

# HORSEFEATHERS

October 2018



R.I.P.

The Short and Sweet  
**Pumpkin Special**

[www.horsefeathersmag.com](http://www.horsefeathersmag.com)

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# Editorial

by Editor-in-Chief, Seymour Typus

Fall is settling in, everything is turning from brown to grey, and pumpkins are, as every year, all the rage. And of course we at Horsefeathers Magazine are here to closely follow the trends. October is the scariest month of the year, and this is by far the scariest issue of Horsefeathers Magazine yet – partly because the lack of content would have you think half the staff died off.

As you can probably tell by the artwork of this issue, my great-grandmother finally died. We went out and impulsively spent all the money on an expensive 3d artist – so now we're once again broke. But at least this issue looks pretty cool – if we're gonna go broke, we'll do it in style.

We wanted to make sure the articles in this issue were up to the seasonal spooky standards, so we went looking for ghostwriters – but all we could afford were zombie-writers which clearly shows in the mindless garbage they wrote.

In the end, the most horrific thing about this issue is probably the quality.

In this "Short and Sweet Pumpkin Special" we bring you an exclusive interview with The Grim Reaper, a few news articles, a horror story from everyday life and a top 5 list of costumes for the upcoming festivities.

I wanted Miss Understanding to write something about aphrodisiacs for this issue, because I recently came across a study linking the scent of pumpkin pie to sexual arousal. At the deadline she showed up with a bunch of curly-haired pumpkins. I was like: "What is this?"

"The jack-o'-lanterns you asked for, boss," she replied.

"When exactly did I ask for these? Where is your article?"

"You asked me to afro dees jacks, remember?"

"What? No... aphrodisiacs, you moron."

"Oh."

Somehow she nonetheless managed to write an article in time. Again... quality.

Lacey Dunottin as usual wrote something. I don't have anything to say about that.

The rest of the usual crew haven't shown up at the office at all this month – if we had a human resources department, perhaps we would actually care and start to get worried, but we don't. Maybe next month we'll consider getting a search party on the case. They'll be dead by then, so we don't have to pay a severance package.

Since this is "The Short and Sweet Pumpkin Special" I'll keep the editorial brief as well and just wish you all a spooky and happy Oktoberfest!



## Exclusive Interview with The Grim Reaper

# A Conversation with Death

For this Halloween issue, we've been so lucky as to get a very exclusive interview with the man of the hour (or rather, the last few seconds) himself: Death. And without further hairdo, let's get right into it:

"Hello, Death... can I call you 'Death'? Or do you prefer 'Grim'? How are you?"

"I prefer people not addressing me at all, but 'Death' is fine. I'm doing good – just got back from the homeless shelter. Thanks, how are you...? How is that weird rash down there doing?"

"I... thanks? I-I'm... I don't know what you're talking about." (I laugh nervously because I know exactly what he's talking about).

"You should probably get that checked out before you check out. Get it?"

"So, 'The Grim Reaper' – you don't seem all that grim to me."

"Being grim was just part of the job description. I've been putting up a facade for the last few million years – I can't afford to lose this job; it's the only thing I'm good at. I do so love this job: The look in their eyes; especially the young ones. So desperate for life – it's just the cutest! Teenagers these days on the other hand are killing themselves left, right and center and thus never give me those juicy reactions. Bland."

"You're surprisingly talkative."

"Hm? Anyways... old people are a bit less exciting as they're much more accepting of me, but that does have its own charm: They greet me like a long-lost childhood friend which always gives me a nice warm and fuzzy feeling inside. But babies are just plain boring. Stop with all the abortions, people! Please."

"So what's your relationship with God like?"

"Who?"

"God, you know... the creator of everything?"

"Oh, right, that guy. I don't have much of a relationship with any of my 'clientele'. I just had to pick him up after Nietzsche was through with him."

"Hmm, I see... then what is your favorite cause of death?"

"Cows. Definitely cows. I find that so hilarious. Did you know more people get killed by cows than by sharks every year? Or... You know what's oddly satisfying? Watching a family pull the plug on comatose grandma just moments before she was about to wake up."

"You're sick."

"No; you're sick – you really should get that checked out. Last warning. Anywho... I'm getting bored of home accidents and suicides. And car crashes – or as I like to call them: 'road kill'. Clumsy people were fun the first like 3.000.000 times, but then it got old."

"All right. So what do you do in your spare time?"

"What spare time? Do you realize how many people die every minute? I'm already late for picking up about 500 just because of this interview."

"Okay... I'm starting to feel uneasy in your presence – let's just end the interview here. Thank you for your time."

"No, thank you for *your* time!" (he winks) "But yeah; I've got important work to get back to, so that's fine. Thanks for having me."

A Recipe for Love

# The Ultimate Love Potion

by Miss Understanding

Hello, my dears! Welcome to my show! I'm Miss Understanding and I *know* it *all* about love. Today I will share my secret recipe for the ultimate love potion with you. If you've been searching for the quick fix for love, you've finally found the Holy Grail – or, well, in the end, the container doesn't matter much; you've found the Aqua Vitae... or Aqua Amare – although "aqua" might be a bit of a stretch for the end-result of this. This potion tastes like a mix of red, squishy gummy bears, blue, crunchy Smarties and green, rotten toenails – don't ask me how I know. But that's okay; you can get away with it this month by calling it a "special Halloween witch brew" (which isn't even that far from the truth). Just don't serve it as a welcome drink at your Halloween party, or you'll end up with a Halloween orgy – unless that's what you're into; I don't judge. This love potion works best in a one-on-one, possible hostage, situation – in any case, you want to be the only option when the effects kick in. Drink a potion together with your "date" and you'll be hitting the sheets in no time – having sex, I mean; not clubbing kids dressed as ghosts... but again, I don't judge.

If you are going for a long-term seduction, find an excuse to serve this potion on several consecutive dates – it will get your love interest both psychologically and physically addicted, and since you're the only one serving this stuff, they'll think you're the one they're addicted to.

Before we get into the details of all the ingredients, here's a convenient list of what you'll need:

**Pumpkin pie**

**Celery**

**Oysters**

**Dark chocolate**

**Alcohol**

**Chili peppers**

**The secret ingredient**

You don't have to worry too much about measurements. Just go with your gut-feeling and however much your blender can hold. It's going to

taste abhorrent either way. I personally triple the chocolate dose.

Most of these ingredients will increase blood flow (especially to your genitals) which is perfect if you want to do some seasonal vampire roleplay. If you want to go for that "The Shining" effect, try timing your period with Halloween. They will also increase heart rate, tricking the brain into believing everything is exhilarating. And they will increase testosterone production – so ladies be careful unless you're going for the werewolf costume.

All right, let's get into the details:

## **Pumpkin Pie**

First up on the list and perfect for the season is pumpkin pie. A study found that in men the scent of pumpkin pie increased blood flow to the penis by forty percent (and I bet it has similar effects on women). You can either bake your own or just use a store-bought pumpkin pie, but be ready to fight for those; I hear they are a hot item this year.

## **Celery**

Celery stimulates the release of sexual hormones and helps with the production of pheromones. Celery is so powerful it's been used as a cure for impotence for centuries. This vegetable is full of all kinds of natural goodness. The only downside is its lack of delicious calories – in other words: It tastes like shit.

## **Oysters**

The Romans already believed oysters to be a desire-boosting food and still today they are widely recognized as such. Oysters were even the go-to lust-enhancer of the "OG fuckboi", Casanova.

## **Dark Chocolate**

Already the Aztecs linked dark chocolate to sexual desire. Chocolate contains tryptophan which is a

building block of the feel-good hormone serotonin. And chocolate also contains phenylethylamine which resembles meth. Powerful stuff. But it tastes really good, so who cares? Just dump it in there.

### **Alcohol**

This one should be obvious. Alcohol is the only legal recreational drug and will help let go of inhibitions. Choose any strong liquor you enjoy – although you might want to hold back on the Absinthe if you still want the sex to seem consensual. My advice is to make this the basis of your love potion – the more, the merrier.

### **Chili Peppers**

Eating chili peppers releases endorphins as natural pain killers to deal with the internal burning. Endorphins are also the cause of "runner's high". The high from chili peppers can be so great it can cause addiction to spicy cuisine. Fun fact: This is actually the reason behind the band name Red Hot Chili Peppers. Beware, though: Resist the temptation of playing Red Hot Chili Peppers really loud while making the potion; this will only result in angry neighbors cock-blocking you later on.

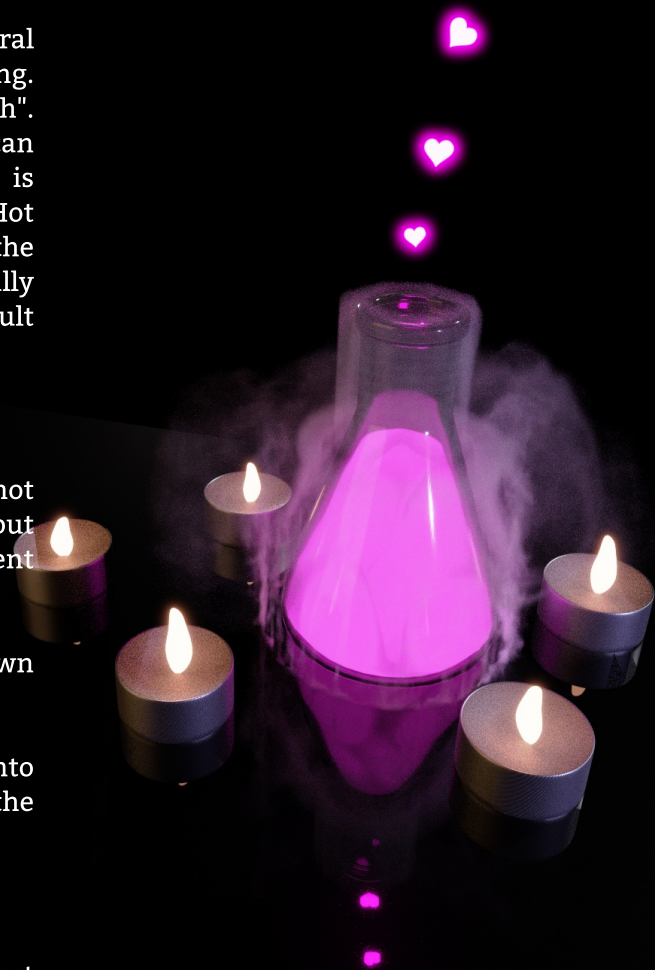
### **The Secret Ingredient**

And now we come to the secret ingredient. It's not strictly necessary for the love potion to work, but I've found it really adds a nice flavor and a potent punch. The secret ingredient is, you guessed it: roofies. Just make sure you don't put any in your own potion.

Now all you have to do is blend the ingredients into a lovely smoothie. If it doesn't look quite like the picture, just add some food coloring.

Serve chilled for maximum knock-out effect.

In the end, most of this relies on the placebo effect which makes things a bit more complicated as you have to believe really fucking hard for the placebo effect to work on someone else. Alternatively you could just tell them you're about to date-rape them – that might work, too.



# Science: Pumpkins Enlarge Penises

Right in time for the pumpkin season, new research funded by pumpkin farmers and the pharmaceutical industry has found that eating pumpkins will increase the length of the male penis by up to 3 cm (the female penis did not seem to be affected). Although the study did not account for the sixteen degrees centigrade difference in temperature between the measuring-days, the researchers stand firmly by their claims – as the lead researcher put it: "We're not looking at thermometers; we're looking at dicks!"

The self-proclaimed "Kings of the Medicinal Industry", pharmaceutical giant "Big Pharma Brother", either before or after the study was conducted, produced an enormous amount of pumpkin pills which they are marketing as "nature's own alternative to Viagra", revealing a complete lack of understanding of their own products.

**In other news:** Dentists warn about the increased sugar intake during Halloween because of trick-or-treating. The dentists agree that instead of handing out sugar-bombs you should teach children a lesson of real horror and tell them you don't have any candy. And that you're a teacher, so if they pull a trick, you'll give them two weeks detention. Doesn't matter that you're not *their* teacher (or a teacher at all); they won't make the connection – "because," as one dentist said, "you know... kids are fucking stupid."

*Big Pharma Brother*

# Pumpkin Pills

Nature's own alternative to Viagra



Now you too can  
pleasure your wife!

**\$59.68**

May cause extreme nausea, anal fissures, rectal bleeding, insomnia, abdominal swelling, inexplicable rashes, hair loss, strokes, heart attacks, death, and bad breath. Please contact your doctor immediately if you experience any of those.



# Woman Arrested for Indecent Exposure During Halloween Party

A twenty-nine year old woman was Friday night arrested for indecent exposure after dressing up (or rather down) as a "slutty porn star" – let your imagination run wild; it was worse than that.

"All my friends were dressing up as slutty nurses, slutty pirates and slutty vampires," the woman told our news team, "I wanted to stand out and one-up them."

The officers arriving at the scene first off took a bunch of pictures for "evidence" – the guys in evidence were thrilled: Pictures of alive porn stars are much better than the pictures of dead ones from cold cases.

"Getting arrested didn't really ruin my night, no," the woman explained to our news team, "they wouldn't let me in at the clubs anyways."

"Hell no," one bar-owner said, "we don't want another gang-rape episode."

The woman's lawyer is positive she can plead insanity – as he said: "Who in their right mind would try to get into a dimly lit room full of drunk, horny and hormonal teenagers with their [vagina, ed.] exposed? Also, we're suing the whole police department for sexual harassment."

We only brought you this story as an excuse to print a pair of tits:



# 167 Clowns Preventively Arrested

Fearing a mass incident of creepy clown attacks this Halloween, the local police department recently arrested 167 clowns over the course of 13 days in an attempt to prevent any episodes. Most of the clowns were arrested while peacefully preparing for their circus acts.

"I don't understand what's going on here," one of the clowns told our news team, "it must be some kind of misunderstanding. But I guess that's what you get when the deputy's got coulrophobia."

The deputy has had a fear of clowns ever since his older brother pulled a prank on him back when he was 7 years old. Every night before going to bed, he checks the closet to make sure there isn't a clown in there. That's probably why it came as such a shock when one night he found a clown in his bed – with his wife.

The local prison could not have accommodated 167 new inmates, but luckily the police recently – in unrelated human trafficking events – confiscated a clown car which could quite comfortably hold the 167 clowns.

Lawyers say there are no grounds for keeping the clowns locked up, but consider their hands tied because the judge is corrupt. The clowns are looking forward to getting back to their modern-day slavery and their side-gigs at the circus on November 1<sup>st</sup>.

"The car smells like stale farts, and no one wants to admit they dealt them," one clown complained.

"We have combated the smell with an air freshener," an officer reassured our news team.

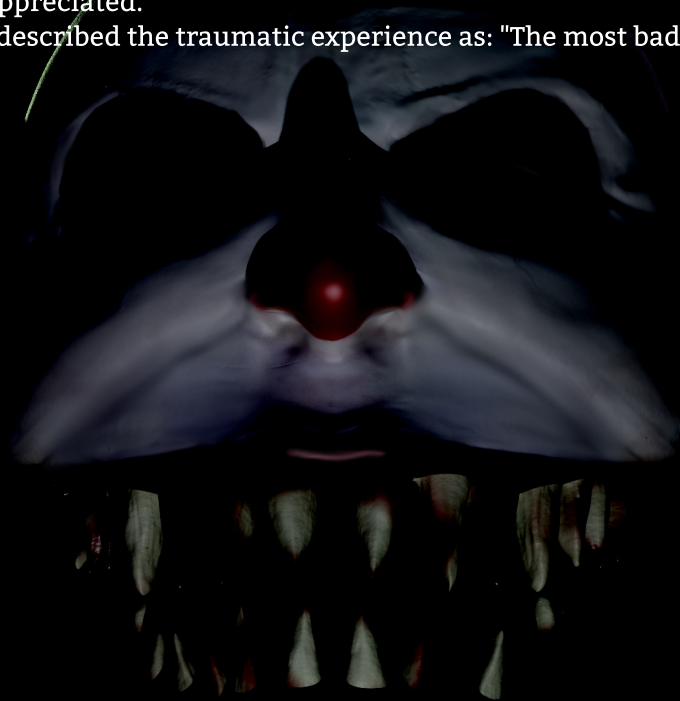
In one particularly tricky case a S.W.A.T. team was brought in to violently arrest the clown in the middle of an egg-juggling routine at a young child's 5<sup>th</sup> birthday party.

The S.W.A.T. team left the scene in a mess of smoke, yolk and deflated balloons.

"God I wish these pigs would just learn to clean up after themselves," the mother said not realizing her discriminatory choice of words.

The S.W.A.T. team more or rather less discreetly replaced the clown with a dancing windsock tube man to entertain the children. The tube man had never been paid that much for a performance and for the first time in his life felt truly appreciated.

The birthday boy himself described the traumatic experience as: "The most badass birthday party ever!"



# Everyday Horror Story

This is the story of the most disturbing, terrifying, horrific, brutal and strange day of my life.

It is May 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2018. The day starts off uneventful, inane and slightly depressing as usual: I go to work from the mandatory nine to the proverbial five; nothing strange, nothing weird is going on. But when I get off work things take a turn. As I leave the office building, I notice the faint taste of blood in the back of my mouth. I make an easily forgotten mental note to get it checked out. I need to buy groceries, so I head to the supermarket. When I arrive, things begin getting really creepy. At the entrance I'm met with a giant billboard of a skeleton – this model passed the stage of “anorexic” ages ago; kind of reminds me of my ex-wife. But that isn't the scariest part. Nothing – not even that shitshow of a marriage – could have prepared me for the bloody mess I was about to find inside the supermarket: The supermarket is a complete bloodbath, a massacre on display, genocide in broad daylight. Every cooler is filled to the brim with the bloody, lifeless, chopped-up corpses of young, innocent animals. Terrified I storm out of the building. I feel sick. I have to get home.

When I arrive at my apartment, I find the door unlocked and ajar.

"Oh no," I whisper nervously to myself, "did I forget to lock the door? What if someone broke in?"

And then the most terrifying thought hits me: "The insurance won't cover anything!"

And even worse: "Did I delete my browser history?!" What if the burglar is still in there, and I'm forced to have a *social interaction*?! Maybe I should just wait outside until he's done.

Luckily, the apartment is empty and seemingly untouched. Still a bit nervous, I walk over to the window. Looking out the window, I witness a

murder right there in my backyard! Petrified I stumble backwards and fall to the floor. Fortunately, two minutes later they fly away. I hate birds.

My phone rings, scaring the shit out of me. It's an old friend from high school who I haven't seen in years. I remember her lovely hourglass figure. She says she's in town for a few days, and asks if I want to go grab a drink. Feeling uneasy in my apartment, I consider it a decent alternative. I go to the closet to grab my jacket. Shocked I stop abruptly as the writer of this story ponders whether his plot-twists are becoming trite and predictable. So instead I walk out the door happy and unburdened.

On my way to the bar, I have to walk through the slummy part of town. Realizing I can't help, I do the next-best thing and turn my head away in disgust as I walk past a homeless woman and her defenseless child getting brutally raped by the system.

When I meet my friend, I can barely recognize her – she's completely disfigured.

"Time really didn't do your hourglass figure well, huh?" I say. She says something about depression which I pretend to listen to hoping she's looking for a pity-fuck.

When we enter the bar, I have to do a double-take. I can't believe my own eyes. The bar is full of spirits. Usually they only sell ciders.

Realizing my friend wasn't looking for a pity-fuck, I make up an excuse to leave her with her sadness and depression. I guess by now she's used to being alone anyway.

As I walk back home, I come by a crowd gathered around a woman lying on the street, bleeding. A man is hunched over her, crying: "Oh God! Karen! Can you hear me?!"

He addresses the crowd: "Does anyone here know CPR?!"

A capable-looking fitness-chick swiftly steps up and proudly presents him with her Instagram pictures.

"No, you fool!" he screams, "CPR! Not sepia!"

"Hold up, my good man," the fitness-chick says, "I can't go see the PR-department in a situation like this. But you're right; the 'Walden' filter would probably suit her corpse much better. Everyone follow my 'gram at @yogirl for more pretty pics of things that just died!"

Falling victim to the bystander effect, I figure someone else probably called 911, so I leave – consciously trying not to seem suspicious. Later I see my picture on @yogirl's morbid Instagram. Gotta come up with an alibi.

After this exhausting day, I just want to relax with a nice horror-show – so I turn on the news.

As the sun goes down, I shiver dreadfully. Over the years I've become increasingly scared of the darkness... within my soul.

# Top 5 Halloween Costumes

As if figuring out what to wear on a daily basis wasn't hard enough already, now you also have to dress up for Halloween. Luckily, we've got you covered: Here's a top 5 list of our favorite easy and borderline acceptable Halloween costumes.

## 5. Classic Ghost

With Halloween costumes becoming more and more elaborate every year, a new underground retro trend is emerging: Cutting two holes in a white sheet and going as a ghost is considered stylishly tasteful and old-school. This doesn't take any effort and, unlike modern-day costumes, it's dirt-cheap – thank God.

## 4. Toilet Paper Mummy

A bit harder to pull off than the previous one, this costume shows real dedication to the cause. Go buy a few dozen rolls of cheap toilet paper and wrap yourself up. Then pray you don't have to go to the loo at any point during the festivities – although, on the other hand you always have something to wipe with.

## 3. Mental Disorders

One thing that really frightens people is the thought of going insane – which offers the perfect opportunity for a scary costume. Go study the patients at the mental asylum; doing that will in itself make you fit right in there, so you don't have to worry about being awkward. If you want to take it a step further, do a bunch of mind-altering drugs. When you're done with your research it should be easy to come up with a concrete costume that conveys an abstract concept. If you want to be really scary, you could try going as "love", "commitment" or "responsibilities".

## 2. Slutty nurse (or any other profession)

Costume-parties are the perfect excuse for showing skin. So jump right into it and dress up as a slutty nurse or whatever tickles your fanny. If you want to stick to the spooky theme of Halloween, go for something like a slutty vampire, corpse or ghost.

For those of you fearing what people might think if you dress up as a slutty nurse Miss Understanding offers this advice: "You should be proud of being able to pull off a slutty nurse costume. Last time I put on a slutty nurse costume to spice things up in the bedroom, my boyfriend spontaneously developed erectile dysfunction and moved to a small village in the Himalayas to work with Einstein's brother, Frank, to try and resuscitate his genitals."

## 1. Slutty Porn Star

Inspired by recent events, our absolute favorite Halloween costume this year is the slutty porn star costume. With literally no cost it's the cheapest costume on this list. Just strip down and you're ready to party. The risk of being arrested just adds to the thrill and excitement of Halloween. Also, nudity is probably one of the scariest things imaginable to the people of modern civil society.

# Words of Wisdom

by Lacey Dunottin

When I was a kid, my grandpa once took me out to his old shed in the woods. What a creepy place. We walked into it, and the first thing I noticed was a bunch of bats hanging from the ceiling. I said: "You're really into baseball, huh?"

I've always despised Halloween. Remembering the dead just makes me think of that one Thanksgiving where uncle Harry blew his brains out right in front of the whole family. He did it with a shotgun – my parents still call it "a hunting accident". He did it at the dinner table. Aunt Helen was left sitting there, shocked, with her Bloody Mary; Cousin Mary starts crying every time she hears that nickname.

Last night I woke up horrified and drenched in sweat – I had forgotten to turn off the heater.

I took my education at the doctor's office and got thirty-seven degrees.

When the detective heard the gunshots, he stopped dead in his tracks. A week later, he was buried.

What I don't get is: If vegetables are merely a gastronomic category, why do we spend so much money on their life support?

Oxytocin is a painkiller. The first step in CPR should always be a hug – even if they're unconscious.

Pumpkins are an excellent source of provitamin A – unlike many other vegetables that only provide second-rate vitamin A.

My friend has an inner ear problem – he's hearing voices.

Making jack-o'-lanterns is tough when you're environmentally concerned – I've been eating pumpkin soup for thirteen days straight.



## **... And That's a Wrap!**

Thank you so much for reading Horsefeathers Magazine!

We'll be taking a break for a while, so there will be no November issue. Sorry.



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