

*Taylor, John. The World Turn'd upside down: Or, A brieve description of the ridiculous Fashions of these distracted Times. London: Printed for John Smith, 1647.

Pitch column ideas to Imma Dot disappearing.editor@gmail.com

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in the Milkyway.

Few may have found themselves over where in the Hamun Pluse galaxy. A pulp odyssey might be from any-Milky Way. The stories you read in galaxy and readers as far as the Hamun Pluse from all over the Hamun Pluse newspaper! We have contributors don't call this a 'zine.' It's a your question, first of all, we hear from all of you! To answer can read this, too! We love to up the second issue so that you writing in! Hopefully you picked issue of Pulp Odyssey & also for Thank you for picking up the first

Hi CR,

Confused Reader

is it even about?

Where is this zine printed? What

Dear Editor,

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

We regret a mistake in our first issue in the article about scorpions. We said that scorpions were demonic abominations to the arachnid class but we meant that as a good thing. Sorry to offend.

REGRETTABLE RETRACTIONS

PULP ODYSSEY

Volume 1
Issue 2
Fall 2016

FOR FREAKS AND WEIRDOS OF ALL ERAS

GET THE SCOOP FROM THE HAMUN PLUSE

What Happened Next: The Wax Mansion

by Linda Ralters
Disappearing Investigative Reporter

I ran and ran. I ran as fast as I could, I ran through a field, up a hill, and over a fence. I ran into the woods. A dark mass emerged from behind me and lurched awkwardly in the menacing tangle of trees over my head.

It must have been the squad patrolman's shadow looming as he lumbered toward me. Quickly I jumped up and grabbed onto a branch from a tree. I hung there for a few seconds and then pulled myself up.

I climbed a little higher and perched on the branch and watched the dark mass disappear into the woods.

Once I could no longer hear him thudding through the woods, I hopped off the branch and onto the ground.

When I started back toward the mansion, I realized I had no concept of how far away it actually was. A few wrong turns later, I wound up right out front. I moved closer to it, hesitantly.

The mansion visually appeared to be made of stone, but dragging my hand down its side told a different story. It was slippery in a way that only something man-made could be slippery.

I tapped it with the back of my hand. It had a hollow, metal ring. I inched my eyes up to the window and peered in.

As I looked into the glass, I saw no reflection.

I patted it with my hands and recognized it as canvas. A canvas painted to look like a window.

In the painting, there was a living room, a yellow couch, lamp, a painting of two hunting dogs, all hidden behind two white, flowing gauzy curtains. The painting was so detailed even a tiny vacuum could be spotted in the other room.

It was as realistic as a miniature home inside an art museum.

Find out what happens next in Pulp Odyssey 3!

Girl disappears after using computer

by Jake Jolter
Disappearing News Beat

No one knows what happened to Mae Pepper after going up to her bedroom one day after school.

Her parents claim it was just an ordinary day: Mae went to school, attended science club, came home, ate dinner and retreated to her bedroom "like she always does," according to her mother.

Her teacher confirms her attendance at school, stating that nothing seemed out-of-the-ordinary. The head of science club also confirmed that Mae attended, was on time, and nothing seemed strange.

Mae's teacher said that she had begun reading a story out loud to the class called "The Magical Window" that morning.

"Mae was the only student who seemed truly interested in the story," she stated. "She wouldn't stop asking questions the rest of the day."

Most who know confirm Mae is a very inquisitive girl.

"If I remember correctly, I believe I directed her toward a Web site for kids, called www.thebrainiums.com.

The investigation continues about the whereabouts of Mae Pepper.

This is the
real official newspaper

of the Hamun Pluse Galaxy

Four Facts

Facts about the Hamun Pluse

There are 7 known Earths, 1 is unknown

The galaxy is shaped like an elephant

There are 33 moons and 2 suns

Humans, mustants, robots, and animals travel freely through the galaxy

Drinking Mugs vs. Drinking Glasses

By Charly Cannon, Intern

Drinking mugs are really great. Perhaps so great that one may not even realize how great they truly are. Drinking mugs have a lot of good qualities. I would argue that drinking mugs have more good qualities than drinking glasses. Drinking glasses are only meh (to me).

Ok, without any further adieu, I present:

The top 5 reasons drinking mugs are better than drinking glasses.

1. Drinking mugs have handles

I feel this goes without saying. If you saw a mug without a handle, would you buy it? No. You wouldn't. Would you even call it a mug? No, you wouldn't.

Would you even call it a mug? No, you wouldn't. Because it would be called a bowl. The whole point of drinking from a mug is that it has a handle you can tuck your hand into.

2. Drinking mugs tend to have funny phrases or pictures on them.

This is the unspoken agreement as to why we all like mugs. Funny phrases like, "Unicorn Dads Don't Eat Peanuts, Son" and images like the Eiffel Tower on fire are why we are attracted to them in the first place. If a mug makes you laugh or smile, you buy it. Duh.

3. Drinking mugs can hold hot OR cold drinks.

It's obviously better to drink a hot beverage out of a mug, but you can still enjoy 12 fl oz of a

cold drink out of a mug. Why not!

4. Eating soup

This is sort of a no-brainer. I think just about anyone on Earth IV would definitely argue that eating soup out of a mug is a much better idea than eating soup out of a glass. For one thing, glasses tend to be see-through. It's kind of gross to look at soup when you are eating it.

5. Better

Mugs are just better in general. I think it is clear from my outline above that drinking mugs are superior to drinking glasses on all fronts. I hope this guide helped!

The sleeves' core sound echoes back to a time not long ago when you really had to TRY HARD to make your band stand out, pushing the boundaries of the tired "garage rock" trap-punks into a mutated stump of unpredictable punk splatter. The guitar tone sits somewhere between sadistically strangled and blisteringly compensated, an ominous bonafide shredding sound that leaves you beaten and beleaguered and gasping for more, even with such serrated hooks dug in so deep. And while their less-than-shocking appearance keeps them hidden within their surroundings, it's this visceral noise emanating from their straining weapons of choice that clearly sets them apart, constantly reminding you of the nastiness that lies within true rock'n'roll savagery. The nuances are sickening, the delivery desperate, and that oh-so-impossible tension all tie together with The Sueses on this debut LP to level of a low-key existence. - Gene Abnormality (VictimOfTime.com)

Chicago's punk underworld has realigned itself several times over the past twenty years, from the cavoring time punk damage of the early 2000s, through the fracturing of styles and directions a few years later, it's all been smoldering salaciously for generations now, and for the last few years, only a few really noteworthy band have grasped the raw agitation as well as the the tropes of plastic flowers and goofy sun-sueses. Rearing their ugliness up through the tropes of plastic flowers and goofy sunglasses, these brave young ravagers are not content to sit idly by as the stench of indifference passes over the masses, always can't just sit still when The Sueses are wedding their wares, both in person and on record, the aggression has to burst out somehow, and although it's far easier to just appeal to the low-hanging fruit of dan-punk splatter. The guitar tone sits somewhere between sadistically strangled and blisteringly compensated, an ominous bonafide shredding sound that leaves you beaten and beleaguered and gasping for more, even with such serrated hooks dug in so deep. And while their less-than-shocking appearance keeps them hidden within their surroundings, it's this visceral noise emanating from their straining weapons of choice that clearly sets them apart, constantly reminding you of the nastiness that lies within true rock'n'roll savagery. The nuances are sickening, the delivery desperate, and that oh-so-impossible tension all tie together with The Sueses on this debut LP to level of a low-key existence. - Gene Abnormality (VictimOfTime.com)

Raw agitation, plastic flowers, & goofy sun-glasses Suede the way



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Illustration by Jack Haynes

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one a da best
parties of the
whole year
right here go
go go go go
go go go go



for the lamb to feed upon.

In a pinch, a knife can cut out some of this wrong. And it will be buried in some green field

And now, the slick rock of my tongue and swell of my ribs take on the plump of a bacchanalian.

Delight flooded my hungry mouth, my jaw moved like a marionette in love!

In a fever I was offered flesh. Propped up as dead against a bed of straw, they pried my lips apart, I fed—

him, the swollen crescents.

There is no recompense for such an abhorrence. He came to me in my dreams, the lunar light of

with the moon of my bite.

him I was biting, and his flesh became marked the body of the lamb. When I bit down it was I had done wrong so many times, blessed out on

Under the tired caves I learned it is wrong to eat what you worship.

IN A PINCH

-- by Erica Adams from "The Mutation of Fortune". Originally published by Green Lantern Press. (2010.)

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to find a buncha kewl linx to a
buncha kewl thingz



whatever you do
Don't read PORK!!

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