

D I G I T A L O G R E

DECEMBER 1996

Science Fiction, Fantasy, ~~HOOROR~~, and Historical Fiction Fanzine
Published Monthly



"Digital Ogre is one of the few [fanzines] that is entertaining, informative, and it comes out regularly. If you get a chance, I'd highly recommend giving this monthly a shot"
- the *MIAMI STUDENT* (AMUSEMENT SECTION)

PREVIEWS

Special Horror Issue!

Reviews: Polanski's *Fearless Vampire Killers*, Goblin's *Suspiria* Soundtrack

Military RPG Action: *Mission ONE* (part 2)

Deep Space Terror: *Weightless Dreams*

Zombies!: *Living With The Dead*

More...

DIGITAL OGRE

About The Cover: An ugly creature pulled from deep within Mitchell Shelton's brain (and talent).

Letter From The Editor

Biting wind, long nights, aching cold, visiting relatives, and final examinations. December is the perfect month for horror. So, I have decided to dedicate *Digital Ogre's* third issue to the horror genre. Not wholly dedicated, but you will see shortly that the majority of this month's pieces are directly related to horror. As one focuses or specializes on a particular component more and more, other components are equally left out. Some of you may not like the horror genre, and so this particular issue may not be to your liking. However, we at *Digital Ogre* see the need to specialize occasionally just as we generally usually. More or less, this keeps us on our toes, differentiates our readers, and helps us (and you) to try new things and also focus on those things you know you already enjoy (hopefully horror, if you're reading this particular issue). Regardless of the former babble, if you don't like horror, broaden your horizons and read on anyway.

Also...

I wanted to take the time to especially thank Mitchell Shelton, a close friend, roommate, and consistent contributor to *Digital Ogre*. Thanks for your wonderful and appropriate contributions, Mitch, as well as putting up with my nocturnal computer habits.

Also, I would like to thank our readers for picking up and giving *Digital Ogre* a try (again, hopefully). If you would like to submit material or send us a comment, our address is located on the last page. We wholly welcome all reader input.



Dylan Hartwell
Editor

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"Nothing in life is to be feared. It is only to be understood." - Marie Curie

-Note From The Editor-

There were several errors in the November *Digital Ogre* that I would like to correct. In addition to the numerous grammatical errors: On page 4, I misspelled N.B.C. as O.N.B.C. On page 14, I misspelled *Dr. Strangelove* as *Dr. Strange-glove*. On page 14, I misspelled "Gimli" as "Gimly". I apologize for these mistakes.

Music Review: *Suspiria* Movie Soundtrack by Dylan Hartwell

Genre: Horror

Composer: Goblin

Running Time: 33:24

Initial Response: "Eerie and haunting. The songs stick with you."

The premier issue of *Digital Ogre* featured Dario Argento's visceral heart pounding movie, *Suspiria*. It is only fitting to review the musical score since it contributes heavily to the atmosphere and effect of the movie.

Fast paced and at times frantic, the soundtrack parallels the plot progression of *Suspiria* well. The main song, *Suspiria*, is elegant, mischievous, and menacing all at once. In the beginning is the tinkle of child-like ballet music (appropriate as the movie is set in a dance school) which allows the music to sneak in. Then voices can be heard. Throbbing base enters. Finally the tinkling music is accompanied full force with whispering voices, thrumming base, and *Suspiria*'s unforgettable main theme. Interestingly, halfway through the song the familiar tune ends and is resurrected in a more contemporary style. Finally, the contemporary ends and the original tune come back in full force to finish off the excellent first piece on the soundtrack.

From there similar vehicles are used and the time passes quickly at a meek 33 minutes. The same instruments and effects such as whispering and what sounds like strangled guitar tunes are used heavily. Overall, the remaining pieces do not hold a candle to the dramatic and overpowering "*Suspiria*", but most do offer eerie and mind altering music that may leave you wishing you weren't alone in the house tonight.

Book Review: ***At The Mountains of Madness and other tales of terror***

by Mitchell Shelton

Genre: Horror/ Gothic

Author: H. P. Lovecraft

Initial Response: "Excellent writer, great use of implied horror."

At the Mountains of Madness was the first H.P. Lovecraft book I had ever read. I have since read two others and am currently reading *Call of Cthulu* the rpg based on Lovecraft's works. *At the Mountains of Madness* is the first of four stories contained in the work, though it is an impressive short story at one hundred and ten pages. It is an incredible tale of an antarctic expedition that

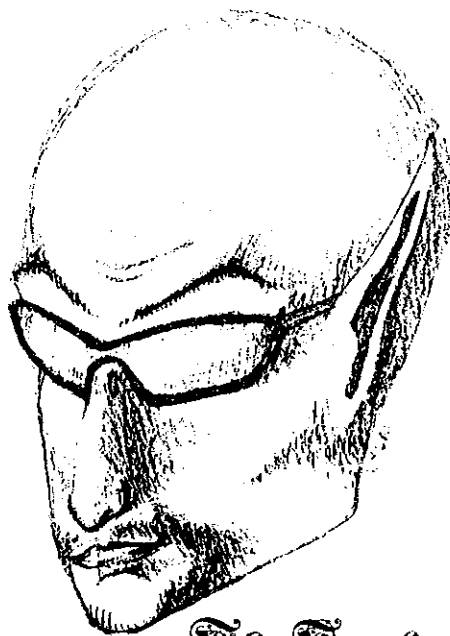
finds more than the geological samples they had been searching for. It is definitely a great introduction into the world of Lovecraft.

The second story is *The Shunned House*. This is the tale of an aged house that has long been tainted by a demonic force. This story represents an excellent example of Lovecraft's story telling ability and his unique style of weaving historical fiction with science fiction.

The Dreams in the Witch House is my favorite Lovecraft story of all. It begins with a student that falls prey to occult study in the guise of geometric angles, which he believes is the source of transportation for witches. This story is truly horrifying and very original. *Witch House* also strays from the normal formula of isolating characters in order to magnify horror.

The last story, *The Statements of Randolph Carter*, is a very short story at only six pages. This tale is a prime example of Lovecraft's mastery of implied horror. The setting of this story is in an interrogation room (presumably at a police department, although it is never explicitly stated) where the main character tells the story of his friend and himself excavating a tomb when something goes horribly wrong.

All in all, the mastery Lovecraft shows toward tension, mood, and vocabulary make *At The Mountain of Madness and Other Tales of Terror* more than worth reading. Throw in horror, occult, and just a hint of sci-fi to make this and all of his books must-read material.



Movie Review: ***The Fearless Vampire Killers***

by Dylan Hartwell

Genre: Horror

Director: Roman Polanski

Initial Response: "Fun, yet strangely eerie!"

Not nearly as intimidating as his earlier

Repulsion, Polanski comes through with *The Fearless Vampire Killers* (aka *Pardon Me, But Your Teeth Are In My Neck*) as a witty, fast paced, and what appears to be light hearted take on the vampire genre. Fans of Roman Polanski films, however, know better than to dismiss one of them as "light hearted" and *The Fearless Vampire Killers* is undoubtedly no exception. Set in a cold and snow filled Transylvania, Polanski shows us a side of Transylvania rarely visited by the mainstream vampire flick. As Professor Albronsius and his faithful companion Alfred (Roman Polanski) wind their way through deep snow trenches, the orange glow of fire and ruddy cheeks of native Transylvanian's staying at a homey lodge seen from around a white corner is as comforting to the viewer as it is to the main characters.

Although running 111 minutes long, the time flies by as beautiful (but staged) sets of snow, gothic castles, and menacing vampires hold, maintain, and capture your attention. The settings are wonderful and realistic feeling. That is, they are not perfectly clean, but feel lopsided, dirty, and lived-in.

The dialogue is oftentimes quick and so its fluidity and poetic quality is easily overlooked. Should you watch *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, pay close attention to the dialogue and you will find that it is captivating and beautiful.

In conclusion, Roman Polanski has created a strange film. At times humorous, at others it creates unease in the viewer for ambiguous and vague reasons. The interesting and vivacious characters, excellent dialogue, and breathtaking countryside all help make *The Fearless Vampire Killers* a wonderful and fun movie.

RECOMMENDED MOVIE VIEWING FOR THE HORROR GENRE

by Dylan Hartwell

This is a short and incomplete list of horror movies that we at *Digital Ogre* suggest you try if you happen to appreciate the horror genre. We explicitly left out most movies categorized as splatterpunk (which features excessive violence taken to extremes - except for *The Evil Dead*) in a perhaps futile attempt to tame parental reaction to an article such as this one. Please keep in mind that this list is entirely too short and selective. Regardless, get comfortable in your chair, switch off the light, and enjoy...

WARNING: Many of the below listed movies contain components that some people may find offensive. *Digital Ogre* does not endorse people under the age of 18 to watch movies rated R without the explicit permission of their respective care givers. The following abbreviations: "L" for explicit language, "N" for nudity, and "V" for violence will be placed in parentheses following the title of the movie they occur in.

Alien (L, V) A slimy alien stalks the small crew of a

gothic space ship set in deep space. Recommended for its claustrophobic set and tense moments.

American Werewolf In London (L, N, V) An American werewolf terrorizes London and is himself terrorized by his own reanimated victims. Recommended for its excellent transformation scenes and storyline.

Angleheart (L, N, V) A detective stricken with amnesia is unknowingly stalked by Satan for unknown reasons. Recommended for its creepiness and haunting storyline.

Candyman (L, N, V) Suburban tales of a bogeyman are shown to be true. Recommended for being truly scary with an original and contemporary storyline.

Dead Zone, The (L, N, V) A sad tale of a man with a devastated life, trying to save a world that rejected him through his psychic ability. Recommended for good acting and involving storyline.

Evil Dead, The (L, N, V) Two couples retreat to an isolated lodge were they accidentally unleash evil demons and cause their own demise. Recommended for its fast paced plot and gore/humor combination. WARNING: *The Evil Dead* contains extremely violent scenes.

Exorcist, The (L, V) The classic film of demon possession and exorcism. Recommended for its profound impact on our society and frightening scenes of a demon possessing an innocent child.

Hellraiser (L, V) A haunting and dark tale concerning demon-like creatures, Cenobites, who torture the souls of mortals toying with a mystic puzzle box. Recommended for its mix of macabre and grotesque scenes in an original storyline.

Interview With The Vampire (L, N, V) A beautiful movie about vampires in America's past centuries. Recommended for its great sets, good acting, and involving characters.

Night Of The Living Dead (N, V) "The" classic zombie movie about a small group of people futilely hoping to overcome flesh eating zombies. Recommended for its depressing storyline and effect on the horror industry.

Nosferatu (V) An old (1922) film loosely based on Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. Recommended as an early introduction into horror movies with eerie scenes.

Psycho (V) A killer runs an old hotel. Considered by many to be one of the best horror films ever made. Recommended as a ground breaking and horrifying film.

Rosemary's Baby (L, N, V) A woman believes she is having Satan's baby... she may be right. Recommended for its suspense, conspiracy theories, and acting.

Seven (L, V) A contemporary film about a search for a

serial killer. Recommended for its dreary sets and unexpected story twists.

Shining, The (L, N, V) A family experiences ghosts, psychics, and an axe wielding father as they wait out a long winter in an empty resort. Recommended for its beautiful and eerie scenes.

Silence Of The Lambs (L, N, V) A serial killer helps a rookie FBI agent track down another serial killer. Recommended for the sense of unease it gives the viewer, the excellent acting, and the blatant way it treats serial killers.

Suspiria (L, V) An American woman attends a dance school in Rome run by witches. Recommended for its vivid colors, appropriate music, and implied terror.

Thing, The (1982) (L, V) An arctic expedition team discovers an alien that can assume any identity. Recommended for its sense of isolation, truly horrifying gore scenes, and tense moments.

Wes Craven's New Nightmare (L, V) The movie-in-a-movie idea that Freddy Kruger really exists as an evil demon. Recommended for its storyline and tense moments.

Role Playing Game Review: White Wolf (**VAMPIRE**: The Masquerade and **WEREWOLF**: The Apocalypse)

Genre: Horror/Gothic

Writer: Mark Rein•Hagen

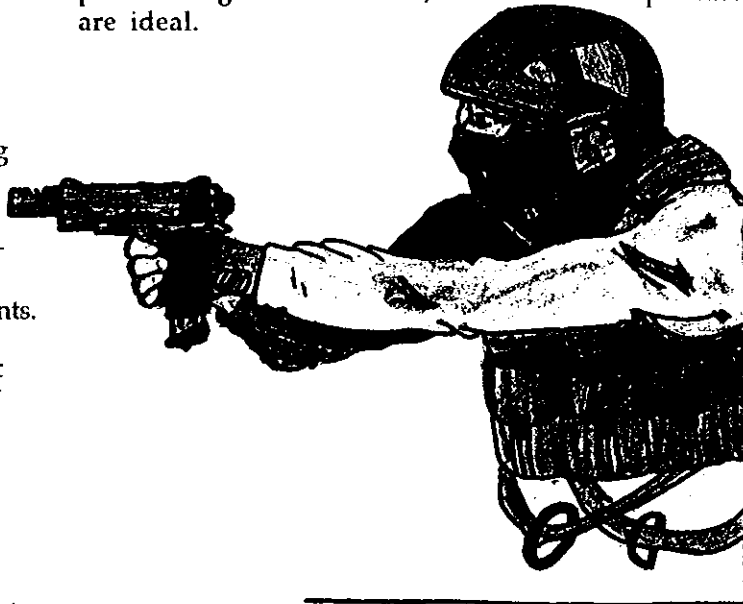
Initial Response: "Well developed mood with excellent art. It's like reading a comic book and novel at the same time.

Most RPG'ers are familiar, or at the very least have heard, of *Vampire: The Masquerade*, or White Wolf, the company responsible for it. *Vampire* broke onto a RPG scene four years ago dominated by TSR and introducing an entirely fresh perspective on RPG's that have since become mainstream. White Wolf (responsible for *Vampire: The Masquerade*, *Werewolf: The Apocalypse*, *Mage: The Ascension*, *Wrath: The Oblivion*, and *Changeling: The Dreaming*, all of which use the same mechanics system and have the same dreary overtones) introduced a detailed background and moody game atmosphere that highlighted acting more than mechanics and blew gamers away (along with their cash). In under five years, White Wolf has managed to be rated the second most powerful game company.

The art in a White Wolf product is very important to the atmosphere of the game. Most is done in black and white and is usually gothic, melancholy, and vague in that it is not always clear what they are meant to represent. Although repetitive, the art is usually excellent and wholly appropriate.

The mechanics of White Wolf games are often underplayed. This is done both explicitly through the golden rule: If you don't like a rule, don't use it. And implicitly through things like traits a character has that can not be defined numerically, but only portrayed through acting. Regardless, the mechanics are simple and easy to pick up, but require numerous D10's. In fact, that is probably the only die you will use with any of the above listed White Wolf products. This is nice because it is universal and generates a wide range of numbers and thus responses.

Overall, White Wolf products must be admired for their impact on a stagnant market, their consistency in creating quality gaming material, and the freedom they attempt to give the players. If you like gothism and prefer acting over mechanics, then White Wolf products are ideal.



Spec. Ops. operator using search ready position with customized .45. Note the extended magazine which adds 2 extra round.

. Mission ONE .

The Role Playing Game of Special Operations (part 2) by Mitchell Shelton

(Editor's Note: This game assumes that the reader is familiar with what rpg's are and how they are generally ran.)

It's the second installment of *Mission ONE* already, and before I go into any detail I would like to extend all of our arms here at D.O. to those who would like to contribute, criticize, or congratulate. With that said, on with the article.

In the last issue I covered character generation and some skills. In this issue I will include game mechanics and a weapons list. In the next issue I intend to include skill lists and systems, different branches, and operation descriptions.

Fire Arms Combat

Since this is a combat game we will start, naturally, with combat.

1. After the player tells the GM what s/he wants to do, roll 1D10 and add it to RB. In order to hit a stationary target the character must roll fifteen or higher on 1D10 including RB adjustment. A roll of 1 on a D10 is a critical failure. (see weapon malfunction table 1.0)

2. Not all targets are stationary. A moving target is negative -2 to hit. (note; if after bonuses and penalties have been applied and the pc's RB roll is under 15 they have missed)

3. Shooting at targets behind cover (if visible) gives a negative -4 to hit. Attempting to hit a target that is holding a hostage gives negative -6 to hit, also in this situation roll stress factor +4 to apply further modifiers. (see "Stress Factor Failure")

4. Hand to hand combat may come up in a game sooner or later so we will address it. Punches, kicks, and stabs are all rolled the same as weapons except that there are negative modifiers. After the die rolls (over 15 with any bonuses) the target gets a roll to either parry or dodge. In order to dodge/parry the target must roll higher than the attacker's roll. If the attack is successful, roll the appropriate die and add damage bonuses.

5. Special note: Luck. There is no way to dodge bullets. Luck is either the pc's skill in taking cover or his/her being in the right place at the right time. To use luck, the character should be in some kind of danger. Roll under the luck rating with 1D10. This does not only apply to fire arms, luck can be used whenever it seems applicable.

6. Actions: Actions are the amount of things the pc can do per turn. In my own games I am pretty lax about them. Some GM's make them the law.

7. Initiative: You will notice I have no initiative roll or bonuses. This is because the CM should decide who goes first. I will give you some ways to make it a little more fair.

- Use dexterity or alertness as direct initiative numbers.
- Use luck as initiative.
- Use RB as initiative.
- With all of these numbers you can also add a dice roll to make it more random.

Weapon Malfunction Table 1.0

<u>Roll</u>	<u>Effect</u>
1	Weapon Malfunction: Impossible to clear. Roll stress factor +4 to keep cool. Use 1 action to draw sidearm.
2-3	Double Feed: Can be cleared in one action. Roll stress factor to keep cool.
4-6	Weapon Jam: Can be cleared. Roll stress factor to keep cool.
7-10	Dry Fire: Can be cleared and fired in one action.

Stress Factor Modifier Chart

Light Stress (example: sneaking around a lightly guarded complex.): +1 to SF roll.

Moderate Stress (example: most combat situations.): +2 to SF roll.

Severe Stress (example: confrontational hostage situation. Do you take the shot?): +4 to SF roll.

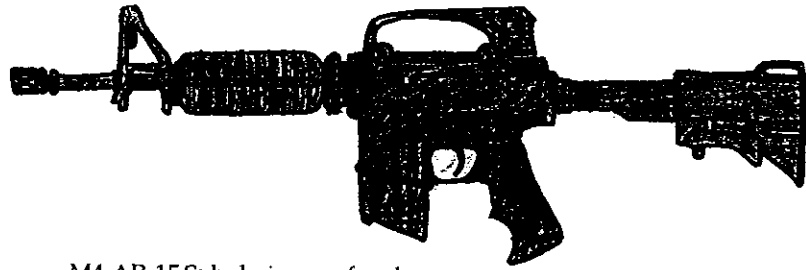
Stress Factor Failure

Failing a stress factor roll inhibits characters morale and abilities. All of the following modifiers last until the character gets away from what freaked him/her out and successfully makes another stress factor roll. Until then, these modifiers apply:

- Loose all immediate actions that round.
- +4 on all skill rolls.
- 4 to all combat rolls.
- Players should role play their characters to be nervous, paranoid, edgy or even babbling. (The movie, *Aliens* is full of failed stress factor rolls.)

Weapons List

Weapons for spec. ops. missions are usually highly specialized custom pieces of equipment. Night vision, targeting optics, grenade launchers, and even special purpose weapons such as tazers can be fitted to the weapon depending on the mission. Here are some of the most popular spec. ops. small arms.



M4-AR-15 Sub-design, preferred "assault rifle" of U.S. S.O.F.

-Rifles-

Colt AR-15 M4 - 5.56 nato30 rnd mag. wt 7.5 lb
Colt M-16A2 - 5.56 nato 30 rnd wt 8.3.(U.S. standard issue)
H+K G3 - 7.62 nato 20 rnd mag wt 9.9 lbs. Sniping ability
StevR Pup Aug - 5.56 nato, 30 rnd mag wt 8.4 lbs.



Heckler + Koch MP5 Sub-machineguns are the choice of weapons of S.O.F. in C.Q.B.

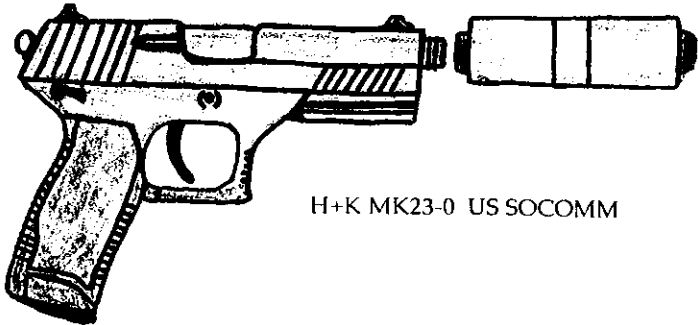
-Sub Machine guns-

Colt M6351-9mm 32rnd mag wt 7lbs (sub version of AR-15)
H+K MP5 - 9mm 30 rnd mag wt 5.5lbs
H+K MP510 - 10mm 30 rnd mag wt 5.5lbs custom F.B.I., H.R.T.

H&K MP5SD - 9mm 30 rnd mag wt 7lbs (silenced MP5)
Uzi - 9mm 32 rnd mag wt 9lbs

-Shotguns-

Benelli Super 90 m3 semi/pump - 12 gauge capacity 7+1
wt 7.4 lbs
Mossberg 590 Security pump-12 gauge capacity 8+1 wt 7lbs
Remington 870 pump - 12 gauge capacity 7+1 wt 7lbs



H&K MK23-0 US SOCOMM

-Pistols-

Beretta 92 - 9mm 15 rnd mag wt 34oz (Standard U.S. sidearm)
Browning Hi-Power - 9mm 13 rnd mag wt 32oz (Standard British issue sidearm)
Colt 1911 - 45 cal 7 rnd mag wt 38oz (Still popular among spec.ops because of reliability and stopping power)
Glock 17, 19, 21, 22 - 9mm, 40cal, 45cal, 17 rnd mag wt 22oz
H&K MK 23-0 - 45acp 12 rnd mag wt 36.2oz (official spec. ops. pistol)
Sig-Sauer P228 - 9mm 15 rnd mag wt 26.5oz

Sights and How They Effect The Game

Aim Point Sights - Add +1 to Reaction Base in close combat.

Laser Sights - Add +1 to your reaction base when in close combat.

Magnifying Sights - For long range sniping they add +4 to Reaction Base. In close range, they offer no bonus.

Damages For Hand to Hand

Foot - 1D10 + Strength Bonus

Knife - 1D10 + Strength Bonus

Punch - 1D8 + Strength Bonus

Damages For Weapons

Assault Rifle - 5D10 per round. X2 or X3 or X5 when using burst/ full auto.

Light Machine Gun - Always does damage in burst of 3-5. 6D10 x 3 or 5.

Pistol - 2D10 per round X2, X3.

Shot Gun - 6D10 (buckshot) or 6D10+5 (slugs) 5D10 (birdshot) (no bursts with pumps).

Sniper Rifle - Because of the accuracy and precision of these rifles the first shot made by these weapons has huge

damage possibility (7D10). All shots after first are at 5D10.

Sub Machine Gun - 4D10 per round. X2 or X3 or X5 when using burst/ full auto.

(note; this is part 2 of the RPG: *Mission ONE*. Part 1 was included in the November issue. The conclusion to the mechanics of Mission ONE will occur in the January issue of *Digital Ogre*. A full version will be available in the future write to *Digital Ogre* for more information.)



Gilkison Hartwell Fantasy/Historical
Fiction/Horror/Science Fiction Assessment

Version 1

by Aaron Gilkison and Dylan Hartwell

This is a short test featuring questions from mainstream and obscure movies and books. The top five scores will be printed in January's edition of *Digital Ogre*. The answers may or may not be published in the future. However, if you mail in your answers to Dylan Hartwell (editor) at 325 Foxfire drive, apartment #110, Oxford, Ohio, 45056 we will return your test and a hard copy of the answers.

Instructions: Fill in the most correct answer(s). State the movie(s) of the direct quotes.

Name(s) _____

1. RPC is an acronym for what?
2. This author wrote *Feihrenheit* 451.
3. This person created *Star Wars*.
4. Fox Mulder's partner.
5. *Johnny Mnemonic* was based off of what writer's work?
6. ROUS is an acronym for what?
7. 1931 classic ex-sanguinator.
8. In the name R. Daneel Olivaw (from an Asimov novel), what does the "R" stand for?
9. AD&D's gothic horror Campaign Setting.
10. Legolas' Dwarven friend.
11. Has directed several famous movies including *A Clockwork Orange*, *Dr. Strangelove*, and *Barry Lyndon*.
12. Burned alive by angry parents, he came back to haunt their children.
13. John Carpenter's early film that propelled him to fame.
14. He directed *Alien* and *Bladerunner*.
15. This character changes sex in different water temperatures.
16. He directed *Repulsion*, *Chinatown*, *Rosemary's Baby*, and *The Tenant*.
17. She finally accepted Mr. Cruise as her blonde beauty.
18. In the David Eddings *Elenium* series what Goddess did Flute turn out to be?
19. "Yeah sure! With those things running around our there? You can count me out!"
20. This French movie features a mad scientist who can not dream and so much steal those of children. The director of this movie is slated to direct *Alien 4: Resurrection*.
21. "There was me, that is Alex."
22. From TSR, Tanis' parents were of what race?
23. "They're coming to get you Barbara."
24. Who Directed the 1931 *Dracula*?
25. From a dashing smuggler to a tired cop who shoots "women" in the back.
26. Ripley risks her life to save a --- when her ship is stalked by an alien.
27. Wrote *Dagon*, *The White Ship*, and *Dreams in the Witch House*.
28. Features Christopher Walken as the angel Gabriel.
29. The book that features an AI with a multiple personality disorder.
30. "Plasma rifle in the 40 watt range." "Hey buddy, only what you see."
31. Raistlin's twin brother.
32. Mulder's computer password.
33. "It can't rain all the time."
34. If your character is a Tzimisce you are most likely playing what game?
35. The fictional corporation whose motto is "More human than human."
36. "Wherever you go, there you are."
37. In *Repo Man*, UFO is an acronym for what?
38. If you are a Ragabash, you are born under what phase of the moon?
39. Movie based on *The Haunting of Hill House* by Shirley Jackson.

40. Lead singer of "The Replicants" from an 80's cyberpunk anime.
41. Drizzt's elder brother.
42. "I always felt bad about killing that Pawnee. I never meant to kill him, I only wanted to distract him."
43. Alex's prison number from the movie *A Clockwork Orange*.
44. It is used to summon demons in *The Evil Dead*.
45. Pinhead, Chatterer. Their "species" are called what?
46. An overweight pink hippopotamus kills half the actors and clears the stage with an M-60 in what movie?
47. SAVE from CHILL is an acronym for what?
48. His avatar wears a black leather kimono and two swords in this cyberpunk novel.
49. This director used stock footage from Kubrick's *The Shining* at the end of his/her 1982 future film when audiences didn't like the original ending.
50. Filmed his/her famous cult classic at night while doing beer commercials at day.
51. What *Cyberpunk 2020* character's favorite gun was a Malorian Arms 3516?
52. The Puppetmaster was what project number?
53. Daisuke found whose head in a scrap heap in a manga graphic novel?
54. Originally cast by Todd Browning to be Dracula in the 1931 classic, he died and was replaced by Bela Lagosi.
55. It is used to summon demons when in lament configuration.
56. Who was the leader of the "wild runners" from the *Elven Nations Trilogy*?
57. He donned the armor of the Valherou Ashen-Shugar.
58. With whom are the Batai engrossed in an eternal struggle with in the fairly recent Image comic?
59. Thinking the movie was about illegal immigrants, she tried out for the movie *Aliens*, and was surprised to get the role of a space marine fighting face huggers.
60. The address of the House of *Hellraiser*.
61. How many deaths were in *Friday the 13th Part 1: The First Friday*?
62. In what movie does the main character cut off his/her own hand because it is trying to kill him/her?
63. What New Zealand zombie film features a priest who "kicks ass for the Lord!"?
64. List four movies based on HP Lovecraft tales.
65. *Farewell To The Flesh* is a sequel to what movie?
66. To save money, the producers of this film bought a William Shatner mask for the villain to wear.
67. "Werewolves? They're worse than cockroaches!"
68. What film features the voice of John Candy and the music of Sammy Hagar?
69. In this animated movie, the citizens of a peaceful community fight against the black men of metal sent from the future by Metamorphosis on the Circumscribing Ocean.
70. Kevin Siembieda is known for what RPG company?
71. From what novel do we get "Shai Hulud", "Bene Gesserit", and Gom Jabbar"?
72. The number 42 is the answer to what question posed in *Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy*?
73. Arthur C. Clark would most likely be categorized as what type of writer? Romance, Hard Sci Fi, Phantasmagorical Fantasy, Mainstream Action, or Splatterpunk?
74. The aliens from *Aliens* are referred to as what by Lt. Gorman on board the *Suluco*?
75. Including Jason's death at the end of *Friday the 13th part 9: Jason Goes To Hell*, how many deaths were in all of the *Friday the 13th* movies?
- Extra Credit: Name Conan's wizard chronicler from *Conan The Barbarian*.

- END -

Honestly, I don't expect anyone to garner a score of 100% without cheating or the use of a photographic memory. However, if you do score a 100% I would love to have you work at *Digital Ogre*, you'd fit right in with all the other freaks.



The Crystal Lake
NECRO-1:FOK'MARD'M
by Aaron Gilkison

We came upon a small village in the middle of the night. It was very dark and the only thing that Tomas and I could do was listen. There were no lights from the town. No smoke. No fires. All to be sensed was a low moaning noise, like the whispering lows of the Leluthia-Pelanda. Tomas signed to me, reminded me that we had not eaten for days, and pointed toward the collection of thatch-roof buildings. Then he stood up and began walking into the clear. I hesitated, but when I saw that he was okay I began to follow. We walked silently past seemingly-deserted houses, all the while that odd moaning getting stronger. A few more moments passed and we found ourselves on the edge of a square, I assumed it to be the central hub of the village. It was from here that the moaning seemed to emanating, but at first I still did not see the source until I heard movement near the ground. When I looked down I saw, laying in a vast circle, a multitude of people each wedged side by side with their neighbors. They did not seem to notice our presence and at first we thought that they were dead. The moaning did not cease, however, and Tomas was too impatient and hungry to allow these people to ignore us. He called out. The moaning immediately stopped. The people sat up in unison. They all looked at us. They stood slowly and with deliberation. I could see their features. They looked like men, but their ears were pointed like those of our elven kindred. I noticed no obvious females amongst them. Any other discernible feature were lost in the darkness. They started running towards us. I tried to get my sword out but it was too late. It was then that I noticed walking skeletons in their midst. I screamed in terror. Tomas was torn apart by their bare hands. I was carried to this small chamber to await something. I assume it to be my death. If anyone reads this remember not to disrupt the rituals of these people. They do not like it.

...Taken from the journal of Michaelus Tokar, found in the ashes of a gold necronian settlement in The Crystal Lake Region by Yuskad soldiers (Year of the Sea)

The Necronians of The Cardean Forest claim lineage back to the Mighty Golden Empire, which thrived during the Millennial Peace of Terraklad and fell beneath the tide of darkness during The Chaos Wars. This empire spanned the breadth of the area from the Land-Bridge of Scorpio, in the West, to the Blood Gulf in the East. Their only other borders were The Sea to the South and the mountains of modern-day Trolome to the North. The Empire was vast and advanced, having explored the majority of the known world, and had sent roads paved with electrum to the far corners of their sphere of influence. Needless to say, these roads did not last long. However, the peoples of the Empire, whether free or oppressed, were united by a more powerful force; culture. The Necronians, when conquering certain areas, would force the populace to go to schools to learn the arts of

writing, reading, and mathematics, as well as religion. Due to this, and the fact that most Necronian families had a much higher standard of living than did the conquered peoples, the Empire steadily grew closer under their common bonds. Over its millennia of rule it became a virtual nation-state, where all of the ethnic diversity and religious dichotomy had vanished. When the roads began to decay and disappear under increased economic traffic, the Emperor Jonkil-Mangamigord'k ordered the creation of asphalt highways. This act was more for military purposes than anything, for Jonkil's Hargil-Majong (First Assistant), Kalgojj-Iil'kdrinj, was a wizard of some renown and foresaw the coming of The Chaos Wars and the fragmenting of the Empire. Thus, the army needed absolute mobility in case one of the Yin'k-mar (republics) were to attempt to break free under Darginn pressure, or if the Darginns themselves were to set foot upon Imperial soil. Kalgojj' insight was too late, however. By the time the highways were only one-fourth completed, hordes of Darginn-led trollkin spilled into the Empire, and every able-bodied citizen was needed to defend the homeland. That included the highway workers. The construction was stopped, the Yin'k-mar began to become corrupted by the Darginns and drift away, and the Empire found itself dying; which it finally did soon after the arrival of the Eldar.

Gold Necronian society, in the modern era, is basically similar to that of humanity; the Necronians make due with what is available. Thus, those Necronians that had lived around The Crystal Lake, and that had been fishing for thousands of years, continue to fish today, albeit under slightly more difficult circumstances. Other Necronians, the largest portion by far, have taken to nomadic lifestyles and wander the forests of Uralea and the City-States. These two styles of life, and Necronian cultures, are the only two that have any relevance to the area of The Crystal Lake, so only they will be touched upon in detail here. However, I must note that much of the culturo-ethnic practices described below are patterns that are shared by all former peoples of The Empire, in one form or another.

The Gold Necronians:

The average Necronian is 6.5 feet tall and weighs around 170 pounds, making for a slightly slim race. They reach maturity at about nine years of life and live to be about two hundred and fifty years old. There is only one sex in the Necronian race, and as such there is no term for male or female save those adopted from the Eldarrian or Neo-Darginnic races (elves, humans, trolls, dwarves, etc). Reproduction is through budding, which is considered to be the most sacred of experiences. As a result of this Necronians have no sex drive, although many choose life-mates that are almost always from their race. Never has there been a verified account of a Necronian and a member of another race becoming emotionally entangled.

Most Necronians keep their hair long and, patterned after the buffalo-bird hunting sylvan elves, tend to wear dark feathers in it. Their faces are basically human with slightly pointed ears and sharp

noses (not unlike elves I might add), and they usually grow some form of facial hair. Their voices are gruff, but not deep, and when speaking their own language sounds sing-songy; it is a tonal language.

Their attitudes run the entire human range of personality, from all-giving to suicidal, from benevolent savior to the scourge of Terrakiad¹. In general, Necronians are loving and make great traveling partners and friends. Their clothing styles mimic their lifestyles, just like humans and elves. If the Necronians in question make their livings as nomads, they will generally wear forest garb. While those inhabiting the villages of The Crystal Lake will wear the latest in human fashion (if they can afford it).

Hilgar-maljj'n-Dringulmar: The Rite of Birth

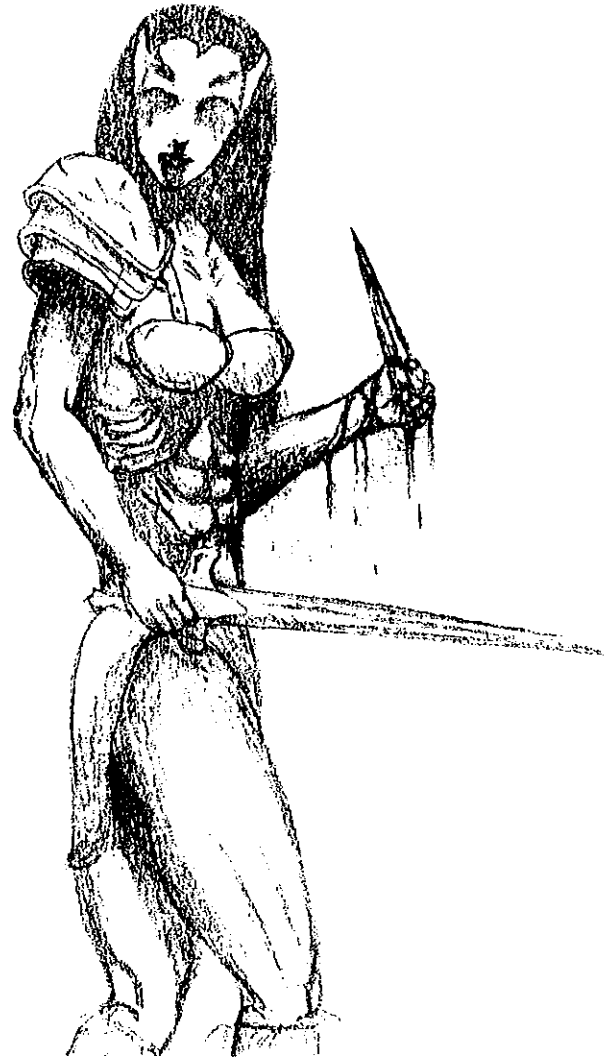
Every ten years of a Necronian's life the respective person begins his Rite of Birth. This is a private affair, one in which the respective Necronian must be totally alone and unbothered for to successfully complete. The Necronian goes into his "personal" space, called Hilgar-iljik'n-mar, be it a room, cave, boat, hollow tree, etc, and begins incantations. This is the preliminary ritual. It is during this time that the Necronian will find out if it is going to bare any children this decade. This process usually takes four or five days, during which the Necronian has no time to eat or excrete. Once this incanting is complete, the Necronian will be able to arise and take food and go about its personal business. In less than two days the Necronian will have a dream telling it whether or not it will be pregnant. If not, the respective Necronian returns to its daily life. It is taboo for anyone to talk about another's preliminary Hilgar-maljj-Dringulmar, actually called Hilgar-maljjok'n, for one year and by then it is no longer important anyway. It is impolite to talk to Necronians that have recently made Hilgar-maljjok'n. Most Necronians bare between two and six children in a lifetime. If the Necronian does not receive this dream within three days then the actual Rite of Birth begins. The Necronian first bathes itself in "special" oils, then rubs a thick ooze called Hilgar-jingul onto their back with an instrument known as the Hilgar-jingul-milbag'n. After this, the Necronian retreats once more to his Hilgar-iljik'n-mar. Here they will sing the Hilgar-maljj'n-Dringulmar-guronda to themself until they collapse of fatigue. The mantra is as follows:

Darginn
Darginn
Hilgar-maljj'n
Hilgar-maljj'n Dringulmar
Dugal gur
lon guronda
Dugal gur
Dugal gur
pujin dul-marg'n

¹ Terrakiad is the Necronian/Darginnic term for the planet that these stories take place in. Elves generally refer to the planet as Driarea, and the other races refer to it as Driarea, Terrakiad, Flynn, or still others dependent upon their religion.

When the Necronian awakens from its sleep, one month will have passed, and a Necronian fetus will be housed in the Necronian's back. The gestation takes about four more months. During this time, the Necronian can eat and move about as usual. It is taboo, however, for a Necronian with child to talk to or even see anyone else. If this were to happen, the baby would be said to be cursed., and upon its birth would be buried alive. The labor itself is not as traumatic as it is for humans. Once the baby is ready to enter the world, the Necronian lays down on its chest and flexes its back muscles, the thinning skin is torn by the flailing child and finally rips open-giving birth to a new Necronian. To witness such a spectacle would be disgusting to say the least, but it is one of the most elating moments in a Necronian's life. Once the baby is born, there is no more rituals to go through, and the baby is immediately indoctrinated into the tribe or clan.

...continued in the next issue...



² Translation of the Hilgar-maljj'n-Dringulmar-guronda: Darginn Darginn (denotes the gods), The Birth Giving, The Birth Giving Rite, I sing this song, I sing, I sing, for your blessing, FOR YOUR BLESSING!

Weightless Dreams

by Dylan Hartwell

WARNING: The following stories contains material that some people may find offensive: Violence.

"The human struggles to his feet and stands a moment. The hibernation water dripping from his naked form. He groans once more and for the first time in one hundred forty nine years opens his glazed eyes."

The Darkness of space enveloped the ship. It was a calm darkness and a comforting darkness that rested the mind. It was not a consuming darkness. It was not a harsh darkness of vacuum. Light had been reduced to a yellow hue and the planets obscured by vague shadows. Until, that is, the light of the nearest sun would stretch long rays of light to the farthest region of the universe. Reflecting with intensity off the exotic planets. Exotic the planets were: gold and red and bathed with swirling clouds of vapor yet unknown. They were large and larger still. Layered with years of substance, geographic chaos. All planets, uncharted, yet unknown.

Through the murky yellow darkness of space a star ship, dwarfed by the swirling spheres of ice, slid noiselessly. The hull marred with strange symbols. Three homo sapiens had begun a long journey in this vessel.

Traveling long and silently the ship and its crew, which had become as much a part of the ship as the advanced navigational equipment, rested on the folds of space. The ship was their life. It was the ship's duty, her inherent assignment, to feed and warm the fragile homo sapiens as well as tuck them into bed. Snugly it would seem for the crew, or what remains of it, for they have slept for quite a long time. Yet they have slept very little in relation to the universe. With its delicately balanced weights all spinning in the giant gyroscope of reality, what is a mere lifetime of the homo sapiens? What is a thousand lifetimes? It is nothing to the universe, for it does not change in such time.

Yes, the ship did slip through the universe seemingly unnoticed. The very mission of the humans, as they are called, deals with the unexplainable. Many strange things have happened in the universe. The human ship has also been exposed to the strange and unexplainable. For now two of the hibernation bays lay empty. The pressure suits designed to protect the delicate humans from the harsh reality of the universe are neatly hung; one, two... three. And only one human remains.

What of this mystery? Shall the almighty universe decide to unravel and reveal the strange things which have and will go on in this ship. She answers not. Yet a small light flickers on in the human starship. A small light, but red and warm. It bathes the interior with its strength. Then a second light flickers on. Then another and another until a entire panel is lit brightly. Some blinking some flashing. And underneath all of this

the soft hum of the ship as she comes to life can be heard. For she too has slept, but she can no longer sleep. Mysteries have arisen. too many. It is time to acquire answers.

The small hiss of oxygen adds to the soft symphony that is like Beethoven's ninth played fully and freely to the alluring silence of space. More lights flash on. Long lights laced before the bay door and tubes of fluorescence also sputter and beam to life. Gauges and dials spin as the atmosphere in the ship changes. The temperature slowly, ever so slowly, begins to rise. Finally a light, the very first one that flickered on, changes to green and the small human rises from his deep sleep, the thick stubble of beard tearing at his cheek.

A sound in the ship. Unlike the others. Mother hears it also, but recognizes it as human. A moan; soft and very short, but a moan nonetheless. An organic sound in the universe that is paradoxically too mechanical to be organic. The human struggles to his feet and stands a moment. The hibernation water dripping from his naked form. He groans once more and for the first time in one hundred forty nine years opens his glazed eyes.

What he saw: the soft glow of the ship, was comfortably received. But even before he turned to dry, his brow deepened and his eyes seemed to gain clarity. He turned and stared into two empty chambers were his two crew mates should have been. Instead were two pools of cool green fluid. The pools slowly shrank and a small sucking noise pricked at the humans ears as the last few drops of hibernation fluid were sucked from the bunks and ejected into the vacuum of space. He stared a moment longer, thoughts beginning to emerge and take form. Then grabbed a towel and methodically dried himself off. Finally he donned his crew suit. Tight and clinging clothing yet warm. Nondescript and empty of images save the strange symbol on the sleeve and the strange marking underneath the mans chin. He shaved the hibernation facial hair off and found himself fully awake after the pain of the blade at his long hairs.

"Computer." The voice was deep yet graceful and devoid of any emotion. It bounced off the close walls. It was the first human voice spoken in the chamber for more than one hundred years.

"Yes Captain Dallan." It was no question only simply confirmation. The voice was deep and female. Inviting yet mechanical.

"Please locate for me crew members Alan Mooreland and Bradford Spinkel."

"One moment please," was the reply. A moment later: "Biologist Alan Mooreland... is no longer in cryostasis. Technician Bradford Spinkel... is no longer in cryostasis."

"When have Mooreland and Spinkel been removed from cryogenic stasis?" Asked Dallan as he sat down into a chair located in front of the large blinking console.

"Insufficient information." The frown deepened in Dallan's face. His eyes now clear and sparkling blazed over the consul. His fingers danced over the keys and a large screen blipped to life then faded into a map of the system. The route of the ship was briefly illuminated.

"Mother I need-" Dallan stopped. The sparkle in his eyes was replaced by a flash of crystal blue.

"Please restate question."

"Disregard," was the swift reply. Dallan danced again on the keys, soft clicks accompanying the hum of the engine. The screen displayed an erratic red line through the galaxy.

"Where?" Came the rhetorical question. Dallan surveyed the monitors until his eyes were bloodshot and his hair ruffled by the combing action of his locked fingers raking through. Finally he groaned and gave up, accepting failure. A mystery without an attainable solution. Dallan fought down a laugh that boiled deep in his stomach. He was not quitting, simply intrigued, it seemed that his blue eyes were saying. He regained some composure and left his chair. His back hot and moist from the sweat of frustration.

"Hastily he jerked the tube from his nose, pulled the wires from his body, and opened the hatch of his cryotube with the soft click of a padded key."

His breathing was coming in short gasps and his legs were cramped. He felt the primal urge to run; a desperate thought in the bounds of space. He floated back to the rear of the vessel fighting the insane urges that befell his conscious. He shuddered once and fell over the blanket of claustrophobia falling over him. He felt the spiders of fear crawl across his skin biting and tickling at the same time. He stifled another laugh and groaned. His sweating increased and he curled into a fetal position floating in the weightlessness. His situation seemed like a large planet crushing the inhabitant with the force of gravity. Their eyes widening in the shock of asphyxiation. He quivered again, teetering on the edge of sanity, threatening to fall over until the ship rocked and a klaxon came to life filling his head with painful scream similar to the one building in him. A red strobe light exploded on and threw his familiar world of white plastic into a hellish cave deep in the bowels of some forbidden planet. The heat increased and the sweat slid into his eyes forcing them shut. The valves that lined the walls came to life, writhing like snakes, and finally breaching free of their plastic restraints filling the cabin with thick mist. Clammy and moist, it stuck to the captain like a swelling leach with relentless tenacity. The blood in his head pounded like giants foot falls and suddenly, as if the analogy had come to life, a giant bulge appeared on the wall behind Dallas, denting erratically like some outside force was pounding on the hull. Dallas screamed, but did not move as the first hull breach happened. The terrible explosion, the sudden pain as he felt his blood begin to boil. His skin, beginning to bulge outward. He managed a helpless moan as the last of his skin began to bubble and expand like a package in the ships microwave. He also knew the breaking point was coming. He saw, through red rimmed vision, the breach enlarge and a dark form behind it. Just behind it, starting to enter the ship!

Skerrit awoke from the nightmare, the moment before his skin exploded. Hastily he jerked the tube from his nose, pulled the wires from his body, and opened the hatch of his cryotube with the soft click of a padded key. Slowly it raised, the small servo motors humming smoothly and efficiently. Murky water dripped from the clear plastic canopy, and for the first time in one month Skerrit left his bed of dormancy. He clicked a few buttons on the side of the wall, glanced at the empty white wall thankful that the air and insulation tubes were concealed behind it. They were only visible in the life boat. That was the problem with cryosleep. The dreams.

Life began again for Skerrit. He awoke from the freezing chamber of death and stood in the white cabin. There were no others. Why had he dreamt that? He had never known any of those men... Yet he felt a strange premonition cross his mind when he gathered to think upon his unsettling dream. A sense of telepathy? No, he thought his brows knitting together. He stepped from his dark puddles of liquid and dried off. The dream still flashing behind his eyes. He donned his gray suit, federation made. Plain, except for the federation emblem on his sleeve and his name stenciled onto his chest.

He moved about the ship, checking the controls, documenting numbers. Paperwork ground to a standstill as his mind began to drift once more to the dream. Less potent after the spurt of protein and physical activity. He could ponder it now. He could analyze it thinking clearly and logically and more dynamically without the strong emotion. He could never recall such a dream as this. The apathetic view in which it was framed. The strangeness of his ship as well as himself. Horribly killed, or at least would have been killed. His mind sped into the dream as if it were a reel of ancient film. Reviewing sequences, comparing, forming analogies. He had never dipped into the realm of psychology and he was lost for logic even as he groped for it.



LIVING WITH THE DEAD

A Tribute To George Romero
by Dylan Hartwell

"Human shaped shadows were slowly ambling from a dark grocery store. One dropped to the ground and John hit his auto counter. Gunfire reverberated through the streets and allies. The sun emerged from behind a building and shone on a creature as it stumbled towards the squad."

"I don't know," said the blonde soldier. He was wearing military fatigues and carried a loaded M-16. His flak jacket gave him the impression of being barrel chested. His patch, sewn on his right shoulder indicated him as lieutenant.

"You don't know what?" asked another soldier. He was tall, and held his rifle firmly between his knees feeding a cigarette into his lips as the helicopter rocked on a blast of hot Florida air.

"This run. It doesn't feel right," continued the blonde soldier. He stared out through the helicopter opening. The empty streets of Miami were quickly sliding by and an orange sun was climbing the horizon.

"When does it feel right John?" asked the tall man. He patted his pockets looking for a cigarette lighter. "Thanks Mike," he said when a silent soldier bent to light the tall man's cigarette. He inhaled deeply and blew the smoke out his broad nose as he looked down on the empty town. "Kind of gives you the creeps don't it?" He was talking to himself more than anyone.

"Jeez Walter," said another soldier in the helicopter, "would you cut that out."

John turned from the open window and spoke into his transmitter while staring at the metal floor, "What's our ETA?"

His transmitter sputtered static then silenced as a man's scratchy voice crackled through the speaker. "Five minutes. On your green light." The static resumed until John removed his hand. He looked over to Walter and nodded. "Prep for touchdown guys. Everyone suited up?"

"Yup," said Walter, finishing his cigarette and strapping his helmet on.

"Yeah," said Mike who was securing his ammunition pockets. After patting down his magazines, he began caressing his rifle. Lines had been niched into his barrel. Every four were crossed with a slash. He had fifty three of them.

"Gotcha," said Andrew, as he slid a photo of his old girlfriend into his helmet.

"Uh huh," grunted Daniel, who had remained silent the entire flight.

Time passed uneasily as the five men prepared to land. No one talked the last two minutes; they were checking and rechecking each others packs. Their M-16's clutched tightly.

"Ok I see it. Go ahead and drop us off," said John into his transmitter as he fastened his helmet on.

The pilot's voice responded immediately.

"You sure you don't want a slow circle?"

"Negative," John responded. "I scanned with the binoculars. Nothing we can't handle."

The men were listening to John silently. Their faces were grim, their helmets strapped on tight. Andrew fingered the worn edges of his photograph.

"It's your butt," said the pilot as the helicopter slowed.

"Yeah," John murmured and adjusted his transmitter. "All right, let's do a transmitter check."

"Sixteen, check," said Walter.

"Twenty eight, check," said Andrew.

"Five, check," said Mike.

"Fourteen. Check," said Daniel.

John glanced at his squad, and thumbed his transmitter, "OK, take her down now." The helicopter began to descend into a vacant intersection. No movement could be seen below. "I want immediate take off. Evac on my orders. Otherwise, you know the routine."

"Affirmative," cracked the pilot's voice in every soldier's helmet mounted transmitter.

John's boots hit the pavement before the helicopter had landed. "Let's move!" he shouted into his transmitter, "safeties off!"

The four men filed out of the helicopter, black steel barrels pointed into the blue within blue sky. The helicopter began to lift before the final man's feet hit the pavement. The green helicopter rose and thundered away into the morning sun, the chopping of the blades echoing loudly off skyscrapers.

Soon the squad was jogging down the deserted street. A fetid stench clung to the air. Cars were sitting in the road, their doors left open.

"Why does it always have to stink?" complained Mike as he scanned the buildings.

John switched his auto counter on and continued to jog. He was leading the four men. Walter was to his left and Mike to his right. He knew Andrew and Daniel covered their back. "You know the procedure," he said ignoring the complaint. "Immediate notification on sight. Single rounds, use short bursts and save your ammunition. Confirm your target."

"Yeah," added Andrew said with a small grin, "you don't want to take out one of us."

"If there are any of us left," added Mike.

"Why aren't they out yet?" asked Walter as he gazed up and down a skyscraper, squinting against the bright sun.

"You can't figure those things out," said Mike, "no one can figure them out."

"Just keep moving." John said.

Daniel spoke first. It was his first words all morning. "There! I see one. Two!" His M-16 exploded in three short bursts.

"Were?" shouted Andrew aiming his rifle wildly.

"There." Walter pointed to an old grocery store, smoothly brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired.

John dropped to one knee and took aim as gunfire sparked in the morning air.

Human shaped shadows were slowly ambling from a dark grocery store. One dropped to the ground and John hit his auto counter. Gunfire reverberated through the streets and allies. The sun emerged from behind a building and shone on a creature as it stumbled towards the squad.

Worms crawled through it's dirt encrusted hair. It had been wearing blue jeans. Now, however, it was difficult to distinguish where the fetid flesh ended and the clothing began. Dark liquid streamed from its agape mouth, and the rotted tongue clicked at its loose teeth that remained. It emitted no sound except for the unsteady sloshing of organs that could no longer function, and it's thumping feet upon the pavement as it made its way toward the men.

John aimed quickly and fired one round into its green forehead. Black blood, looking much like thick maple syrup tapped from a tree, pulsed slowly down its face. Streaming past the glazed unseeing eyes, below the nose of paper flesh, and finally running from the chin. The zombie crumpled to the pavement.

John hit his auto counter and spoke into the loud silence. "Hey call in. Mike?"

Mike was scanning the building. "One," he spat.

"Ok," John said tapping his counter. He stood from his kneeling prose. "Andrew?"

"Sorry lieutenant."

"Quit thinking about your girl," John said watching Andrew play with his photo as he glared into the dark store. "Walter?"

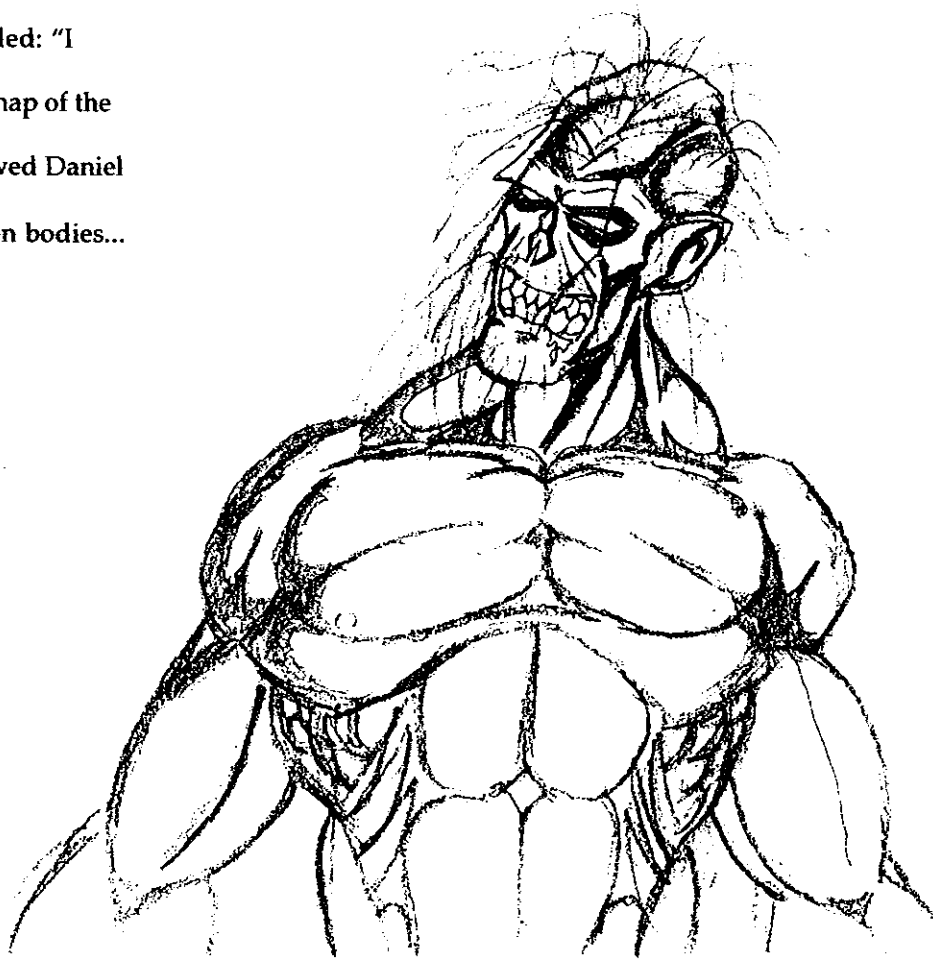
"Five," muttered Walter from behind the flare of a lighter as he started a fresh pack.

"I got three," said Daniel. Then he added: "I think."

"You think?" Asked John unfolding a map of the city. "Why don't you find out? Andrew?"

"Yeah," Andrew mumbled as he followed Daniel into the dark building.

The soldiers ambled slowly to the fallen bodies...



DIGITAL OGRE CROSSWORD PUZZLE II

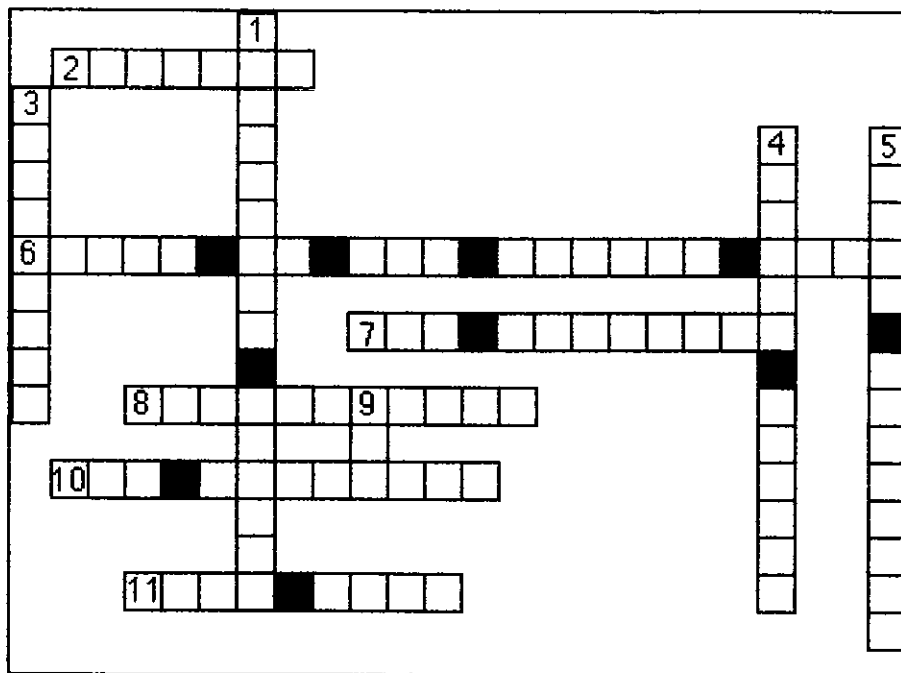
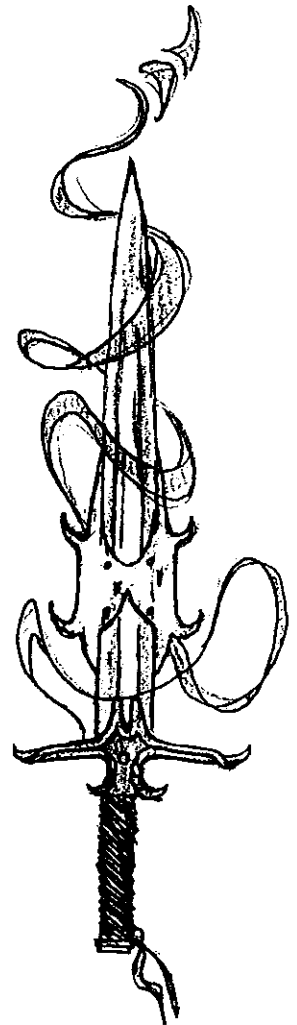
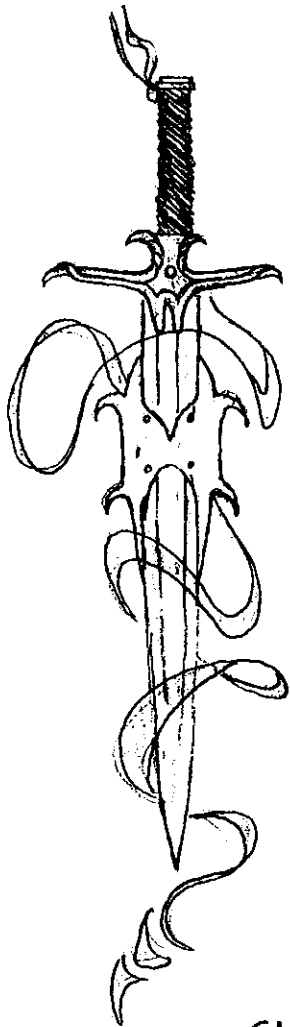
(Name the movie of the direct quotes)

Down

1. "There was me, that is Alex."
3. AD&D's gothic horror Campaign Setting.
4. Burned alive by angry parents, he came back to haunt their children.
5. He directed *Repulsion* and *The Tenant*.
9. Ripley risks her life to save a ___ when her ship is stalked by an alien.

Across

2. 1931 classic ex-sanguinator.
6. "They're coming to get you Barbara."
7. Features Christopher Walken as the angel Gabriel.
8. Wrote *Dagon*, *The White Ship*, and *Dreams in the Witch House*.
10. Movie based on *The Haunting of Hill House* by Shirley Jackson.
11. She finally accepted Mr. Cruise as her blonde beauty.



CHARACTER MATCHING

CHARACTER

1. FREDDY KRUGER
2. HANNIBAL LECTOR
3. JASON VOORHEES
4. MICHAEL MEYERS
5. ALEX
6. CHUCKY
7. PINHEAD
8. THE TALL MAN
9. ASH
10. COUNT VON KROLOCK

MOVIE

- SILENCE OF THE LAMBS
- HALLOWEEN
- A CLOCKWORK ORANGE
- FRIDAY THE 13TH
- CHILD'S PLAY
- NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET
- THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS
- EVIL DEAD
- HELLRAISER
- PHANTASM

The answers will be located on the last page of the January issue of *Digital Ogre*.

"Superstitions are, for the most part, but the shadows of great truths." - Tryon Edwards

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Fangoria

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Forever Knight

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X - Files

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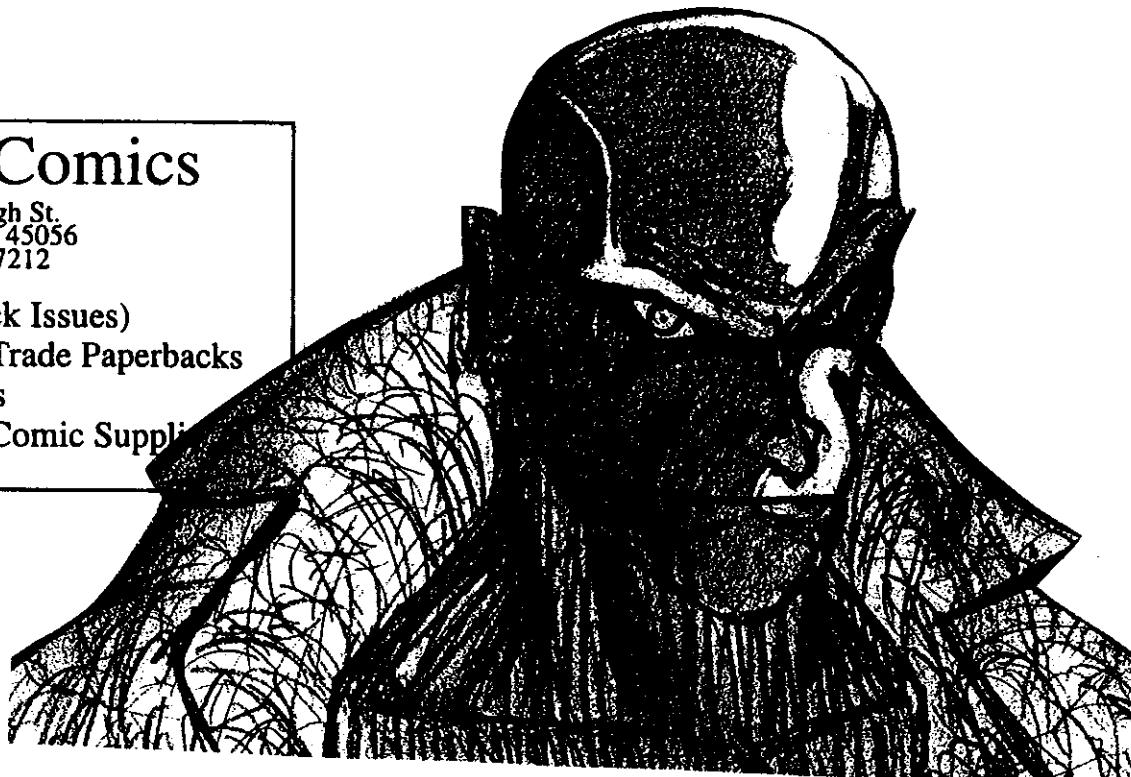
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SUBMISSIONS/COMMENTS

If you would like to make a literary or artistic contribution to *Digital Ogre* or have any comments / suggestions / letter bombs, please send your name, address, and phone number to Dylan Hartwell (editor) at 325 Foxfire Drive, apartment 110, Oxford Ohio, 45056. Or: HARTWEDJ@MIAVX1.ACS.MUOHIO.EDU for our submission guidelines. Please expect this address to change in the near future.

"Journeys end in lovers meeting" - Shirley Jackson