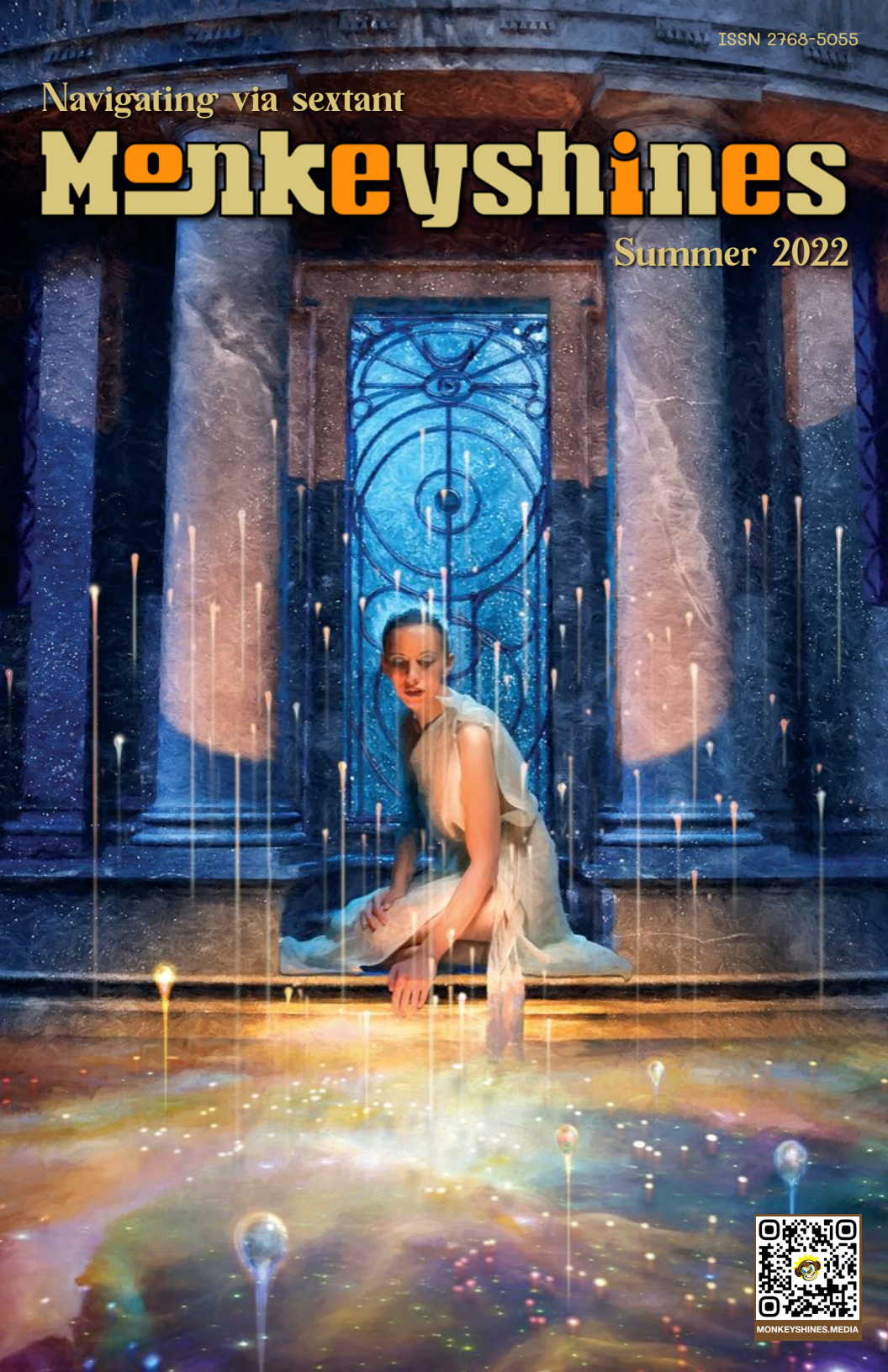


Navigating via sextant

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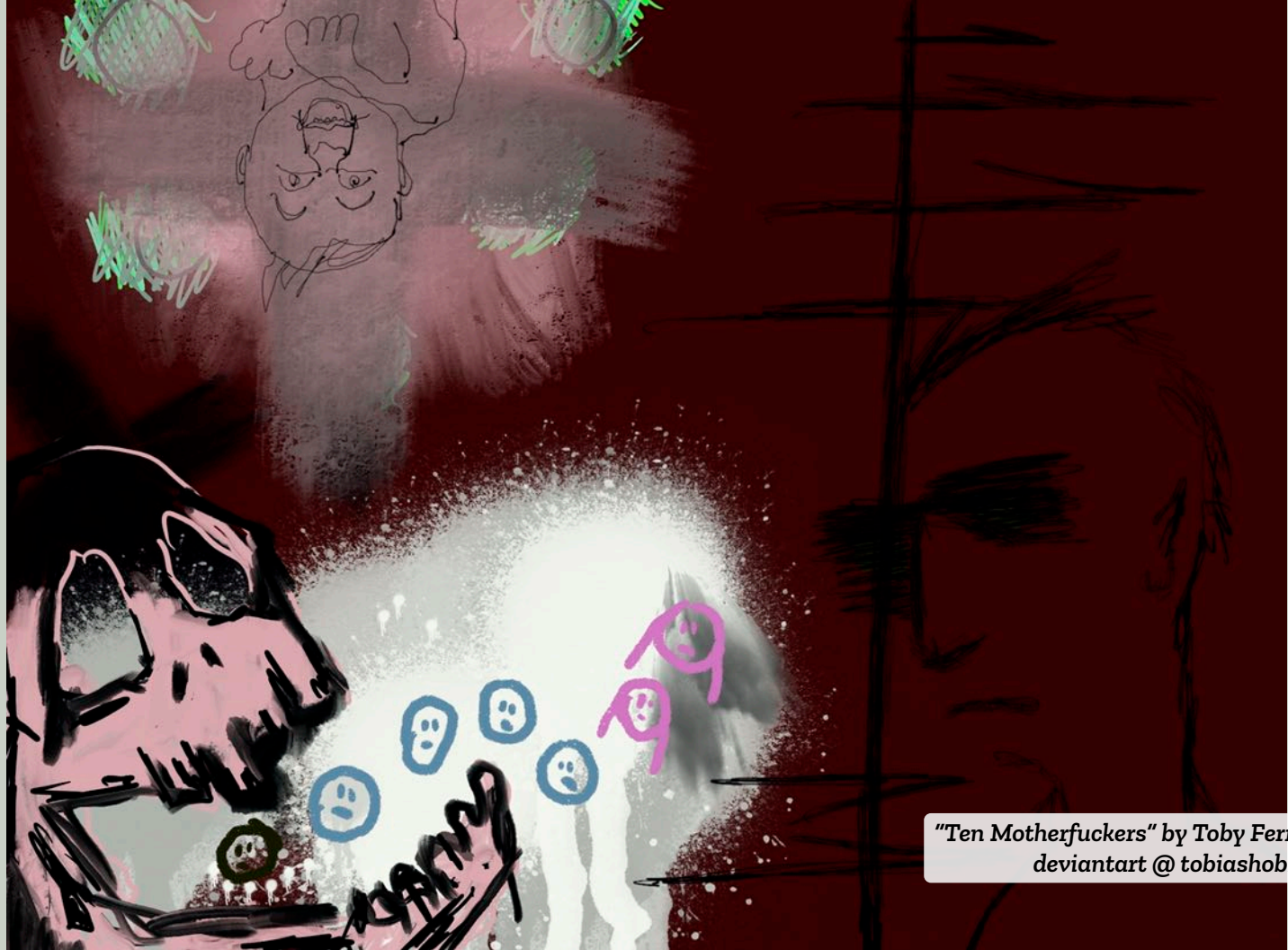
Summer 2022



MONKEYSHINES.MEDIA



"Hello Little Friend"
by Megan O'Brien



*"Ten Motherfuckers" by Toby Ferrari
deviantart @ tobiashobbes*

Summer Animal Oracle



Hind (doe): symbolizes Subtlety, Gracefulness, and Femininity

The Hind, reverse, shows us we need to be less self-effacing. Don't merely adapt to your surroundings, stand out like the White Hind and be assertive. Don't just do what is expected of you, go beyond. Don't worry about losing yourself — go.

The Hind will always be there at the edge of your grove, waiting to guide you back to center.

Until next season.

/// **Painted Birch** ///

beithe péinteáilte

Summer Animal Oracle by Painted Birch
mailto:oracle@monkeyshines.media



"Skull Fairy Secret" by Scott Grimando
instagram @grim_studios

Monkeyshines

Navigating via sextant

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jonathan@monkeyshines.media
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this zine without you!

A bunch of social media links here:
<https://linktr.ee/monkeyshines.media>

Congratulations Toby & Brian!

ISSN 2768-5055

Featuring:

Cover Image: Stellar Nursery
by Scott Grimando
<https://grimstudios.com>,
also by Scott Grimando
Fragile Things & Skull Fairy Secret

Moonlit Redemption, part 2,
by Estelle Clark

Uncover, The Next Step, and **Photo**
by Alexa Goldstein

Selections from **The Saga of Sitcom**
Second Bananas: Sam the Butcher
and **Floyd Cuts Hair**
by Francis Klaess

Ten Motherfuckers by Toby Ferrari

Summer Animal Oracle
by Painted Birch

Shampoo by Jonathan Russell

Hello Little Friend by Megan O'Brien

Photo (rainbow) and **Photo** (turtle)
by Matthew Juvet

Public Domain Library Presents:
Long Island Sound by Emma Lazarus
and **The Tough Story — Scene in a**
Country Tavern by William Sidney
Mount

Summer Vibes by Christopher Fahey

Center spread:
On the Horizon 2 and **Dawn Patrol 2**
by Christopher Fahey

Summer 2022

Monkeyshines

Uncover

Whose face are you trying to wear?
Pull out the pins that are keeping it there
Show the world who you are
Show off every scar

Don't go down to the gallows
Come up and out of the shadows
Never give up the fight
Do what is right

Be the main attraction
And smile with satisfaction
Everyone will rejoice
For you making this choice

The Next Step

There are many things I want to say
But all the words just float away
Now my hopes have sank
And my mind is blank

I feel abandoned
You've left me stranded
Haven't we done this before?
I feel it in my core

This is a time of sadness
A sign of madness
Will this be how it ends
Will I break or will I bend?

by Alexa Goldstein
instagram @ alexa.isabella.goldstein

This page's content is exclusively in the printed copy of our Summer 2022 issue. — *ed.*

This page's content is exclusively in the printed copy of our Summer 2022 issue. — *ed.*

Fragile Things

I Don't want to Say Too Much
But I don't want to Say Too Little
If I could Tell You How I Feel
But...Still Our Love is Brittle

Love is Inherently a Dangerous Thing
And In It's Nature Lies Hubris
For We Expose Our Souls
In the Hopes to Soar on God Wings

With Reckless Abandon
We Leap off the Ledge
Again Risking Our Hearts
And More...More Fragile Things

And Love...Love is a Romantic Notion
Something We Molded From Mythology
A Story of Divinity and Perfection
Of Childish Ideas and Magic Potions

But No... There are no such Things
No Potions No Perfection No Wings
Love...Love is What We Make It
A Choice to Accept our Deepest Fears

To Be an Open Vessel
And Wear Our Heart on Sleeve
For Our Souls to Fly
On Wings of Fragile Things

And Although the Risk is so Heavy
That We May Crumble from the Weight
Without It We're Nothing
Not Gods Not Adam...or Eve

I Don't want to Say Too Much
But I don't want to Say Too Little
If I could Tell You How I Feel
But Still...Our Love is Brittle.

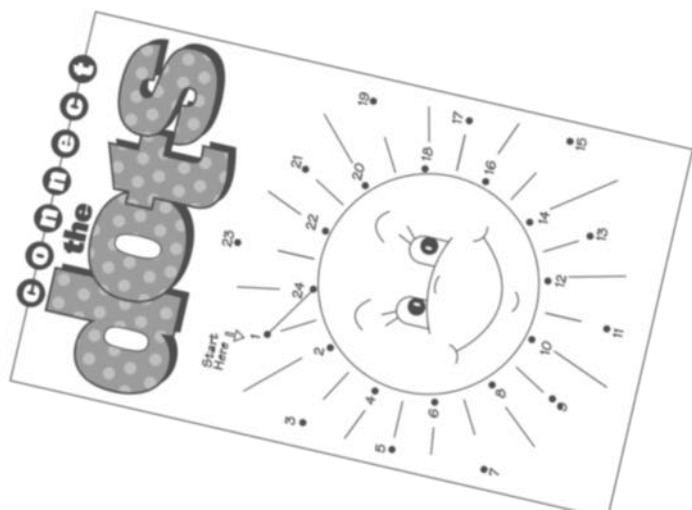
by Scott Grimando
website @ grimstudios.com

Public Domain Library Presents:

Long Island Sound

I see it as it looked one afternoon
In August,—by a fresh soft breeze o'erblown.
The swiftness of the tide, the light thereon,
A far-off sail, white as a crescent moon.
The shining waters with pale currents strewn,
The quiet fishing-smacks, the Eastern cove,
The semi-circle of its dark, green grove.
The luminous grasses, and the merry sun
In the grave sky; the sparkle far and wide,
Laughter of unseen children, cheerful chirp
Of crickets, and low lisp of rippling tide,
Light summer clouds fantastical as sleep
Changing unnoted while I gazed thereon.
All these fair sounds and sights I made my own.

by Emma Lazarus, 1888
<https://poets.org/poem/long-island-sound>



Shampoo

Hush, child
the bottle says No More Tears
and you'll soon wish for it

Hell, I haven't cried
in over five years—
I never cried when your mother died—
you'll learn this too, to bottle it up
and then you can pretend that you're strong
but the sorrow is still there
and instead of No More Tears
you'll feel numb and cold on the inside
tears everyday

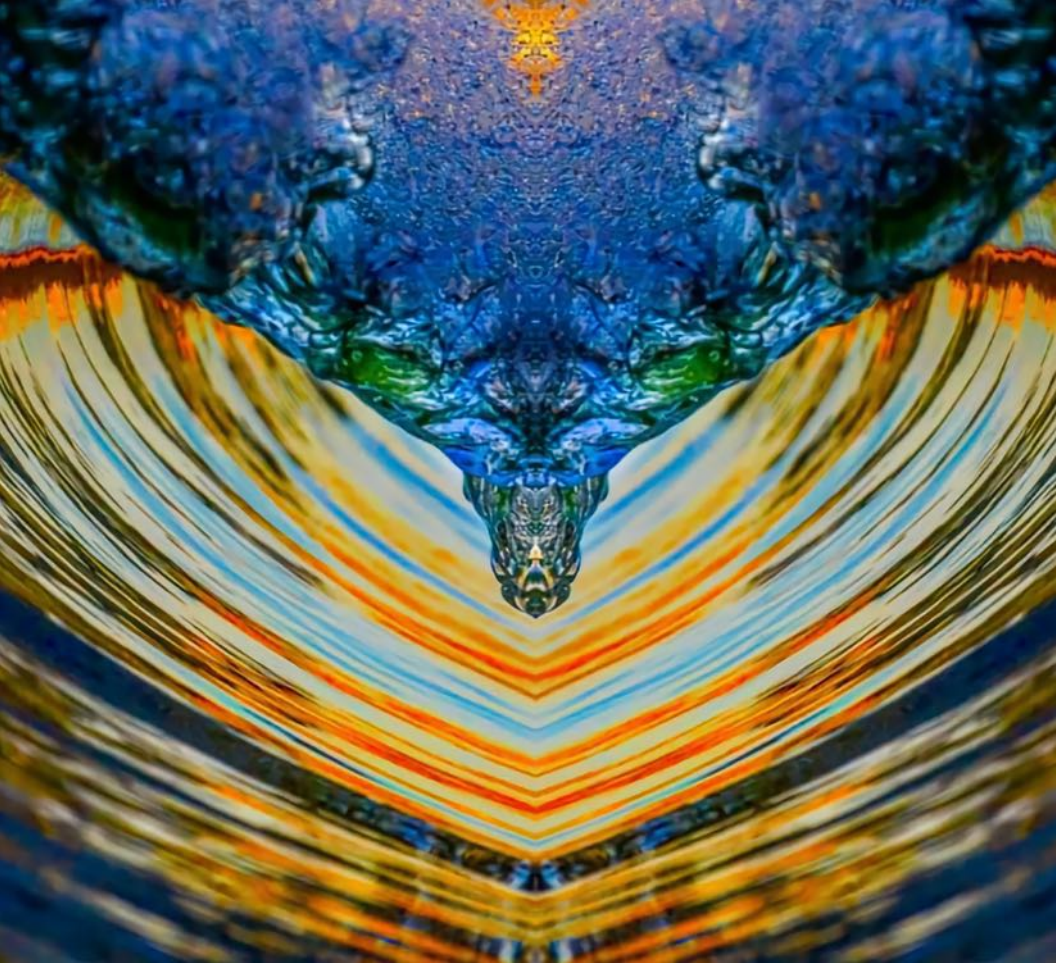
Hush, child
the bottle says No More Tears
and you'll want every opportunity for
this to be true

I'll teach you to hate your body
that sex is bad
and money is good
and then you'll learn that sex is so bad
some people trade it for good
I'll teach you to bottle it up
I can't help it—
it was how I was taught, too

No More Tears, child
not tonight, please



by Jonathan Russell



This page: "Summer Vibes"

Center left page: "On the Horizon 2"

Center right page: "Dawn Patrol 2"

***by Christopher Fahey
instagram @ crucial2020***







"The Tough Story — Scene in a Country Tavern"
by William Sidney Mount, 1837
Courtesy National Gallery of Art, Washington

Moonlit Redemption, part 2

Content Warning: Sexual assault, abduction, torture, murder, blood.

There was a light rain and the mist projected the purple hue of the setting sun. Kyra reigned in her horse. "We should camp here for the night."

Leah looked at her in bewilderment.

"You want to stop? Here? I've heard rumors of the Condor army patrolling this area. Wouldn't it be wise to keep going?"

"The horses need rest and there's a stream nearby. We'd be wise not to push farther."

"But—" Leah did not have a chance to protest. With a jolt, she was thrown from her horse, its white coat stained red from the protruding spear. Kyra reached for her sword but was pulled from her saddle before she could grasp it. Kyra struggled with the hand around her throat. She could feel the man's rough fingers tear the silver pendants from her neck before pummeling her with the hilt of his sword.

Kyra woke to find herself trapped. Like a tiger in a cage, she paced back and forth looking for a way out, but the bars were steel and the walls were stone. From outside she could hear the shouts of many men. She peered through her only window, not quite her body length but only as wide as the hilt of a sword. She could make out the bloody image of the girl she met on the trail. She could hear the echoes of the general.

"Tomorrow she will make a fine addition to Lord Corrin's brothel, but tonight, men, she's all yours!" The men cheered as they pulled her screaming to the ground. Kyra's disgust did not have time to fester. Two soldiers entered, one came and pulled her from the cell. The other stood at the door.

"Your turn," one of them snickered, squeezing Kyra's breast. She solemnly walked with the man and made no protest to his actions. Carefully, she eyed her opponents before making her defense. Kyra quickly unsheathed the soldier's dagger from his belt and plunged it deep into his ribs. She started to run. The second guard caught her, slamming her head into the wall. The man quickly threw her to the

Moonlit Redemption, part 2, cont'd

ground, kneeling on her back. He tied her hands and slipped a rope around her neck. Leashed like a dog, she was dragged to the general.

"Sir! Sir," the man shouted, "William is dead! The harlot stabbed him!"

"What!" The general's voice boomed with anger.

"With his own knife, Sir. She tried to flee, but I got her."

"I will see to this one personally. She will suffer before going to Lord Corrin. Take her to my barracks." Kyra stumbled behind the men to a small single room that contained nothing more than a bed, a desk with papers and candles, and a traveling chest. There were four additional guards present as the men stripped off her clothes and tied her to the bed. The men left as General Alexander Mark entered the room.

"You remind me so much of your sister. At least, I assume she was your sister. I remember this pendant." General Mark laughed as he pulled two silver pendants from his pocket. "Oh, how it sparkled when I slit her throat. It's only my good fortune to have acquired its mate." He grinned as he placed the two pendants around his neck. He then walked across the room and lifted his whip from the chest.

"You bastard! You'll die as a dog! I hope you burn in the eternal fire for what you've done. You are noth— Ah!" Kyra yelled as General Mark's hand fell hard on her cheek. She stared at his gruesome, monstrous, battle-mangled face.

"You killed one of my men. I let you go when you freed the wenches, but my mercy is gone." General Mark cracked his whip against Kyra's bare stomach. Kyra's muscles were tight with pain, but no noise escaped her lips. Anger glared in the General's eyes. "Too proud to scream are we?" Kyra spat in his face. General Mark laid another lash and another, each holding the force and power of Satan himself. Kyra closed her eyes in preparation for each blow as she was taught, and kept silent through her agony. General Mark's rage boiled with every lash not responded to. "So you think you can hold in the pain? We'll see about that." He threw down his bull whip and reached into the desk drawer and retrieved a metal studded cat of nine tails. Kyra stared at pure evil masquerading as

this wretched excuse for a man. She watched him jerk the whip above his head and bring it down hard upon her chest, tearing the tender flesh. After the second lash Kyra could not withstand the agony. She eased the pain with a scream and a plea of mercy.

"Mercy, I will show you no mercy." General Mark laughed as he dropped the whip and battered Kyra repeatedly about the face till she could barely see. The last thing she remembered before slipping out of consciousness was General Alexander Mark forcibly taking what was privately hers to give.

Kyra woke to gentle hands cleansing her wounds.

"You're awake. I was worried you wouldn't come through it." Leah's soft voice was a comfort to Kyra.

"Me? Look at you." Kyra took note of every bruise tinting her pale skin green and purple. Kyra saw the humiliation in Leah's eyes as she dropped her gaze. "Are you all right? Who took care of you?"

"No, I'm not well. Would you be?" Leah said with disgust. "One of the guardsmen tended to me. They couldn't present me to Lord Corrin in the state I was in. We can't let them take us to Corrin. I refuse to be another one of his whores. I swear I'll die first!"

"I'll bare the knife myself," Kyra said, wincing in pain. "When are we to leave?"

"Today." Leah tied the last bandage around Kyra's chest.

"Ah," Kyra grimaced. "So soon?"

"It's been three days since—"

"I've slept that long?" Kyra blurted.

"Uh-huh," Leah nodded. She stood up, reaching down to help Kyra sit up. Leah walked over to the front of the cell where a frock was left for Kyra. She faced Kyra. "This is for you."

"Give it to me," Kyra said, trying to extend her hand.

"Why don't you let me help you?" Leah asked, stepping forward.

"You're worse off than I am. I can do it," Kyra snapped.

Moonlit Redemption, part 2, cont'd

"Fine then, come get it," Leah retorted.

Kyra tried to fight the blinding rush of pain as she struggled to stand. If not for Leah's outstretched hands, she would have fallen to the ground.

"Let me help you," Leah reprimanded her. Leah gently guided the sleeves of the frock down Kyra's arms and over her head. Kyra couldn't ignore the pain as Leah's hand grazed her tender stomach as she pulled the frock down to her knees. "Sorry," Leah muttered.

"It's alright." Kyra mumbled.

Leah looked at Kyra with a hint of awe. "I heard what you did, killing that guard. I could never have done anything like that."

"I saw what they were doing to you. I'm just sorry I couldn't have killed them all," Kyra snarled viciously. There was a squeak at the door, and they both turned as a group of soldiers walked in.

"Good, she's awake. Didn't want to carry the wench!" one said as he and another guard pulled Leah from the cell. The other two escorted Kyra. She walked as best she could, struggling to keep her head up, her waist long hair floating with a gust of wind as she stepped fast outside. Something caught her attention as she stared past Leah. There, a guard was slipping something smaller than his hand into the belt of Leah's frock. He then turned and said to the men holding Kyra, "General Mark wants this one near him." He took a handful of Kyra's hair and pulled her toward him. They proceeded to the general. As they walked, the guard went through the motions of binding Kyra's hands, but left the ropes untied. Whispering to Kyra, "Use the dagger."

"What? Who are you?"

"I have given Leah my dagger. She hasn't the heart to kill anyone, but I know you do. I know who you are, Kyra of Verona. Leah is my brother's daughter. I would release her myself, but my family would suffer for my insolence. Please, keep her safe, that is all I ask in return." With that they reached the General.

"Put her on the horse," General Mark said without turning his attention from his map.

"Yes Sir." he lifted Kyra onto the saddle. Quietly whispering he said, "Go west. Lord Corrin's boundaries end at the mountains. It's a hard ride but Queen Jocelyn's kingdom is not friendly territory for us, and you will not be followed." The guard stepped back when the General's hand gave the signal to move, and watched the small party disappear from camp.

Kyra kept a close eye on the mountains to her left. When she saw a spot that could be crossed with minor difficulty she turned her attention to Leah. It did not take long for Kyra's gaze to be met. She peered over at the general to her right to be sure he was paying her no mind. She slightly parted her hands so that Leah could see they were free and Leah nodded her understanding. Kyra then gestured in the direction they should run. Leah nodded again. Kyra felt all her pain being pushed out as the thrill of battle rushed through.

"Stop!" Leah shouted as she slid herself sideways. "My saddle's loose and I can't keep my balance!"

"Halt!" came the order from Mark in an annoyed voice. "You there, fix it."

"Yes, Sir." When the guard knelt down to tighten the girth, Leah's knee caught him hard under the chin.

"Kyra!" Leah screamed as she tossed her the dagger. Kyra turned, and snatched the dagger from the air. In one quick, backhanded motion, she slit the general's throat. Kyra's green eyes flared with satisfaction as she ripped the silver pendants from his neck.

"These belong to me," she said before pushing her horse to join Leah in a sprint to the mountain's edge. When they reached the grove in the foothills they paused to watch for a chase but there was none.

"So much for Niger Lee," Kyra said with a painful sigh when they had reached the foot of the mountain.

"So what now?" Leah pressed. She could see the blood seeping through Kyra's frock. "You are in no condition to ride for very long."

Moonlit Redemption, part 2, cont'd

"I was told to keep you safe," Kyra said, dismounting her horse. Leah did the same. "And keep you, I will." Kyra took Leah's hand for support. "I appreciate you taking care of me back there. I should have trusted you when you wanted to keep going. And if it wasn't for your uncle, I would not have been able to escape by myself."

"What's done is done," Leah shook her head. "It's no one's fault. Besides, it was just luck that we were captured by my uncle's regiment. Too bad he couldn't free us sooner."

"He saved us a lifetime of pain and asked nothing in return," Kyra said absently.

"He did not ask 'nothing.' He attempted to burden you with me. I'm sorry for that. You don't have to keep your word, I'd understand. I have no other family, and he cannot take care of me. He just doesn't want me to be alone."

"I'll keep you for a bit I suppose." Kyra let a grin escape her tired expression. "Besides, it will be better to have some company." The melancholy grin disguised the pain within her. "My family was lost when Verona burned. I was heading to Niger Lee in search of an old friend." She looked up at Leah, no longer seeing her as a girl seated upon a white horse, brilliantly glowing with innocence. She was aged now, not with years but with painful experience. It seemed so long ago that she herself was aged in such ways. "What brought you on the trail?"

"Good a place as any, I suppose." The rustle of bushes caught Leah's attention. Kyra turned, dagger at the ready. She lowered it along with her guard in response to a familiar voice. A tall, dark hooded man came into view accompanied by Thorn, the stallion, chewing at the man's cloak.

"Are you well Kyra? I've been searching for you ever since I heard the tales in Niger Lee about a foolish rescue of three young women. The heroine matched your description."

"Yes Byron, I was feeling foolish. I should have listened to what you'd have said." After a moment she turned, "This is Leah. If not for her I would never have made it from General Mark's camp. He was taking us to Lord Corrin."

“Then you were wise to come through the mountains. General Mark will not stop searching for you.”

“General Mark won't be doing anything thanks to Kyra,” Leah sarcastically chimed in.

“What did you do?” Byron glared at Kyra with a disapproving stare.

“I slit his throat, just as he did my sister.” Kyra tossed the silver chains to Byron. She could remember the day Byron had given them to her and Catalina . “He is responsible for Verona’s destruction.”

Byron took Kyra’s hand, “Yes, and I know why. But that is a matter for a different time. Come, you both will stay with me.” Kyra moaned in pain as Byron led her. “Tell me, what awful ordeals gave you such terrible wounds?”

“Maybe someday Byron, but now I’m tired and wish to go.”

“Come.” Byron helped Kyra onto Thorn’s back and waited for Leah before leading them through the mountain pass.

Continued in our next issue, Autumn 2022!

by Estelle Clark
facebook @estelle.clark.75



mmmMonkeyshines

the crucial 4th ice cream bowl was lost
at some point, forever altering the vibe



WEBSITE: We use
cookies to improve
performance.

ME: Same.



Fact
@Fact

If you drank 42 cups of coffee in one sitting, the caffeine overdose would kill you.



Randy Valerio
@RandyTValerio

So 41 is the limit

Submissions for our Autumn 2022 issue due
Thursday, September 15! Send yer stuff to
editors@monkeyshines.media



Photo by Alexa Goldstein
instagram @ alexa.isabella.goldstein



Photo by Matthew Juvet
instagram @bteampr



Photo by Matthew Juvet
instagram @bteampr

The Passion of Joan

There Is No Separation



Written and directed by
Salvatore Lumetta

Starring
Christine Hauer
Bruno Iannone
Steve Groff
Jessica Park
Erin Whited-Ford
Salvatore Lumetta

Musical Score by Julian De La Chica

Cinematography Isaac Banks
Editor Allyson Saval

Post Production and Additional Cinematography James Morano

Costume Design Margaret DeBellis

Produced by "The Passion of Joan" by Brilliant Earth Pictures

Produced by Steve Wilson
Poster art by Erick Wilson, GreenElf Designs

A Brilliant Earth Pictures Production