

tiny frights



volume II issue II

Halloween 2023

COVER ART BY JIM ZOLA

Contents

Front cover art	Jim Zola
Welcome	Carl Bettis
Halloween	Roberta Gould
Night's Edge	Thomas Zimmerman
Bitter	Francesco Levato
untitled	Andrew Graber
Fragrant Bodies	Francesco Levato
Golden Shovel: Cemetery Sibyl	LindaAnn LoSchiavo
Bram Stoker's Recipe	LindaAnn LoSchiavo
untitled	Jim Zola
Ruined	Corrine Walsh
untitled	Carl Bettis
Malevalentia Herbicia	Cecilia Kennedy
Med Ward	Jennifer Rodrigues
What the House Told Me	Jennifer Rodrigues
Interesting Times	Eve Ott
Language Lesson	Cassandra Daucus
untitled	Andrew Graber
Five of Wands	Robert Beveridge
Paranormal Investigator	Robert Beveridge
Those Who Will Not Be Missed	Maggie Iribarne
The One Who Remains	Maggie Iribarne
untitled	Jim Zola
My Dog's Murder Weapon	Jim Calvert
"incubus, love"	linda m. crate
untitled	Justin Z
Childhood Games	Phyllis Becker
The Vase	C.M. Saunders
Broken World	C.M. Saunders
Relax	Jennifer Rodrigues
This Year for Halloween	Thomas Gorn
Gift	Suzanna Fitzpatrick
Guilty Pleasure	Nolcha Fox
What Have They Done	Anna Maeve
A New Life in Red	Douglas Gwilym
A Wind from the East	Sarah Das Gupta
Early Morning in the Village	John Grey
4:56 AM	Julie Allyn Johnson
Family Plot	Donald Ranard
The Thing on the Other Side	H.L. Dowless
The House of Disappearances	Jennifer Ruth Jackson
Poem from Dracula's Coffin	Jennifer Ruth Jackson
Lunchtime	Jennifer Ruth Jackson
untitled	Jim Zola
Reviews & notations	Carl Bettis
About the contributors	
About tiny frights	

Welcome

Welcome to the 4th issue of *tiny frights*! I was impressed with the quality of submissions for this issue. I had to turn a lot of good work away only because it didn't follow the guidelines or else didn't fit the (intuitively defined) "vibe" of the zine. It was a pleasure to go through the manuscripts.

Podcast

Yes, *tiny frights* has a podcast! A new episode drops every Wednesday night, each featuring one work from a previous or upcoming issue of the e-zine. It only takes a couple of minutes to listen.

You can probably find the *tiny frights* podcast from your usual podcast source, or from Bandcamp (<https://caracabecreations.bandcamp.com/>) or Redcircle (<https://redcircle.com/shows/bd120807-a3c4-49a2-b380-80cc1a2c7442>).

By the way, if your *tf*-published work is not selected for the podcast, it's not because it isn't good enough. Some works lend themselves better than others to an audio performance.

Bluesky

If you're on Extwitter alternative Bluesky, so is *tiny frights*. The handle is @tinyfrights.bsky.social. (Bluesky is in closed beta right now. *tiny frights* doesn't have any invitations to give out, alas.)

Find a complete list of the zine's social media manifestations at <https://tinyfrights.com/about-tiny-frights/>.

Next Issue

tiny frights will be open for submissions from November 1st, 2023 to March 31st, 2024 for the Walpurgis 2024 issue. I'm particularly interested in reviews of horror media: books, movies, music, art, and so on.

And, as always, I want good, short poetry, microfiction, and visual art.

That's it. Creepy reading!

– Carl Bettis, 10/31/2023

Art, Poetry & Fiction

Halloween

Mental entities gobble your hour
the ghouls are floating up
Disney teeth and raucous voice
interrupt morning
prepare for the eve's desecration
 soul packaged as skull
 mother another number
tattooed on cheek
sign of money--freedom
Hello!
Get thee to a beauty store!
Buy silk wig and face paint
You'll fool them all right
the infants you maul
when no one is looking
worst of you!
But
It's only a game!
(a joke a party)
Goblins concocted and mild explosions
to push back boredom
Wait! Don't be impatient.
Christmas lights in their boxes are ready
for the next round of forget
Chocolate Jesus
and have another drink

– *Roberta Gould*

Night's Edge

starless night
like jarred bugs
we suffocate

*

tooth fang and claw
etching
the whetstone moon

*

new moon
goth bride
holds a broken-bottle bouquet
sings of women's knowing

*

love-bites prick
dead hearts to life
crow-black souls soar
ignite

*

bright above the blasted heath
a ray of sunshine
no
a lightning bolt

– *Thomas Zimmerman*

Bitter

by Francesco Levato

Bile coats my tongue. I can't keep it down, but my options are diminishing. There's little left of the corpses to eat anymore. A gallbladder's a lucky find, better than brains—no risk of prion disease. I may be undead, but I don't want to end up a shambling cliché.

untitled



Andrew Graber

Fragrant Bodies

by Francesco Levato

Their skin smells of honey, undercut with ambergris, a rotting scent, sweet and animal. You can sense it as they walk past, subtle like a memory lost in the crowd. We don't know its origin, or how the curse spreads—but we know they're dead, even if they don't yet.

Golden Shovel: Cemetery Sibyl

— after Stephen Dobyns

With expiration dates carved neatly, the
Gridlock of grim assures folks death's sooner
Than gypsies warned – defying candles they
Insisted bring you good fortune. You've become
Obsessed about your fate but only dust
Defines what's left behind. Disclosures the
Psychics *avoided* were for the better.

Excerpt: "The sooner they become dust the better."

Source: "Cemetery Nights V" (1986) by Stephen Dobyns (1941 -)

– LindaAnn LoSchiavo

Bram Stoker's Recipe

His peppermill mind
Ground Romanian folklore
Dished out bloody bites.

– *LindaAnn LoSchiavo*

untitled



Jim Zola

Ruined

One moment of hope poached
like an egg
then swallowed whole,
the coolness of a dark sky
as the stars fade out:
in such a perfect way
love ruins each of us.
Eyes searching the sky,
distance measuring time:
no amount of light ever warms us.
We accept we will not recover.
Then in a chilly instant,
we realize we must recover.
We can only recover.

– *Corrine Walsh*

(untitled)

year by year
our family
reunions
shrink
around new graves

– *Carl Bettis*

Malevalentia Herbicia

by Cecilia Kennedy

The World of Plants Garden Center was hiring, so I applied for a job, though I hate plants and can't keep any alive. It turned out I wouldn't be keeping plants alive. Instead, I'd keep guests who visited alive—and safe from a plant that was supposed to be kept in a glass case: the *malevalentia herbicia*. This plant could kill humans in seconds with just one touch. I wore metal gloves to handle it, but I wasn't allowed to warn guests because that wasn't the vibe my employer wanted. So, I had to disguise myself as a large, potted fern and turn the *malevalentia herbicia* away from guests as it reached out at them with long spindly things, hell-bent on poking people.

Once, I saw squirmy forms writhing under its leaves, and the owner told me they were poison sacks. Millions of spores could fly out in mere milliseconds. The victim's skin would turn rancid, seeping with massive sores and oozing blood. The victim would then choke on their own bile and drown—and no one could touch them to help because of the poison. So I had to remain vigilant. Until the day I blew it.

Children, playing hide-and-seek, ran into the *malevalentia herbicia*. The children's bodies disintegrated, pouring onto the floor in dark pools of liquid.

I was fired, but ever since then, every branch in the moonlight that casts a shadow on my walls grows a poison sack and shrieks like a forlorn mother whose children have slipped through her fingers and dissolved.

Med Ward



Jennifer Rodrigues

What the House Told Me

Late August
Reynolds, GA

Southern heat
Plantation home

Open door
Abandoned cry

What's inside
Come enter here

Walking through
Forget to breathe

Slashed curtains
Hang from windows

Ceiling fan
Sadly sagging

Tired couch
Scattered clothing

Broken toys
Broken mirrors

Dust debris
Cobwebs dangle

Darkness looms
Down hallway floors

There's a growl
Coarse in my ear

Get the Fuck
Out of here!

– *Jennifer Rodrigues*

Interesting Times

Shortly after the bubonic plague occurred in London in the 1600s, the rhyme Ring Around the Rosie appeared as well. The ring refers to the red rash around the lymph nodes, sometimes swollen to egg size on people with the disease. *Pocket full of posey* refers to the herbs and seeds people carried in their pockets hoping to fend off the fleas that caused the disease. Ashes symbolizes death which translates the last line of the nursery rhyme to read, roughly, *we all drop dead*.

Smoke filled skies

Oceans rise

Democracy's demise.

Once I would have been surprised

That *May you live in interesting times*

Was considered a curse.

Now?

In this time of bad to worse?

I agree.

But despite the fear

It arouses in me

That the end is near

The news has become the best show on tv.

So

Ring around the rosey.

– *Eve Ott*

Language Lesson

by Cassandra Daucus

The package arrives on a Saturday afternoon, along with a credit card bill and a handful of political brochures. You frown, turning the padded envelope over. There's no return address.

Ripping into it at your dining room table, you're surprised to find an old cassette tape, plain white and unlabeled. The liner in the case has CHANGE THE WORLD! LEARN TO SPEAK A FUN NEW LANGUAGE! printed on it in a spiky font that's hard to read.

You chuckle, wondering if one of your friends is playing a practical joke. But you're curious. Digging around in the closet, you come out with an ancient Walkman. You've never owned a Walkman and you aren't sure where this one came from, but you're thankful it's here, and it works.

You press play, listen to the end, then flip the tape over and listen to the other side. It's full of static, which is disappointing.

Your phone rings; it's your best friend. You answer, say hello, ask how they've been doing. Your friend shrieks, the sound cut off by a sudden, harsh sound, like a walnut crunching underfoot.

Your confusion is interrupted by the ring of the doorbell. It's a couple of missionaries, and when you tell them "no, thank you" they both scream and double over. Their heads pop like grapes, dousing you in warm wetness. You scream, too, terrified, jump over their bodies and run down the street, shouting for help. Your neighbors step outside, drawn by the ruckus. As you pass, every single one of them falls.

untitled



Andrew Graber

Five of Wands

we walk through the foundry
our only light a candle
it illuminates the bellows
all pointed at us

we shrink into ourselves
hunched tiptoe across
the cracked stone floor
seek the wall on the other side

and everything seems
like it's going okay for once
until we hear an impossibly
large indrawn breath

– *Robert Beveridge*

Paranormal Investigator

often mistaken for a crocodile, but keeps
his wall street affiliation a secret. has learned
to hold his arm rock-steady when a gopro
is involved. his ultimate goal, of course,
is to direct. touches up the paint
in abandoned asylums in the downtimes.
loves EVP, but has never found Waldo.
sings in a countertenor. has been known
to turn out an excellent meatloaf,
but not on a consistent basis. has discovered
the unmarked gravesites of three Chilean
immigrants who died of natural causes
in the seventies. loves you for you.

– *Robert Beveridge*

Those Who Will Not Be Missed

by Maggie Nerz Iribarne

Alone, Mike wanders to the tub of Mich Ultras looming under the dead apple tree. He reaches in, sits down on his hard front step, the can on his knee, imagines pulling the tab back. He misses his kids. Years ago, they'd be yanking on his sleeve, desperate to trick or treat, not wanting to socialize. Last year, he sat here with Janice, whose mood worsened with each sip he took. He feels a certainty: *Everything that matters is gone*. Mike grimaces, fixing his lips to the cold tin, knowing this bad choice is the last one left.

[Originally published in *Halloween Frights*, October 2021]

The One Who Remains

by Maggie Nerz Iribarne

After wandering the yards of his abandoned neighborhood, 12-year-old Gavin cannot find his family and cannot escape the fireworks' finale. "Too loud," he cries, rocks, holds his hands to his ears as he stands alone. The booms and sputters of orange and yellow spark light up the sky and yards around him, but Gavin responds only to the noise, running from it. Finding the closest house, he punches through glass. Shards explode, cut his skin, blood runs in streams. His face turns upward as he howls into the emptiness. The fireworks persist, insist on celebrating the end of this, all of it.

[Originally published in *100 Word Fiction*, July 2021]

untitled



Jim Zola

My Dog's Murder Weapon

My dog is honing her toy t bone into a murder weapon
Day after day she refines its point
A point sharp enough to pierce cartilage

And she has begun testing optimum placement
She started with the sofa
But moved on to the bed

Now she is testing the floor
Other toys will be used for tripping
Strategically placed by size

We have one question
Who is the target
Who will survive

We each bribe her
My wife with savory sauces on her food
Me with hours of play

If you hear sirens at our home
It wasn't an accident
It was murder

– *Jim Calvert*

“incubus, love”

her intuition told her
to go back inside,
but she didn't listen;

instead she walked into
the darkness to meet

a perfect stranger—

but there was no human
standing in front of her,
and she knew looking at
him instantly that he
wasn't human but what he was
she couldn't say;

"incubus, love," were the last
words she ever heard.

— *linda m. crate*

untitled



Justin Z

Childhood Games

There are those your friends taught you,
hop-scotch,
jump rope,
tag.

Those taught at the play ground,
four square,
tether ball,
red light, green light.

And those you made up,
don't laugh, don't cry,
run & hide,
when the steps creaked,
when mom's boyfriend got home.

– *Phyllis Becker*

The Vase

by C.M. Saunders

It was just a plain old green vase, but it was special to Jed. He was horrified when he accidentally knocked it off the shelf and watched it shatter on the floor.

He swept up the pieces and took them to the shed, where he'd fixed so many other things over the years. There, the vase quickly became a metaphor for his and Dorothy's marriage. Once perfectly formed. Now, permanently fractured.

He did a serviceable job at sticking it back together. But cracks still showed, and there was no way he'd ever be able to put Dorothy's ashes back inside.

Broken World

By C.M. Saunders

There's no doubt about it, we lived in a broken world. War, famine, poverty, unemployment, greed, corruption, terrorism, debt, stress, air pollution, despots on power trips, plastic choking the oceans.

Hopeless.

It was almost a relief when the bombs fell.

Now, whatever is left can start again.

Like before.

Relax



Jennifer Rodrigues

This Year for Halloween

(To I.G.)

We'll sew costumes of sophisticated discourse
of books, stocks, votes, and climate,
and not until we're home in the dark
will we shuffle off the shoddy chatter
and remember the creatures of skin and meat
we are, and roll in one another's scent.

– *Thomas Gorn*

Gift

Your necklace traps my hair,
twists it to the nape.

Each time I turn, it tugs -
plucks another strand.

I fetch scissors, blindly
cull the splintered curl.

What do you want from me,
clawing at my neck?

– *Suzanna Fitzpatrick*

Guilty Pleasure

She hid the bruises under makeup,
under long sleeves of her black dress.
Other mourners thought her eyes
were swollen red from grief.
They didn't know he
punched her in the face
before he died of something
she put in his drink.
She bowed her head to hide the smile
as his casket went into the grave.
She knew she should feel guilty,
but she only felt relief.

– *Nolcha Fox*

What Have They Done



Anna Maeve

A New Life In Red

There are monsters
And then there are monsters

If I had a potato peeler
The size of a baseball bat
I could show you

Start at the top and peel
Downward
In the sort of spiral
My mother could make
With a paring knife

Around and around
Separating skin and veins
From everything under
Growing quickly slick with
Blood and potential
Viscera and promises

Losing my grip
Failing to stop
With one frail life

But spiraling out
Into the room
Out into the city
Giving us all
A new life in red

– *Douglas Gwilym*

A Wind from the East

A wind from the east
the first chill of Autumn
darkness shadows abandoned graves.
Broken crosses, like splintered bones
jut out at dislocated angles.
Dark shapes slip and slide
over broken angels' wings
wrecks of divine aspirations
crashed and scattered in dying grass.

– *Sarah Das Gupta*

Early Morning in the Village

The dead have
risen from their graves.
The living have
risen from their beds.
You tell the difference.
I can't.

– *John Grey*

4:56 AM

something scurries by, uber-fast,
in the pre-dawn semi-darkness.
a rabbit, most likely—
but solitariness prompts more sinister fears.

an angry rodent, perhaps, of Willard proportions
a rabid possum or back-alley raccoon.
the flickering streetlights above me—
on. off. on. off—waiting for the sun to emerge,
do little to squelch the screech in my heart.

out of the corner of my curb-adjacent eye
I see its low-lying acceleration
and feel relief this is no 2-legged creature
malign in its intent to inflict harm on my person.

at least, not here. not yet.

– *Julie Allyn Johnson*

Family Plot

by Donald A. Ranard

Thomas Bennett

1986-2017

Mary Bennett

1990-2017

Laura Bennett

2010-2017

Cynthia Bennett

2011-2017

Jason Bennett

2014-2017

Stephanie Bennett

2016-2017

Steven Bennett

2016-2017

The Thing on the Other Side



H.L. Dowless

The House of Disappearances

When windows reflect violet and rose
it appears. The dark visage spooks
in suddenness, like a pop-in from a video

game. The front door stands open, a gaping
mouth of shocked invitation. Over a sliver-laden
threshold is a river of black, a void sipping light

and eating visitors. Feet feel compelled to walk, fists
tap the siding before entrance. Polite gesture before
soles caress floorboards groaning in protest

like grandmother's spine. Voices whisper welcome
from upstairs. Quiet descends as people climb, picking
a bedroom to sleep in, for a nap that lasts forever.

– Jennifer Ruth Jackson

Poem from Dracula's Coffin

He lies inside of me cold, heavy, and stiff. We should decay together but don't.
His unnatural aura bolsters my strength and luster; his hair is the same glossy hue as
my varnish in candlelight. "I crossed an ocean," I want to tell my long-dead parents
who rotted in the clearing they were planted. My voice withers the way my leaves no
longer do in autumn. "I'm not supposed to be conscious," I think as that little toady
Renfield runs his sweat-sheathed palms across my top. Every inch of me wishes my
corpse was a pile of stakes at a hunter's feet.

– Jennifer Ruth Jackson

Lunchtime

Shiny, slimy worm slides into her cavernous mouth
past blue lips, black teeth. Her tongue slithers
and smacks against it. Pink-on-pink dance tangles
her in warmth gone scalding. Slivers of remembrance
prod her nerves. She savors until it slips to her stomach
and forget rolls in like a welcomed fog obscuring
fragments of breath and life felt now only in consumption.

– *Jennifer Ruth Jackson*

untitled



Jim Zola

Other Stuff

Reviews & notations

by Carl Bettis

Books

Annihilation; Jeff VanderMeer, author; Farrar, Straus and Giroux. The first book in the Southern Reach Trilogy, *Annihilation* straddles the line between science fiction and horror. An expedition of four unnamed women enters an area on the US coast known as Area X, where reality seems to be transforming, and where previous expeditions have come to horrible and inexplicable ends.
4.00/5.00

Authority; Jeff VanderMeer, author; Farrar, Straus and Giroux. The second book in the Southern Reach Trilogy. Slower and more cerebral than the first, *Authority* nevertheless delivers some truly chilling scenes in a Kafkaesque milieu.
3.75/5.00

Crom Cruach; Valkyrie Loughcrewe, author; Tenebrous Press. A novella in verse, *Crom Cruach* is a gripping story for the most part well told. Colonialism, Catholicism, and Paganism mix in this tale, which begins with a murdered family who don't seem to realize they are dead. The documents collaged in between sections are effective in establishing background and atmosphere. Minuses: some superfluous commas, the occasional clichéd phrase. (Prose can absorb this more easily than verse — kudos to the Loughcrewe for taking the more difficult road!)
3.50/5.00

Curious Toys; Elizabeth Hand, author; Little, Brown and Company. A grisly coming-of-age tale whose queer protagonist, Pin, investigates a series of child murders in the amusement park where Pin's mother is a fortune teller. Along the way Pin teams up with outsider artist Henry Darger, who may not be quite sane. A page-turner.
4.50/5.00

Inside Out; Lor Gislason, author; DarkLit Press. An enjoyable (for those who like body horror) set of connected tales. Could have used another round of proofreading. There's a list of content warnings at the end of the book.
3.75/5.00

Jawbone; Mónica Ojeda, author; Sarah Booker, translator; Coffee House Press. Schoolgirls Fernanda and Annalise are adolescent girls who are so close they are practically twins. Together, they lead a clique of classmates in bizarre, sometimes dangerous, sometimes perverse rituals. But one of the two girls has limits, and the other does not. A work of psychological horror with suspense, dread, and heartbreak that build almost unbearably from page to page. It should come with all the content warnings.
4.50/5.00

Macbeth (graphic novel); William Shakespeare, author; John McDonald, Jon Haward, Gary Erskine, and Nigel Dobbin, graphic literature adapters; Classical Comics. Graphic literature; original text version. This book has made it unlikely I will buy another Classical Comics adaptation. The graphical interpretation is stereotyped and on-the-nose. The Weird Sisters look straight out of a *Tales from the Crypt* comic book.

Lady Macbeth, with her lowered eyebrows and two dangling, snakelike tendrils of hair, looks evil from her first appearance. Also, she can't mention her breasts without grabbing them.
2.50/5.00

Mapping the Interior; Stephen Graham Jones, author; Tordotcom Publishing. Jones packs a lot into this novella. Teenage protagonist Junior thinks he sees the ghost of his father in the trailer where he lives with his mother and younger brother. When Junior tries to find the truth behind the possible haunting and his father's death, he discovers hidden dimensions in his home, the past, and reality itself.
3.75/5.00

Poe: Stories & Poems; Edgar Allan Poe, author; Gareth Hinds, artist; Candlewick Press. Graphic literature. This is an impressive collection of Poe adaptations. I can truthfully say that I had never read Poe's poem "The Bells" closely until I read it here, and the graphical interpretation of "Annabel Lee" made me cry. The artist did each story or poem in a different medium, but there are subtle visual interconnections.
4.50/5.00

Zero Saints; Gabino Iglesias, author; Broken River Books. Antihero Fernando, drug dealer in the USA illegally, finds himself in the middle of a drug war that involves cosmic forces. I always read Iglesias with Google Translate pulled up, because my two years of high school Spanish left me long ago. It's worth the effort. He's one of the best writers working in horror today. One thing about I appreciate about Iglesias is the solidity of his fictional worlds, no matter how bizarre the narrative.
4.50/5.00

Movies

Doctor Sleep (2019); Mike Flanagan, movie writer and director; based on a book by Stephen King; Warner Bros. Pictures. Based on Stephen King's sequel to *The Shining*, with Danny Torrance all grown up and, like his father, an anger-filled alcoholic. He and Abra Stone, a teenage girl who also has "the shining," face off against ancient creatures who feed on psychic powers. Definitely worth watching, but my suspension-of-disbelief muscle strained under the load here and there, and the movie could have been more tightly edited.
3.50/5.00

Evil Dead Rise (2023); Lee Cronin, writer and director. Though *Evil Dead Arise* doesn't lack humor, its comedic elements don't reach Raimi's gonzo levels. On the other hand, there's no woman being raped by a tree. (FWIW, Raimi has expressed regret for that scene.) There's more logic to the plot, more internal consistency to the world-building, than in Raimi's *Evil Dead* films. This movie gave me a bit of a cardio workout. Not for the squeamish.
4.00/5.00

About the contributors

Phyllis Becker is coordinator of the [Riverfront Readings](#) series, which features local and regional writers. Her poems have been published in numerous literary magazines, and she has a chapbook, *Walking Naked into Sunday* (Wheel of Fire Press) and a book, *How I Came to Love Jazz* (Helicon Nine Editions 2008).

Carl Bettis (he/him), the editor of *tiny frights*, is a writer and software engineer in Kansas City, Missouri, USA. He is on the [Riverfront Readings Committee](#). You can find him at [CarlBettis.com](#).

Robert Beveridge (he/him) makes noise ([xterminal.bandcamp.com](#)) and writes poetry on unceded Mingo land (Akron, OH). Recent/upcoming appearances in *Last Leaves*, *Taj Mahal Review*, and *Linked Verse*, among others.

Jim Calvert was raised in Emporia KS where he developed a love for music and theater. He taught English for 15 years at Cameron High School in Missouri, and was faculty sponsor of the student yearbook. He retired in 2020. He is now newsletter editor for the LWVKC and writes a political column with Bob Grover for the [Emporia Gazette](#).

Linda M. Crate (she/her) is a Pennsylvanian writer whose poetry, short stories, articles, and reviews have been published in a myriad of magazines both online and in print. She has twelve published chapbooks the latest being *Searching Stained Glass Windows For An Answer* (Alien Buddha Publishing, December 2022). She is also the author of the novella *Mates* (Alien Buddha Publishing, March 2022). Her debut book of photography *Songs of the Creek* (Alien Buddha Publishing, April 2023) was recently published.

Sarah das Gupta is an English Teacher from near Cambridge, UK who has taught in India and Tanzania. She began writing within the past year after being in hospital after an accident. Her work has been published in ten countries, including US, UK, Australia, India, Canada and Nigeria.

Cassandra Daucus writes soft horror and dark romance.

- Website: <https://residualdreaming.com/>
- Newsletter sign-up: <https://tinyurl.com/CD-newsletter>
- Social Media: <https://linktr.ee/residualdreaming>

H.L. Dowless is a national & international academic/ ESL Instructor. He has been a writer for over thirty years. His latest publications have been two books of nonfiction with Algora Publishing, a fictional novel by Atmosphere Press, and fictional publications with combo e-zines and print magazines: *Leaves Of Ink*, *CC&D Magazine*, *Short Story Lovers*, *The Fear Of Monkeys*, and *Frontier Tales*. He recently signed three contracts with Pen it Publications.

Suzanna Fitzpatrick (she/her) has had poems aired on BBC Radio 4 and widely published in magazines and anthologies in the UK, US, and Canada, including *Writing Motherhood* (Seren), *The Emma Press Anthology of Contemporary Gothic Verse*, *The Emma Press Anthology of Slow Things*, *Furies* (For Books' Sake), and *Birdbook III* (Sidekick Books). She was shortlisted for the 2019 Bridport Prize, longlisted for the 2018 National Poetry Competition, won third prize in the 2023 Shepton Snowdrops Competition, second prize in the 2016 Café Writers and 2010 Buxton Competitions, and won the 2014 Hamish Canham Prize. Her pamphlets are *Fledglings* (2016), and *Crippled* (due 2024) (both Red Squirrel Press, UK).

Nolcha Fox's poems have been curated in *Lothlorien Poetry Journal*, *Alien Buddha Zine*, *Medusa's Kitchen*, and others. Her poetry books are available on Amazon and Dancing Girl Press. Nominee for 2023 Best of The Net. Editor for Open Arts Forum. Accidental interviewer/reviewer. Faker of fake news.

Thomas Gorn (he/him) started writing poetry at the age of 12 in a doomed attempt to enchant an attractive English teacher. Even though it didn't work, Thomas fell in love with the process and never stopped.

Roberta Gould writes, "My work has appeared widely in poetry journals and anthologies and my 14th book, *Day True* (Lyon Mountain Press), was released several months ago. I live in the Hudson-Valley and I'm an amateur entomologist. Web site: robertagould.net."

Andrew Graber writes, "I am a self taught artist who also likes to write."

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *Stand*, *Washington Square Review* and *Sheepshead Review*. His latest books, *Between Two Fires*, *Covert*, and *Memory Outside The Head*, are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in the *McNeese Review*, *Santa Fe Literary Review* and *California Quarterly*.

Douglas Gwilym writes, "I am celebrating that my story 'Poppy's Poppy' was a finalist for a Bram Stoker Award this year. I co-edit The Midnight Zone, first edition *NOVUS MONSTRUM*, a collection of never-before-seen monsters from big names in strange dark fiction. Ellen Datlow recommends my story 'Year Six.' Check out my work in *LampLight*, *Lucent Dreaming*, *Dark Horses*, *Shelter of Daylight*, *Tales from the Moonlit Path*, *Penumbra*, *Creepy* podcast, and *Tales to Terrify*."

Maggie Nerz Iribarne is 53, lives in Syracuse, NY, writes about witches, cleaning ladies, priests/nuns, struggling teachers, neighborhood ghosts, and other things. She keeps a portfolio of her published work at <https://www.maggienerziribarne.com>.

Jennifer Ruth Jackson writes about reality's weirdness and the plausibility of the fantastic. Her work has appeared in *Strange Horizons*, *Star*Line*, *Apex Magazine*, and more. When she isn't writing, you can find her crafting a variety of things or playing video games with her husband. Visit her on Twitter: @jenruthjackson.

Julie Allyn Johnson is a sawyer's daughter from the American Midwest whose current obsession is tackling the rough and tumble sport of quilting and the accumulation of fabric. A Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee, her poetry can be found in *Star*Line*, *The Briar Cliff Review*, *Phantom Kangaroo*, *Lyrical Iowa*, *Cream Scene Carnival*, *Coffin Bell*, *The Lake*, *Haikuniverse*, *Chestnut Review* and other journals.

Cecilia Kennedy (she/her) is a writer who taught English and Spanish in Ohio for 20 years before moving to Washington state with her family. Since 2017, she has published stories in international literary magazines and anthologies. Her work has appeared in *Tiny Frights*, *Maudlin House*, *Tiny Molecules*, *Meadowlark Review*, *Vast Chasm Literary Magazine*, *Kandisha Press*, *Ghost Orchid Press*, and others. You can follow her on Twitter (@ckennedyhola). Instagram: [ceciliakennedy2349](https://www.instagram.com/ceciliakennedy2349)

Francesco Levato is a poet, professor, and writer of speculative fiction. More about his work can be found at francescolevato.com.

Native New Yorker **LindaAnn LoSchiavo** (she/her), a four time nominee for The Pushcart Prize, has also been nominated for Best of the Net, a Firecracker Award, an Ippy, the Rhysling Award, and Dwarf Stars. She is a member of SFPA, The British Fantasy Society, and The Dramatists Guild. Forthcoming in 2024:

"Eros and His Entourage" (Naked Cat Press). This year, her poetry placed as a finalist in Thirty West Publishing's "Fresh Start Contest" and in the 8th annual Stephen DiBiase contest.

- Twitter: @Mae_Westside
- LindaAnn Literary: <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCHm1NZIITZybLTFA44wwdfg>

Anna Maeve is a 30 something jill of all trades, hailing from beautiful New Zealand.

Eve Ott's fiction and poetry have appeared in *The Same*, *Imagination and Place Press*, *I70 Review*, *The Whirlybird Anthology*, *Kansas City Voices*, *Redbook*, *Thorny Locust*, *Rebirth of Power*, and various campus and regional publications. She has published two books, a full length collection, *Album from the Silent Generation* (Kelsey Books, 2014) and a chapbook, *On the Jefferson Line* (Prolific Press, Inc. 2018).

Donald A. Ranard's writing has appeared in *The Atlantic*, *New World Writing Quarterly*, *Gargoyle*, *Litro*, *The Best Travel Writing*, *100 Word Story*, and elsewhere. His one-act play, *ELBOW. APPLE. CARPET. SADDLE. BUBBLE.*, won second prize in Veteran Repertory's 2021 playwriting contest and was recently performed at Vet Rep's theater in Cornwall, New York.

Jennifer McKeen Rodrigues (she/her) currently lives on Powhatan land in Fairfax, VA. She is a certified yoga therapist, mom, & queer military spouse. She's been published as either poet or photographer, & has been nominated for a *Best of the Net Anthology 2023* in photography. She wishes to thank the Universe.

Chris Saunders, who writes fiction as **C.M. Saunders**, is a writer and editor from south Wales. His work has appeared in over 100 magazines, ezines and anthologies worldwide and his books have been both traditionally and independently published. His latest release is *The Wretched Bones: A Ben Shivers Mystery* on Midnight Machinations, an imprint of Grinning Skull Press.

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Corinne Walsh is a limerent poet.

Justin Z writes: "I'm a developing artist from Vancouver, Canada pursuing a post secondary education in illustration. I am interested in philosophy and metaphysics with a preference for the dark, ephemeral and liminal places both in and outside of the mind."

Thomas Zimmerman (he/him) teaches English, directs the Writing Center, and edits *The Big Windows Review* <https://thebigwindowsreview.com/> at Washtenaw Community College, in Ann Arbor, Michigan, USA. His poems have appeared recently in *Revolver*, *Roi Fainéant*, and *Trigger Warning*. His latest book is a poetry chapbook collaboration with Scott Schuer, *Two-Headed Monster* (Reaction Press/Zetataurus Press Press, 2023).

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Jim Zola is a poet and photographer living in North Carolina.

About *tiny frights*

tiny frights is a free e-zine, published on the [tiny frights website](#), via [Substack](#), and in EPUB and PDF formats. No print edition is planned.

The zine is published twice a year, appearing at the end of April (Walpurgis Night) and the end of October (Halloween).

tiny frights also has a weekly **podcast**, each episode consisting of one work chosen from a past or upcoming issue of the e-zine.

Instagram: [@tinyfrights](#)

Facebook: [tiny frights](#)

Mastodon: [@tinyfrights@social.horrorhub.club](#)

Podcast:

- Bandcamp: <https://caracabecreations.bandcamp.com/>
- RedCircle: <https://redcircle.com/shows/bd120807-a3c4-49a2-b380-80cc1a2c7442>

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