

# SKELETON DIARY





# TABLE OF CONTRIBUTORS

\* Contributors listed in order of appearance

Wimyan

Everything that lives

1m/ea

Roger Huntley

A Trip Sitter's Guide

He's right behind me

Reed Fuckin' Johnson

Kassidy Fifer

PEAK Autumn Vibes

Steve Schipinski & Chris Cooper

Halloween Pumpkin Carving

Houston Webb @ HappySlaying.GG

Resort

# Thank you

HUGE thanks to everyone contributing. This was my first time organizing something like this, and for a lot of us the first time participating in something like this. I'm really excited to see it all in print, and everyone did a great job!!!



everything that lives

dies by design,

trapped in an unending spiral.

however,

the meaning of life

is the struggle within this cycle.

## ***A Trip Sitter's Guide***

### **Mark Your Calendar:**

- Time anxiety is no joke, and recovery might be a bit odd.
- Different times of day and year give completely different vibes.
- Beware of sleep deprivation if you're starting late in the evening.

### **Get Things Cozy:**

- Safety first: Stock up on food, water, and blankets.
- Avoid showering during; shower before, and bring spare clothes.
- Clean your space beforehand to avoid derailing the trip.



## **"Must-Haves"**

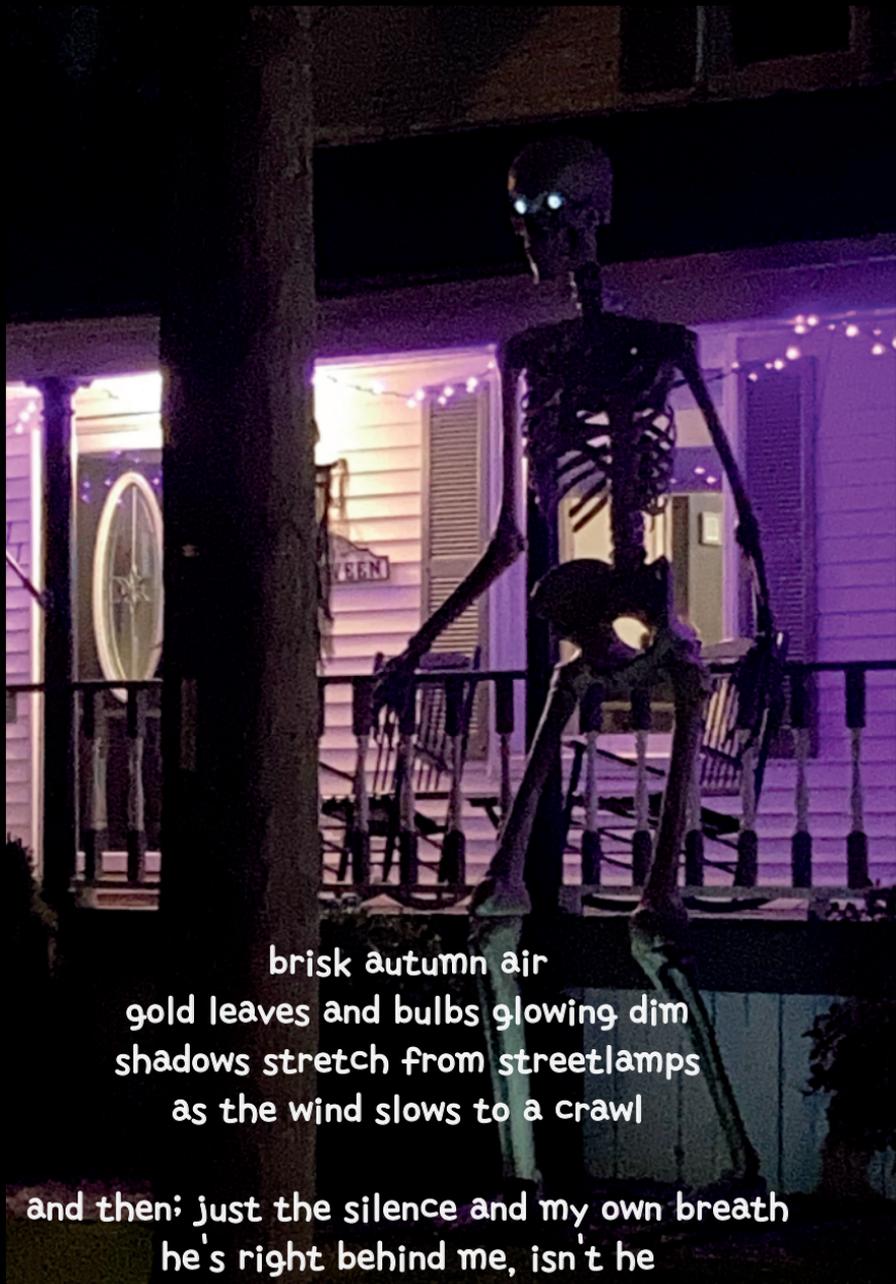
- **TEST YOUR STUFF.**
- **Have a pre-trip bonding session with your participant to set boundaries and build trust.**
- **Take it outside, but dodge bad smells and unsightly sights. Explore real nature.**

## **Entertainment**

- **Grab a musical instrument or a paintbrush and leisurely explore.**
- **Bizarre films are fun initially, but keep it light-hearted.**
- **Turn off all the lights and play your favorite tunes.**

A blurry, low-angle photograph of a man walking on a sidewalk at night. The man is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants, and is carrying a white bag. The sidewalk is wet, reflecting the ambient light. In the background, there are parked cars, including a red SUV, and trees with yellowing leaves, suggesting autumn. The scene is illuminated by streetlights, creating a warm, golden glow. The text "This is not for you." is overlaid in white, serif font across the lower middle of the image.

This is not for you.



brisk autumn air  
gold leaves and bulbs glowing dim  
shadows stretch from streetlamps  
as the wind slows to a crawl

and then; just the silence and my own breath  
he's right behind me, isn't he



## Step One

Start by covering your work area in newspaper, and flipping your pumpkin upside down. Carving from the bottom keeps the pumpkin fresh longer!

Cutting away from yourself, carefully carve a hole in the bottom of the pumpkin that's big enough to fit your hand in. Keep the part you carved out!



## Step Two

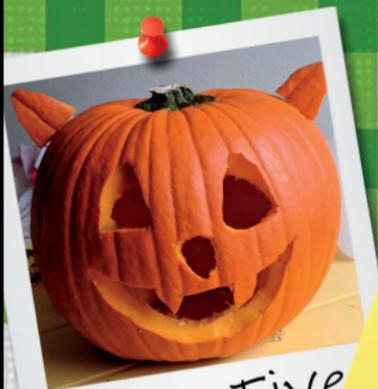
Using your spoon, scrape out the pumpkin guts and discard them, or save seeds for roasting. You can cut the guts off of the lid at this stage, too.



## Step Three

# ***HALLOWEEN***

## **PUMPKIN CARVING**



Step Five



Step Four

Using a marker or a pin,  
mark where you intend to cut!

Using a Knife,  
carefully cut along  
your marked line!

You can use the eyes  
you cut as ears!  
How Cute!

### **WHAT YOU NEED:**

NEWSPAPER  
LARGE SPOON  
SERATED KNIFE/PUMPKIN CARVING TOOL  
STENCIL OR EXPO MARKER (OPTIONAL)  
PUMPKINS!



selling pirate bay alien shish kebab cordyceps 1m/ea





REED FUCKIN JOHNSON  
Ⓟ WAS HERE. ☯  
2023

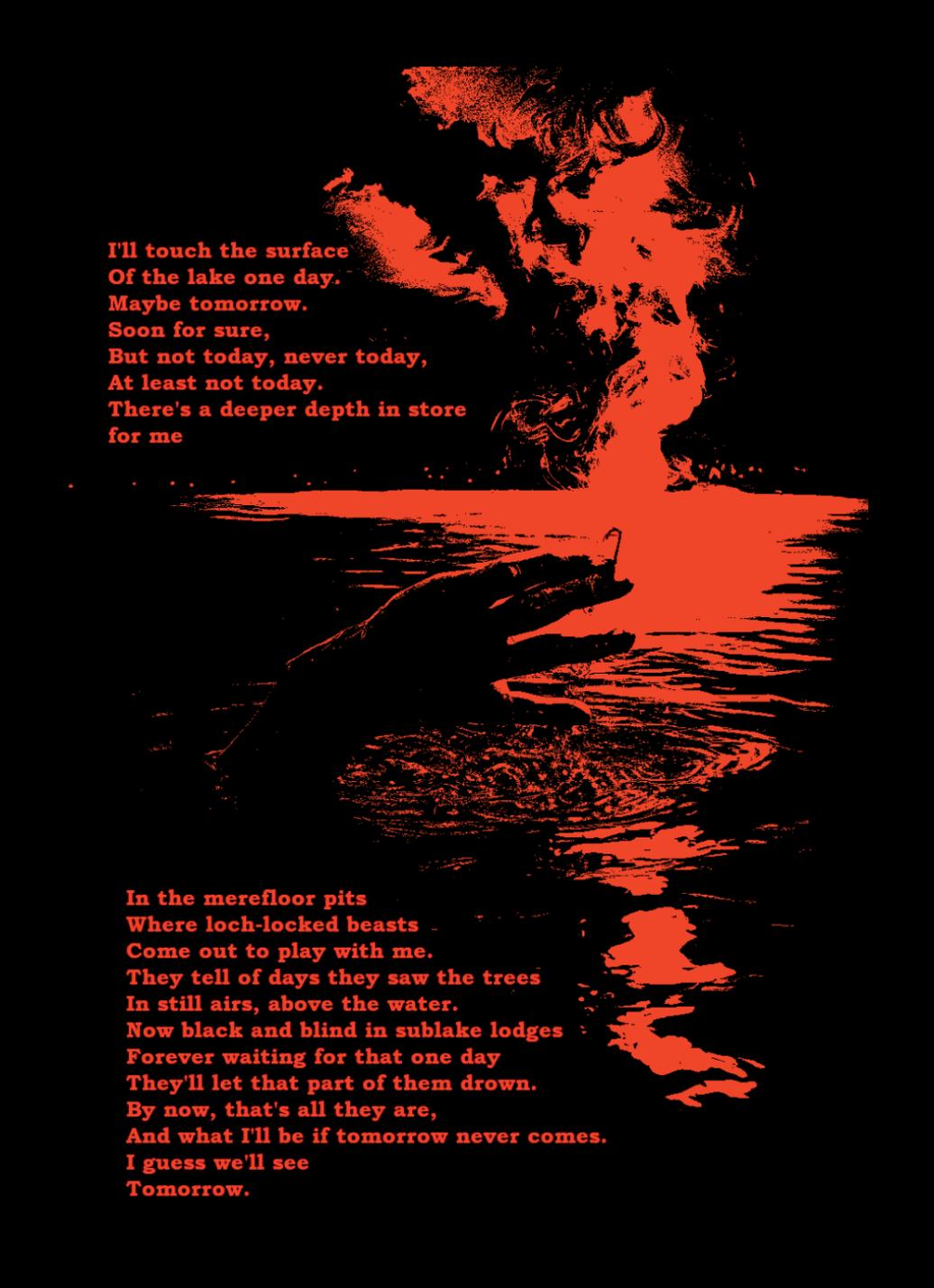


**Old,  
Out the  
Box,  
Child's  
Mattress.**

**Used 45  
years.**



**RESORT.**  
Houston Webb



**I'll touch the surface  
Of the lake one day.  
Maybe tomorrow.  
Soon for sure,  
But not today, never today,  
At least not today.  
There's a deeper depth in store  
for me**

**In the merefloor pits  
Where lock-locked beasts  
Come out to play with me.  
They tell of days they saw the trees  
In still airs, above the water.  
Now black and blind in sublake lodges  
Forever waiting for that one day  
They'll let that part of them drown.  
By now, that's all they are,  
And what I'll be if tomorrow never comes.  
I guess we'll see  
Tomorrow.**



The city that never sleeps  
And a city I'll never see.  
It's silly how I ever  
Thought the slick of these streets  
Could drain all the ink from framed poetry.  
Just slowly flowing parentheses  
Like whispers said in backseat rides  
(So your folks don't see  
The marks that bruise but do not bleed.  
And bring no pain, but tear to eye.  
Or hear the name I've given thee  
And volumes of which I wish to cry).

Over the sound of windshield wiping  
And hums of songs we'll overplay.  
Falling rain fields taps of typing,  
Describing the place we'll be someday.



**Be there times before and after  
The warmth of my core  
And the sound of my laughter?  
A temporary part to play  
As a one-scene actor?  
Divisible from the product of human  
kind as a once seen factor?**

**Consigned to faint reverie  
Or am I Always, with a bad  
memory?**

And yet, here I am. Still  
Reminiscing on those dotted clouds and  
How much your hand shook that camera frame.  
How you can't hear a word we say but,  
It'd be all the same.  
That grin that spreads across my face  
When I see you're taking a video:  
A million-count sequence of  
All the Little Things.  
Between grainy angles and static lines  
And lens smudges that coincide  
That megabit memory.  
How I stare at nothing but your face  
Off-screen.

I pause.

Because it's the only time I can remember  
That aureate glow your eyes have lost  
In every echo of you that - still -  
Remains.

