

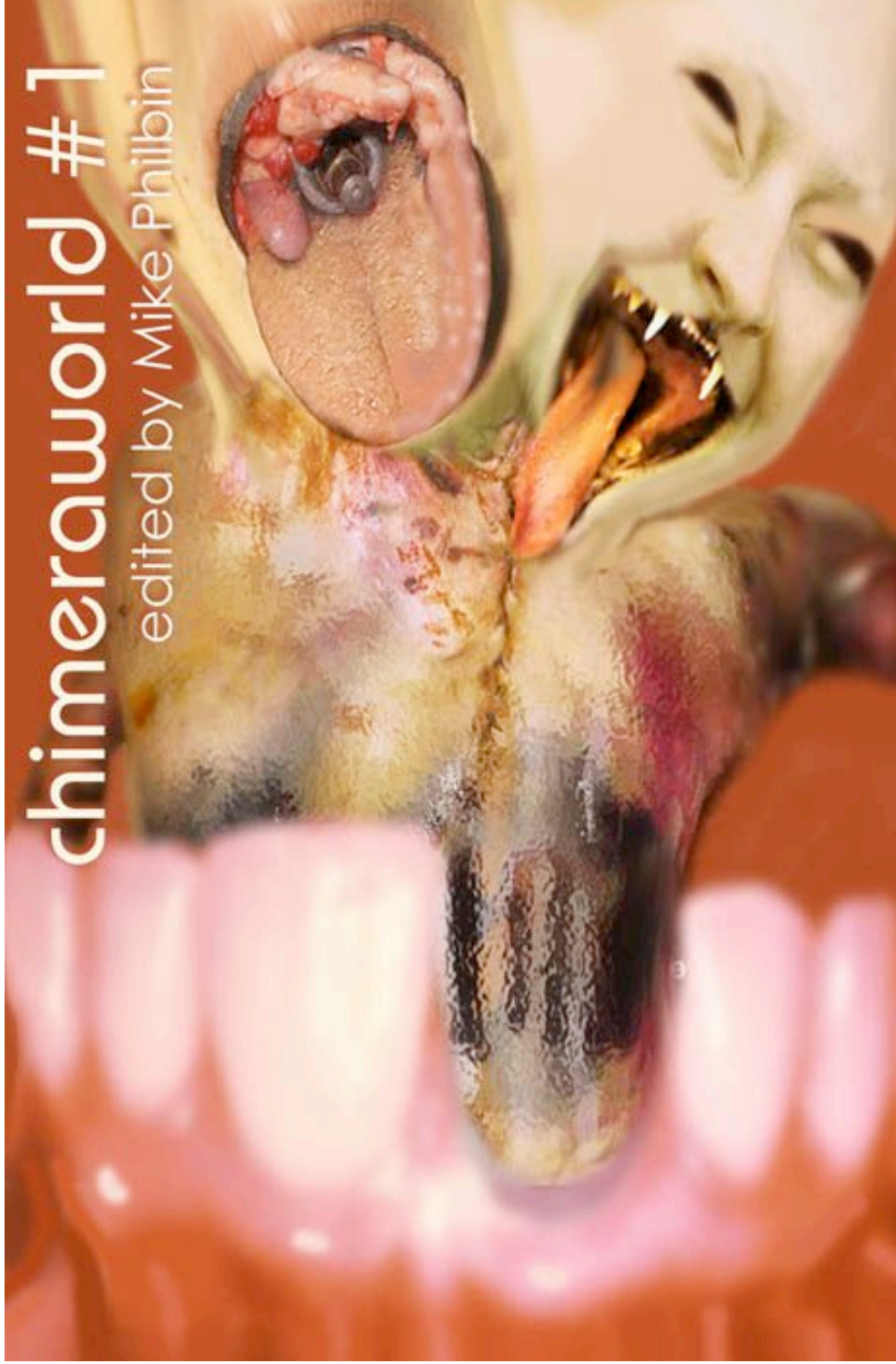
CHIMERICANA

Extreme, bizarro, psycho-erotic nightmare fiction from a new breed of publisher.

WWW.CHIMERICANABOOKS.COM

chimeraworld #1

edited by Mike Philbin



CHIMERA WORLD #1

TWENTY THREE BIZARRO TALES

EDITED BY MIKE PHILBIN

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Introduction

Chimeraworld is a dark place your mind will never escape.

A collection of the most ferocious, the most relentless, the most wonderfully rendered nightmare landscapes ever witnessed in literary history. This is not horror. This is not sci-fi. This is not mystery. This is not thriller. CHIMERAWORLD exceeds all boundaries of taste and narrative.

You will journey through CHIMERAWORLD in the company of 23 of tomorrow's greatest authors.

Word limit 2000-4000 words strict. Deadline for submissions is End October, 2003. No reprints. Downloadable .pdf eBook, enhanced CD, and P.O.D. Contributors receive equal share of royalties.

That was the original announcement that hit the net at the end of August 2003. By mid October 2003 (*due to being swamped by submissions two weeks before the deadline*) I announced the closure of the anthology and here's the result.

There are a lot of horror writers out there wanting to exorcise their non-mainstream demons and it seems Chimeraworld is their natural habitat.

Enjoy.

Mike Philbin, editor

The Perfect Cunt

C. C. Parker

HUSTLER:

I'm propped on the toilet, taking a shit. The door is locked. The back of a Hustler is rubbing against the sore head of my cock. I'm looking down at a blonde with obviously fake tits and a hairless cunt that glistens in the fake lighting.

Avoiding her eyes, I concentrate on the glistening, pink opening; the sinews of stretched flesh slipping down into the dark-warm womb. This is one of the only ways I understand transcendence.

I'm standing in front of the toilet now. I beat off into my shit and flush the whole concoction down.

This is one of the only ways I know how to transcend.

TEEN BEAVER:

I lock myself in the bathroom before dinner. I smell mother's cooking mingling with the smell of my shit. It smells like rotting flesh, which immediately makes me think that nothing is ever that important in this world.

I'm flipping through the latest issue of Teen Beaver. Most of them can't spread their cunts as wide as I like, but there are other details that overshadow this. The fact that they are so pristine, for one. The meat has yet to darken and the opening makes perfect sense; it hasn't been manipulated by an inevitable bastion of cocks. There is nothing worse than a cunt that looks like rotten meat.

There's a knock on the door, my older brother on the other side no doubt; big dumb fucking jock.

"Paul, man . . . I need to take a shower before dinner."

For some reason Scott always has to take a shower before dinner.

"In a minute." There's a picture of a girl in the back getting it from a smug looking preppy type. It's contradictory, but sometimes I like the way a cock looks inside a girl's cunt. I guess because I imagine it's mine.

The idea makes me immediately hard, so I'm standing over a fresh pile of shit while my brother waits outside. I've turned on the water faucet because the idea of him being so close makes me nervous.

The picture that turns me on the most shows the girl's cunt only moments after the preppie's cock has been pulled out; I can see inside, which is where everything is happening. The opening is perfect. The cock is still in the picture, pumping steamers of come onto the tufted-black shelf of her pubis.

CHERRY:

We are usually quiet around the dinner table. Everything else is the sound the jaw and lips make while eating, which, when singled out, is foul. I pick at my food, but they're used to it. Dinner is one of the few places I can think of where nothing's changed. I look around the table at their vague expressions.

My brother eats whatever I won't and I head off to my bedroom. I think about calling Curt, but I just don't feel like it. Instead, I lie in the dark and silence of my

room and try my best to clear my head of all the bullshit that has been so haphazardly placed there. I try to fall asleep, but it's too early.

My mom on the other side of the bedroom door: "Can you come help your brother do the dishes?" It is an automatic response to her life, which has been much of the same.

"Paul?"

The sound of my breathing resonates in my head.

There are a few seconds between each breath in which to hear her from very far away. She wants me to know that she is there. Nothing has changed. It has nothing to do with dishes. I am floating on the brink, in the darkness, and all she can hear is her own voice. I hear it barely, but it's more like an echo; the echo of everything she's been handed down. I'm too far down inside. Still, she wants me to hear it. Needs me to, even.

When I open the door she is standing there like a ghost. A long time ago I slipped out of her cunt and into a world that has only confused me. She was much stronger then. Life and all of it's sharp corners has worn her down into a dull, faded entity. I feel sorry for her, but only when she's asleep. I'm not sure why this is.

"Your brother's already started. You could start becoming a member of this family, you know."

It makes me think that I'm from another world all together.

"Fine," I said, walking past her.

chimeraworld #2
edited by Mike Philbin



CHIMERAWORLD #2

TWENTY THREE TALES OF TOTAL MADNESS

EDITED BY MIKE PHILBIN

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CHIMERAWORLD #2

Hell is a sorry shit hole.

Still reeling from the nightmare excesses of CHIMERAWORLD #1? Relax a while and enjoy the ambient tones of sadness, depression, degradation and utter hopelessness of CHIMERAWORLD #2. A perfect paperback anti-dote to that brain battering bitch, the pure power-chords of deep, deep despondency.

Those were the rather vague (and purposefully so) guidelines to this title. The idea was not to set a theme but to set a tone, a palette, an atmosphere. I received nearly 100 submissions this year – more than twice last year's. And the final 23, I hope you'll agree with me, are some of the most seriously despondent stories ever assembled together into one gloomy collection.

Get your box of razor blades ready 'cos here we go.

Mike Philbin, editor

The green paint on the front door was so badly chipped and flaking that Derek was surprised the heavy rain which pounded Bath Avenue had not washed the rest of it away. In other circumstances he would have been on to the housing repairs department to send someone round to put it right. No point bothering now.

Bath Avenue was doomed. Within days the bulldozers would move in, to reduce these pathetic parallel lines of post-war houses to untidy piles of rubble. The council said it had to move with the times, but the truth was that it should have moved with the times a long time ago. The houses here had stood condemned for years, only budgetary constraints allowing them to remain standing until now.

Hinges squealed indignantly when Derek pushed the rusting front gate of number eleven open. He kept his hood up while he hurried along the path, only pulling it back when he reached a small porch that looked unnervingly as if the deluge of water may send it crashing down on to his head. Damn these people. Why couldn't they just accept the inevitable and move out with all the other tenants? It wasn't as if the council was turfing them into the street. No, it had provided nice homes for them, a hell of a lot nicer than the damp two-up, two down they were used to.

He looked longingly at his car, the only one to be seen in the deserted street, imagined himself setting behind the wheel, mercifully dry. Well, the only dry thing inside the car was his clipboard. He knew the names of these tenants well enough without having to remind himself of them. Albert and Irene James, who were about to be given their last chance to do the sensible thing and leave without a fuss.

If that failed, Derek knew, the next step would be taken in court.

He raised a hand to the door and knocked sharply, but the sound that came back was strangely muted, as though swallowed by wood made absorbent by too much rain. For a moment there was silence. Derek raised his fist to knock again when, from the other side, he could hear someone shuffling towards the door, muttering words he could not make out. Seconds later a bolt slid across, there was a rattle of keys and the door opened fractionally. A rheumy eye peered out from the narrow gap.

"Mr James?" Stupid question. Of course it was Mr James. If he'd gone to the wrong house he would not have had an answer.

"What do you want?"

"I'm from the council. About the letter we sent you regarding the house?"

Letters, Derek reminded himself. Plural. Probably half a dozen of them by now. Not to mention visits by housing officers and a social worker, all of whom had been denied entry by the cantankerous old toad who stood inches from him now.

"We're not leaving," Mr James growled. "Can't."

Won't, more like. Well, we'll see about that. "That's why I'm here Mr James." Keeping his voice level. "If you could let me in then perhaps we can talk about it."

"Talk all you want. We're still not leaving."

Derek closed his eyes and counted slowly to five before answering. "I'm sorry but if you refuse to let me in to discuss this, then I'll –"

“All right, all right. I knew it would come to this. Threats.”

The door swung open so abruptly that Derek took an involuntary step backwards, blinking at the sudden cold feeling of heavy rain on his face.

“Come on, then,” an impatient voice cajoled. “Get in.”

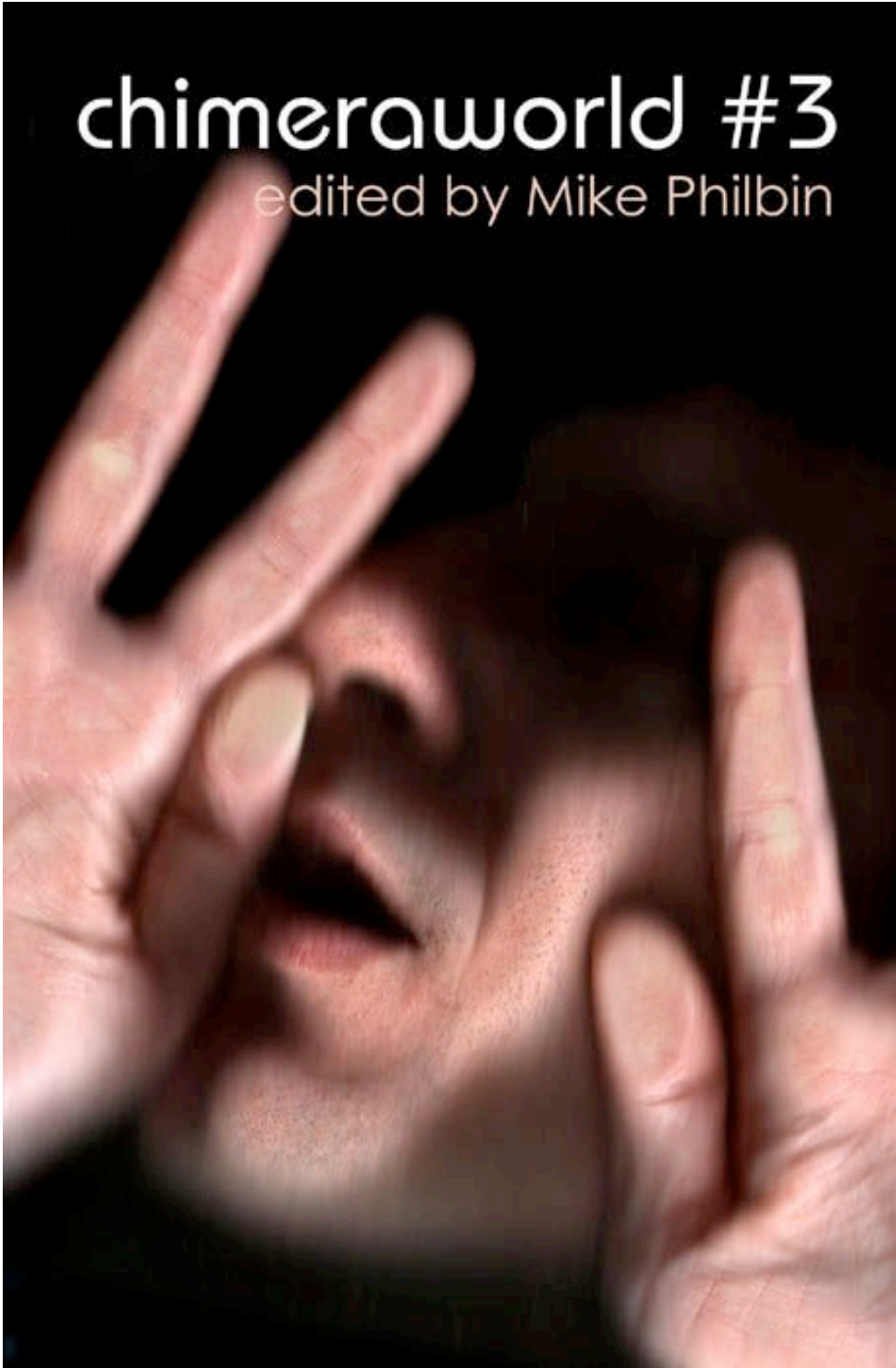
Derek opened his mouth as if to answer, then closed it, momentarily lost for words. Although he had not seen the old man before he was exactly as he had expected. Mr James had not shaved for several days. Grey growth had sprouted unevenly over his face, though it was longer around his collar line. Below this, a frayed dirty white shirt collar emerged from a threadbare pullover, while a pair of badly stained trousers hung baggily from his waist. Despite his invitation – order, more like – to come in, he did not move aside to let Derek though.

“It really is important that we talk about this, Mr James.”

“Aye. I read your letters. But we’re still staying put.” And with that he turned and shuffled away down the narrow entrance hall, worn slippers rubbing on an equally ragged carpet. Derek, crinkling his nose against the musty smell that wafted towards him in the old man’s wake, squared his shoulders and followed, looking around and resisting the temptation to cluck his tongue disapprovingly.

chimeraworld #3

edited by Mike Philbin



CHIMERAWORLD #3

TWENTY THREE TALES OF SPIRITUAL DECAY

EDITED BY MIKE PHILBIN

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CHIMERAWORLD #3

misogynist, atheist, terrorist

Misogynist, atheist, terrorist - three simple words to strike fear into the heart of any God-fearing, society-compliant blinker-visionist.

Get your mad verbs, your crazy nouns and slightly skew-whiff adjectives around this thought. You are all being controlled by BIG BROTHER. It happened while you were asleep. You believe the hype. You buy the trainers. You believe.

I want belief-destroying narratives that will literally rip normal minds from their skulls. Tell the world to wake up and smell all morning beverages. Pontificate about the role of modern reality as you've never done before. Give birth to the future of horror, push beyond sci-fi, and send in the mysteries of the liberated universe.

That's how this year's guidelines went – and boy did I get some corkers.

Mike Philbin, editor

*"That which you call a crime when one man does it,
you call government when many men do it."*

Robert Sheckley

"Give me dat," Adam growled at Mary.

The little boy pulled hard on the plastic mat, causing a stunted tug-of-war with the little blonde girl. Mary squinted and the furrow that appeared in her forehead lost its spate of triangular freckles in the crease of her pale skin.

"I said, give me!" Adam spat, his loud voice carrying like a single gunshot through the empty library space. Whether it was his shout, or their approaching teacher, Mary reluctantly released her grip on the sheet.

"One mat each," the tall lady advised reaching the struggling pair. Mary sat pouting on her own mat as Adam quickly tried to adjust his under him.

"Yes, Mrs. Anderson," Adam agreed, finally sitting on the bright red plastic.

"Yes, Mrs. Anderson," Mary acquiesced, still not looking up at their teacher.

Mrs. Anderson turned quickly so the children wouldn't catch her smile; with the little ones mutual attraction was disguised as such un-relentless teasing.

"Ready class," Mrs. Anderson began as she returned to the front of the group.

The teacher's unusually deep voice bounced off the empty, dusty shelves.

Despite her large frame, Mrs. Anderson was a demure woman in temperament; she had never liked this room for its cavern-like acoustic. The children should be tested in a proper space, not an unused library, she thought then as she had often. Silently damning herself for never really pushing for a better facility, what the thin-lipped woman managed here was all her own design, sanctioned to be sure by those few courageous enough to deflect and disavow.

"Positions please," Mrs. Anderson announced and the fourteen children moved in one wave to lay face down on their mats. It was a sight that had taken the forty-three year-old mother of two her twenty years teaching to get used to; all those little white rumps lying still on burping seas of red plastic.

"Very good," she added as loud as she could manage through a sigh.

Rocking back on her sandals, Mrs. Anderson slowed her breathing, stilling the rise and fall of her ample bosom. At this point, the test just about begun, the comely teacher usually found her mind wandering, teetering on a psyche precipice. Playing the self-flagellant, Mrs. Anderson willed her weary emotions outside the confines of this soft dark room, considering, albeit briefly, the painful reality of what was happening outside these very walls, what she was battling with the test.

Executing a quick mental constitution outside the school's brick walls, Mrs. Anderson 'walked' down the downy tree-lined side streets of this heavily moneyed suburb. Through the quiet neighborhood, with its sand-blasted brick arcades and blonde-slate walkways, past the gleaming sides of squat office buildings abutting resplendent green parks, hearing the bleat and bray of bustling traffic (both on foot and in gleaming, economy-conscious cars) Mrs. Anderson imagined her day, leaning her tight chestnut mane back on her neck so she could sun her pretty oval face in the perfect fall day.

Treating herself to an over-priced coffee the lady with the long fingers and wide grey eyes would release her few dollars to the high-school student who served her, one of the many she had not been able to test. Efficient, social and so bloody polite that teenager would be but Mrs. Anderson would ache to linger her touch to the palm of the youngster serving her, hoping to imbibe a bit of what the teacher knew to this already lost soul.

The mothers of the children Mrs. Anderson *had* taught wouldn't dare wave if they spotted her, while others who knew her as 'that' teacher, never knowing why Mrs. A. held the whispered reputation she did (but were assured her stigma was well earned) would acknowledge the tall lady with a cautious nod of their well-coiffed heads. It was as if she and those so few hid a revolution, like they were part of a cell, an underground...and actually, maybe they really were.

And through it all Mrs. Anderson would bite back the tears she reserved for when the test was finished and she would leave the unused library and break down like she always did.

"Could you spread your legs a bit more Noah?" the teacher asked a chubby boy laying in the first row.

Attempting to keep to the ministrations before her, Mrs. Anderson retreated the many mental steps from her imagined neighborhood wanderings. These last few seconds were delicate and she needed to keep her wits about her, though she knew everyone in this room was well prepared.

"You too Bashe," the teacher called to a skinny girl lying in the middle of the sea of children.