down south. We gotta keep our finger on the pulse”

“Never heard of 'em. Sound like a bunch of damn hippies,” Mick Dome, longest serving staff writer at Rock City Sounds magazine, replied. Where music was concerned he didn't pull any punches, it was his only passion in life.

“Now, now, let's not be judgmental,” Rickards said sarcastically, the same man who effectively blocked all favorable coverage of Screeching Weasel forever after Dan Vapid phoned him up and called him a prick. “These Delectable whatever's came from nowhere, might be the next Big Thing!”

Both as a music reporter and as a human being Mick hated the phrase *came from nowhere*. Nobody ever came from nowhere. Sure, they may suddenly hit the mainstream and achieve worldwide fame, but success rarely came without due effort and diligence. Months or years of writing songs in bedrooms, playing gigs to fifteen people including bar staff, and suffering the constant disappointment of having your Demo tape overlooked while all around you younger, better-looking and more talented outfits are springing up all the time.

*Came from nowhere and got themselves a return ticket*, he almost quipped, but held his tongue. If these guys hadn't paid their dues, and if they had Mick would have heard of them by now, then he didn't have time for them.

But he had to think of the big picture.

From a staff of fifteen three years ago Rock City Sounds was now running on a skeleton crew of eight. Circulation was down for the fourteenth consecutive issue, and there was water-cooler talk of yet more redundancies. The water-cooler itself was fast-becoming a metaphor not just for Rock City Sounds but the print industry as a whole; once a thriving, bustling epicenter of energy, it was now a lonely outpost populated only by the dejected and the damned.

If Mick wanted to keep his job as chief reporter, he would have to justify his salary and get out in the field more. Get his hands dirty. The problem with that, apart from all the public transport and general inconvenience, was that as much as he still loved music, he just found it hard to get excited about anything these days. He heard a hundred 'new' bands and artists every week, whether at gigs or on tape, disc, file or online...

## The Pier

Morgan Bauman

*There is a pier that you can reach from any city in the world. Some say you can get there if you whistle the right tune as you walk on a misty morning, or if you take too many lefts and find a street you don't quite remember seeing the first time you passed by, or if you run into an old friend and can't agree on when you last met. Each city has its own path to the pier.*

*Those that reach it, however, don't always have a way back.*

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Maria wandered down a path where booths stood so closely together that their canopies overlapped, casting blue-gold shadows on the narrow, winding passage between them. She squinted in the dim, smoky air, but didn't recognize any of the passersby. Two children raced underfoot, shrieking, vanishing behind a curtain that muffled their laughter. A damp heat pressed down on them all; beyond the brocade, a bright, August sun burned in a cloudless sky.

Wading through the murky, perfumed air, Maria passed several souvenir stands and game booths full of stuffed animals and dolls with glossy, vacant eyes before a sign caught her eye.

*Tarot Card Readings.*

"How much for a reading?" Maria asked, pulling aside the curtain. An ancient fan creaked in the corner by a bucket of ice, keeping the room surprisingly cool. A young man in a crisp suit turned to face her.

"You've been marked?" he asked, holding out his hand. Looking down, she remembered the stamp on her wrist. The insignia was so knotted and elaborate that she doubted she could duplicate it. Maria held out her wrist to the man, who frowned. "Ah." He shook his head. "No, no. I can't tell your fortune with a mark like that."

Maria reached for her wallet, but he shook his head again.

"You'll be attending the show at dusk," he told her. "That's all the fortune you need." As Maria glared at him, he turned away, waving his hand dismissively. "All right, all right. Follow the left-hand path, and you'll be free of the tents." He looked over his shoulder. "You'll get nothing else from me."

"I'm a paying customer," Maria said, crossing her arms. The man's outline warped for an instant, and she stepped backwards, but he was already smoothing his suit, staring her down.

"I will take no payment," he answered. "You don't know what you're asking." The fan in the corner wound down, slowing to a stop. Behind the sandalwood incense hung the salty stench of rotting fish at low tide. Maria covered her nose and stepped back, pulling away from the stagnant air. The man's face distorted for an instant. *It's just heat haze*, Maria told herself...

# Hairy Man Road

*Austin Fikac*

I heard the legend of the Hairy Man as often as any kid who grew up in the Texas Hill Country. He was our own local Sasquatch, and I believed in him about as much as I believed in the tooth fairy.

Then last September, Aunt Vera came to visit. She's so much cooler than my mom. It's sometimes hard to believe they are sisters. My aunt thinks of herself as a free spirit — my mom has other words for it, but they really love each other and Aunt Vera usually stays with us for a few weeks at a time when she visits our *neck of the woods*, as she calls it.

Our *neck of the woods* happens to be a suburban area just north of Austin, Texas, the city I was named after and where I was born. Being named Austin might be cool if I ever move away from here, but I get teased about it a lot. I guess it could be worse. I used to ask my mom if she would have named me Volvo, after her car, if I'd been a girl. Of course I drive that Volvo now, so I don't make that joke anymore.

My aunt loves to find unusual things to do when she visits. We've toured all the local caves, watched the bats from Town Lake, tried to find dinosaur tracks on the San Gabriel River, and shopped on every small town Main Street in a hundred mile radius. Being a teenager, I was able to skip the winery tour on her last visit. She had a "girl's day" with my mom, while my dad and I watched college football with Peter, my aunt's seventh husband. (I'd stopped calling them my uncles at number four.)

This time, Aunt Vera had her heart set on attending the Hairy Man Festival and learning everything she could about our local legend. I was mortified. I mean, what sixteen year old boy actually *wants* to go to an event where they give prizes to men for having the most body hair? I'd just gotten comfortable with the fact that *I* had body hair a few years ago. I was hoping to be able to grow an actual beard of my own one day, but the best I could do then was a sort of goatee that my mother insisted I shave off as soon as she noticed it. Body hair issues be damned, my aunt was determined we should all go. I tried to make the best of it so I invited my friend Emily to come with us.

Emily grew up in the house next door and had been my friend for as long as I could remember. Her parents divorced a few years ago and she and her brother Zachary moved with their mom into a duplex closer to town, where their mother worked. Emily went to a different school now, and last summer she stayed with her dad in California, so it had been almost a year since I'd seen her in person. She had always loved telling the story of the Hairy Man, so I thought she might think the festival was fun; and if she was coming, I'd probably have fun too. My mom liked to call Emily my girlfriend since we were always texting, but it wasn't really like that. We just had a lot in common, and she made me laugh...

## The Bridesmaid

Matthew Borgard

I flip to the last page of the catalog and toss it across the room, aiming for the countertop nearest my seat on the couch. I miss. Emily sighs, bends over and picks it up, tapping the long, pink nails on her other hand against the Formica. "You have to pick *something*."

"It's all shit," I reply, and it is. Twenty goddamn pages of designer bridesmaids dresses. Twenty pages of revolting, overpriced schlock. "Why can't Gabby just choose something for us?"

"It's supposed to be a favor she's granting us," Emily says.

"I'll grant *her* a favor. Just pick something. I don't even care anymore."

"Don't be dramatic," Emily says, rounding the counter to toss the catalog in the garbage. "Hey, why don't we just go to a store, find something and be done with it? It'll take like an hour. We won't walk out until we pick something."

As terrible an experience as that sounds, I have to admit it makes sense. We've been poring over bridal magazines and websites for well over two weeks, criticizing sleeve lengths and silhouettes like we're Vera Fucking Wang, and we still have nothing to show for it. "All right, fine. But not Marion's Bridal. *Anywhere* but Marion's Bridal. If I have to visit that store one more time, I'm going to kill myself. Isn't there some mom-and-pop place we can hit?"

Emily shrugs and digs her keys out of her pocket. "You're the one with the fancy phone, look it up. I think there's a place on Speedway on the east side. And there's one up north, but I think it's all designer, the same crap we've already seen."

I'm just about to type "dress shop" into my phone and guide us to the closest one when Emily lets out a curt laugh and looks at me with a pernicious grin. "Oh my God. I can't believe I didn't think of this sooner. I know where we have to go."

"Yeah?" I rise, stretching my arms behind my head. "If you say Marion's Bridal, I'm going to punch you in the face."

"No, seriously, come here, you have to see this." Emily heads down the hall (if you can even call it that in this tiny apartment) to our room and plops down into the leather chair in front of her computer. "It's the craziest website I've ever been to."

"If this is some shock-porn thing, count me out. I shared a computer with my little brother. I've seen my fill."

Emily ignores me while she Googles. I see the query over her shoulder -- "Isabel's bridal" -- and clicks on the second link, which actually leads to *Isabella's Formalwear*. I'm expecting the same quasi-glamorous stock picture of a skin-and-bones model wearing a purple dress with a neckline down to her navel, but instead my eyes are assaulted with the most atrocious and confounding collage I've ever seen.

"What the *hell*?" is all I can say...

# The Curse of the Devil's Tree

*Alex Chase*

"Man, you think they're close to done with this crap?" Denver whispered. Mack wasn't sure, but he was really getting tired of pledging.

Joe, one of the seniors, stepped forward. He was dressed from head to toe in a lavish ceremonial robe, but the most ostentatious part of his wardrobe was the pompous grin that had been plastered across his face. "You've done well, future-brothers. We're all very impressed by your dedication to our fraternity and are pleased to say that you are all still being considered. However, we, the brothers of Mu Lambda Phi, have decided that Hell Week should wrap up with something particularly daring for the few members who have yet to really push their boundaries.

"John, for painting our entire house despite the fact that no brother asked you to do it, you are exempt from the final challenge.

"Maurice, the fact that you were able to convince John to paint our house, even though we asked you to do it, shows an extreme managerial skill that we would never turn away. As such, you are exempt.

"Dylan, you are an extremely active member of several clubs. We respect the time and effort you invest in both your curricular and extracurricular endeavors too much to waste your precious time with the following challenge.

"As for the other five," he waved dramatically at the remaining men, "your journey is drawing to a close. You have been traveling through Hell, but the only way to escape to the other side is to cross paths with the Devil himself."

Joe paused, beaming at the theatrics of it all. He fancied himself the ringleader, staring down at a bunch of circus animals.

"Your task is to go to the Devil's Tree... and bring back a piece of it."

Denver didn't seem to react - though it wasn't clear if he didn't care about the challenge or if he was hiding his emotions. Mack felt a violent wave of nausea, but shook it off, while Julian looked confused. Neil paled, but gulped loudly and nodded.

Paul stood, looked at the other four pledges and said, "There's no way I'm doing that. Sorry fellas."

Joe feigned offense, "Paul! But why? Are you scared? I guess it's better that you leave, then. This is a group for men, not scared little boys." The brothers snickered. They'd seen this trick during most, if not all, of the initiations they'd witnessed. It was rule number one of gaining frat members. Emasculate and embarrass; their honor is worth more than the price of any challenge.

They fell silent when they witnessed something that had never happened before. Paul shrugged and smiled. "I'm a running back - I don't need your approval to feel like a man..."

## **Marrow**

*Jon Olson*

Tony Barrymore took a long drag off of his cigarette, inhaled deeply and gently exhaled, letting the smoke escape from his slightly parted lips. He looked down at his work boots but really wasn't looking at anything in particular. Mentally he was still waking up, and to help he took a sip of the coffee that he held in the same hand as his cigarette. He always thought that the coffee made in the kitchen of the Triple L Lumber Company Camp 4 tasted like shit but seeing that they were almost an hour away from the nearest paved road, a Tim Horton's was most definitely out of the question.

He glanced down at his watch and let out a heavy sigh. It was a quarter past five and he knew it was time to get on the road if he was going to be at the logging site on time. He took one final drag off of the cigarette and dropped it to the gravel driveway, then stomped it out. He walked over to his Ford Ranger, opened the door and pulled himself inside. After placing his coffee in the only cup holder that wasn't full of coins, he turned the key and the engine came to life.

As he drove out of the driveway and onto the logging road, he looked in his rearview mirror at Camp 4. It was essentially five mobile home trailers that had been converted into sleeping quarters. Each trailer housed six men and had a small recreational area that consisted of a television, a closet full of old board games and decks of cards. Alcohol was not permitted on Triple L owned land and so outside of smoking, the majority of the workers just slept. Also, there was one doublewide trailer that had been converted into a cafeteria. The cook for Camp 4 was a decent man, but unfortunately, he severely lacked imagination in the kitchen. He had a routine and nothing messed with that man and his routine.

Despite the remote location of the camp they had great cell phone coverage. While shifting his eyes from the road to his phone and back, Tony dialed Gordon Norwood's number. It rang twice.

"Hello?" a voice yelled over a deafening heavy engine.

"Gordie! How's it going?" Tony asked.

"Not too bad. We had a little problem with a protester this morning but other than that it's been clear sailing."

Tony shook his head. "Why don't they just fuck off?"

"Beats me, young buck. The guy really wasn't protesting as much as he was pleading. They don't want us cutting up here for some reason. I don't get it though; it's nowhere near the land they have designated as sacred. I don't know. Maybe they're just exercising their right to protest."

"Just because you have a right to do something, it doesn't always mean you should." Tony said...

## About the Authors

### Morgan Bauman

Morgan Bauman has published one short story, *Cold Sleep*, in *The Sirens Call* eZine. Since the success of the KickStarter to launch her first novel, she has poured herself wholeheartedly into writing and editing.

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### Kimberly A. Bettes

Kimberly A. Bettes is the author of several suspense and horror novels, including RAGE and HELD. She lives with her husband and son in the beautiful Ozark Mountains of southeast Missouri, where she terrorizes residents of a small town with her twisted tales. It's there she likes to study serial killers and knit. Serial killers who knit are her favorites.

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### Matthew Borgard

Matthew Borgard is a software engineer living in Austin, TX with 1 cat and 1 wife. He's been writing his whole life, and is still not entirely convinced the writers of *The Nightmare Before Christmas* didn't steal the film's plot from his elementary school notebooks. He enjoys reading, writing and partaking in video games, and does not enjoy that it's becoming increasingly difficult to do all three simultaneously. His stories have appeared in multiple anthologies, including "Dark Tales of Lost Civilizations" and "Timeless." Visit him at [matthewborgard.com](http://matthewborgard.com).

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### Alex Chase

Alex Chase is a 19-year-old man currently pursuing bachelor's degrees in English and Psychology. He is a horror aficionado, video game lover and coffee enthusiast. He is also the author of "Heartbreaker," which appeared in issue 04 of the Siren's Call e-zine, and *A Touch of Malice*, a self-published novel for which he is now seeking traditional publication.

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### **Austin Fikac**

Austin Fikac has traveled through every state in the USA, every province in Canada, every country in Europe, and every continent, save Antarctica. He captures ideas for stories in handwritten travel journals, and likes to base characters on unusual people he has met along the way. He is fascinated by the dark and slightly macabre and loves visiting places that are abandoned and decaying yet retain a sense of former grandeur. When not exploring the world, he spends time at home in Austin, Texas with his girlfriend and their menagerie of pets. Austin writes primarily dark fiction and fantasy and his current works in progress include a collection of short stories, an urban fantasy novel, and a YA dark fantasy series.

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### **K. Trap Jones**

K. Trap Jones is an award winning author of literary horror novels and short stories. With a strong inspiration from Dante Alighieri and Edgar Allan Poe, his passion for folklore, classic literary fiction and obscure segments within society lead to his creative writing style of "filling in the gaps" and walking the line between reality and fiction. He is also a member of the Horror Writers Association. More information can be found at <http://www.ktrapjones.com>.

### **Sean Keller**

Sean Keller is a singer-songwriter, actor and screenwriter who has written for both John Carpenter and Dario Argento. He has performed on Broadway, acted in film & television and played in bands in various dive bars and theaters across the USofA. He even lost big on Jeopardy. Keller drinks too much, swears too much and takes deep delight in corrupting the



morals of America's youth. When not at the keyboard he is most likely found singing and raising hell at a karaoke bar.

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### **Lisamarie Lamb**

I love to write horror, but I dabble in various genres, including mystery and children's stories. I have written and published a horror novel (*Mother's Helper*) and a collection of short stories (*Some Body's At The Door*). I have recently completed my second novel (*At Peace With All Things*), and Dark Hall Press has just published a collection of my short stories (*Over The Bridge*) in a single author collection.

My work can be found online at <http://www.themoonlitdoor.blogspot.com>, and within many anthologies including books from Angelic Knight Press, Cruentus Libri Press, and Sirens Call Publications.

I have edited a collection of short stories (*A Roof Over Their Heads*) set on and around the Isle of Sheppey, Kent (UK) where I live.

### **Jon Olson**

Jon works as a Pre Board Screening Checkpoint Coordinator at Halifax Robert L Stanfield International Airport. When he is not working or writing, he can be found at his home in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia with his wife and their four cats."

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### **C.M. Saunders**

Christian Saunders, who writes fiction as C.M. Saunders, began writing in 1997, his early fiction appearing in several small-press titles and anthologies. His first book, *Into the Dragon's Lair – A Supernatural History of Wales* was published in 2003. After graduating with a BA in journalism he worked extensively in the freelance market, contributing to numerous international publications including *Fortean Times*, *Chat*, *Its Fate! Bizarre*, *Urban Ink*, *Enigma*, *Record Collector*, *Nuts*, *Maxim*, and a regular column to the *Western Mail* newspaper. Since returning

to dark fiction he has had stories published in *Screams of Terror*, *Shallow Graves*, *Dark Valentine*, *Fantastic Horror*, *Unbroken Waters*, *The Sirens Call* and several anthologies. His novellas *Dead of Night* and *Apartment 14F: An Oriental Ghost Story* are available on Damnation Books while his latest, *Devil's Island*, is out now on Rainstorm Press.