

Local on the 8s

# Monkeyshines

Winter 2023



MONKEYSHINES.MEDIA





"Golden Age" by Christopher Fahey  
instagram @ crucial2020





"This Is 90" by Katherine R.

# Monkeyshines

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**Long Island's Haunted Asylum:**  
**Kings Park Psychiatric Center**  
and companion Photos  
by Annalea of ÆSTHETIC WORKSHOP

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# Watch Me Shine

I'm like diamonds  
Started out as coal  
I'm like diamonds  
Gonna reach my goal

I don't take no  
For an answer  
I'll leap over  
Like a ballerina dancer

I've had it rough  
Living in these mines  
But I'm crawling out  
Look for the signs

## Welcome Winter

A rush of cold  
A feeling of old  
With a season changed  
Comes a new one gained

As the snow starts to fall  
Down to the ground  
We watch it all  
Without a sound

We stare in awe  
Thanks to nature's law  
For this beautiful sight  
On this cold winter night

*by Alexa Goldstein*  
*instagram @ alexa.isabella.goldstein*



# Suicide

**Content Warning: Self-harm and suicidal ideation, strong language.**

Have you ever wanted to die?  
Maybe you had a plan  
Gas canister,  
Razor blade in the junk drawer,  
Alcohol and diabetes medication.

Then you thought fuck me  
Fuck the thing in me  
That makes me feel this  
So you go on  
For one more day  
For one more week  
For one more month  
For one more year

Everyday you wake up  
Feeling like this  
And everyday you say  
Fuck you  
There's so much more to see  
So much more to be  
So much more to

And so you push through  
You push the fuck through  
Your weakness  
Your other  
The one in your head  
Who every fucking day  
Says, You should go  
They'd be better off if you did

Push the fuck through  
Every fucking day  
Because while the world may suck  
But fuck you in particular  
Fuck the you that wants to end this experience  
Fuck the you that is weak  
Fuck the you that is not you

Fuck suicide  
Not because you care about those around you  
But because you care about you deep inside  
Fuck suicide  
Not because you hate yourself  
But because you hate yourself  
Don't let you fucking win  
The you that wants you end  
They're an asshole

Push through to prove you wrong  
Push through because you're right  
Push through because fuck them all  
Push through because fuck you  
Push the fuck through  
Because deep inside  
You're worth it  
And you fucking know it

You are fucking worth it

Fuck Suicide

*by Anonymous*

**If you are struggling or in crisis, you are not alone — help is available.  
Call or text 988 or chat at [988lifeline.org](https://988lifeline.org).**



# the never ending night

it's midnight  
the glare illuminates a circle of darkness  
it's 1:20  
one more video  
it's 3 am  
a little more distraction and maybe it'll be ok  
3:40  
eyes drooping, body heavy  
perhaps now  
under the blankets, head finally sinking into the pillow  
and yet, through exhaustion, the tears still fall,  
trying in vain to fill the  
emptiness beside me

*by caelxxn*



Stock image from: <https://pixabay.com/vectors/snow-scene-trees-isolated-cold-1848346/>



# Long Island's Haunted Asylum: Kings Park Psychiatric Center

Most Long Islanders are familiar with Kings Park Psychiatric Center (KPPC), the infamous, abandoned former psychiatric institution situated in Kings Park on Suffolk's North Shore. Many have their own tales of visiting the grounds and sneaking into the buildings in their youth. And some will share stories of paranormal experiences they've encountered at and nearby KPPC, which is rumored to be haunted by the spirits of former patients who died on site during the institution's 111 years in operation. But few locals know much about the history of this once notorious institution which housed and employed thousands of New Yorkers over its century-and-a-half (almost) in existence.

So what is the story behind the life, and now after-life, of KPPC? As a former Kings Park resident, I had the chance to get up close and personal to the eerie, menacing remains of the infamous asylum. Photography captured in August 2022 by LI local zine-ster, Annalea (me); Kings Park local and paranormal aficionado, Zach; and, spooky, angsty teenager, Cori. Cori is my little sibling who was in town from Ohio and asked if we knew about "that haunted psych house place." Add that to the list of things Long Island is known for across the country.

Kings County Asylum, as it was originally named, was constructed in 1885 by Kings County (Brooklyn) to alleviate overcrowding in its own asylums. The goal was to solve the mistreatment and negligence that came with the overcrowded urban asylums of NYC by the creation of a "farm colony" asylum. The original buildings were built spaced apart across its 365 acres of farmland to create a self-sufficient community. The asylum grew its own food, generated its own heat/electricity, and produced its own textiles, with the free patient labor viewed as therapeutic.

Although established as a safe haven from overcrowded facilities, increases in patient population in the early 20th century plagued KPPC with the very problem it sought to solve — overcrowding. Expansion continued during this time, with new constructions building upwards instead of outwards. The infamous Building 93, the thirteen-story structure standing ominously over the grounds to this day, was completed in 1939 and eerily resembled the urban asylums which KPPC was originally built to reject.

The later half of the 20th century saw a decline in patient populations, with most buildings, including 93, closed by the 1990s.

During this time the upper floors of taller buildings and the entirety of some smaller buildings were closed and abandoned. Many of these were demolished into their own basements and buried over while KPPC was still in operation. By 1996, all patients were discharged or transferred to other facilities, and the 100+ building complex has been permanently closed since.

But the story does not end there. The decaying remains of KPPC have since become a hotspot for young teens and fans of the supernatural. Trespassers often sneak into the abandoned buildings, which are now covered with graffiti art, asbestos, crumbling cement, and the moss mold that is slowly reclaiming the structure. Over the years, there have been many reports of paranormal encounters by those who dare enter the campus. Visitors have reported seeing apparitions and ominous figures, hearing ghoulish screams, rattling chains, and pounding on walls, doors opening and closing on their own, and more. Just down the street from KPPC is Shanahan's Bar & Grill, a quirky dive bar with an eclectic garden patio, cheap beer, and the best wings on Long Island (don't @ me on the wings, because it's true). There have been countless reports from bar customers and staff of ghost activity, including spirits seating themselves at the bar.

I have not personally seen any supernatural forces at KPPC, but there is no denying the spooky aura surrounding the campus. It is present in the air upon entering the grounds, and grows ominously as you get closer to the buildings. If you dare to step inside a building the feeling overwhelms, the eerie energy of the souls of Kings Park all around. To a much lesser extent, that feeling clings to the air ever so slightly all around the town of Kings Park. Whether taking a late night drive on Sunken Meadow Road, or a midday stroll on Main Street, there is a spookiness to Kings Park that serves as a unique reflection of the asylum's spirit and spirits that remain present to this day.

*by Annalea of AESTHETIC WORKSHOP*



Photo by Annalea of **ÆSTHETIC WORKSHOP**  
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Photo by Annalea of **ÆSTHETIC WORKSHOP**  
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*"Hallways" by Tal*  
instagram @ talsz1\_



# Winter Animal Oracle



***The Otter: symbolizes Joyfulness, Playfulness, and Helpfulness***

We see depictions of otters at play, causing mischief with the other animals near the water, or images of them floating on their back relaxing or dining on seafood. The Otter, reversed, calls for you not to move against the stream, do not push for events to happen, let things occur naturally.

This winter take the time to sit back and relax for a bit. Be joyful in the moment. Be playful, but do not use playfulness to escape responsibilities.

Until next season.

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

*beithe péinteáilte*

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

# My Homework Story

I was 10 years old in the 1962–63 school year in Catholic School. In Catholic School, we had to have every homework assignment signed by one of our parents. That way the school knew that we weren't copying from other kids, and it kept the parents involved.

I was always very diligent in my homework, not so much that I was a kiss-ass. I just didn't like getting my ass kicked.

Well, one day as we were told to pass our homework up to the nun I realized a critical error — I forgot to have my Mom sign my homework. I knew full well that not having your homework signed would cause a federal investigation, waterboarding, the inquisition, a face slapping, and detention. In a desperate effort to avoid such consequences I signed my Mom's name and turned in my homework.

Hours passed (or it seemed so), and out of nowhere the nun said, "Robert, please come up to my desk." My mind and conscience were clear (more like blank), and I was truly wondering why she called me up to her desk. When I came up to her desk, I noticed that my homework was right on top, in front of her.

She pointed to my forgery and said, "Robert, who's signature is that?"

Well, I shoulda been a lawyer, because I figured since that was my Mom's name that's my Mom's signature. I answered her and said, "That's my Mom's."

She glared at me and asked, "Did your Mom sign this?"

Knowing full well I was busted I told her, "No, Sister, I did." I confessed and told her I was trying to avoid punishment. For punishment, she told me that I must write, "I will not commit forgery," one-thousand times (1000!).

I went home and I started this undertaking — let me tell you, that's a massive undertaking, way too much for an antsy kid.

My Dad was an accountant and accounting carbon paper looked identical to pencil. Using pencil and pressing hard, I could get 5 to 6 good impressions identical to pencil. I finished my punishment and turned it in. Hours passed (or it seemed so), and out of nowhere the nun said, "Robert, please come up to my desk."

My mind and conscience were clear (more like blank), and I was truly wondering why she called me up to her desk. When I came

up to her desk, I noticed that my punishment project was right on top, in front of her. She said "Robert, this was very clever, you would have gotten away with it, but... I found this page."

I hadn't double-checked all of the pages. One of the pages was slightly cocked at an angle, so every single line was slightly cocked at precisely the same angle.

I was busted again.

For my next punishment, I was to lose recess. We kids lived for lunchtime recess!

I had a bodyguard nun at lunch (nobody wanted to come near me), and immediately upon finishing, the nun walked me from the cafeteria over to the convent yard. There was a 6-foot brick wall all around the convent yard, a gate, and a lock that the nun used to lock me in the yard. I would be released from the yard right after the end-of-recess bell had been rung so that I could go back to class.

The yard was quite lovely with flowers and shrubs, but all of my friends were playing during recess right on the other side of the wall. It was torture — I couldn't take it. I scoped out the situation, and I then figured that I could easily scale a 6-foot wall.

The next day, I was escorted to the convent yard, the gate was locked, and I bolted over the wall. I played all during recess, and when the bell rung, I scampered back over the wall and into the convent yard. The nun came and let me out, and I returned to class.

Now all was good with the World again, I could easily handle my punishment.

Hours passed (or it seemed so) and out of nowhere our school principal came into our room. The entire class stood and in unison said, "Good afternoon, Sister Jean Gertrude."

Sister Jean Gertrude said, "Good afternoon class. Please be seated, except you Robert. Please step into the hall with me." My mind and conscience were clear (more like blank), and I was truly wondering why she called me out into the hall.

Sister Jean Gertrude said, "Robert, do you know where the nuns' dining room is?"

I answered, "No Sister, I don't."

# My Homework Story, cont'd

She said, "The nuns' dining room is adjoining the court yard." All of the windows in the convent were made of a reflective material. They were mirrored so you couldn't see inside. While all of the kids are having lunch and recess, the nuns are having their lunch and recess in their dining room.

She said, "We all watched you go over the wall and come back at the end of recess."

For my next punishment, I had to stay after school until closing. Upon locking up the school, I had to walk in the procession of nuns from the school to the convent. I was brought to the chapel inside the convent, and I was told that I had to pray for the salvation of my soul, which I was told was very iffy.

*by Robert Audette*



Stock image from: <https://pixabay.com/photos/nun-religious-sister-prayer-faith-2662167/>



# Coterminous Chapter 1: The Newcomer

“Hither and yon they went to where dark things wallow, thither to places that wither and hollow, yarely they descended into Lovren’s Hallow.”

Crozley stokes the fire with his cane. The warmth of the waning flame is lost on us, smothered by the encroaching dark of night. The day had been long and grey, as it always was, and our travels have been extended beyond their usual habit. Although the fire proves futile, it was not the heat we sought in this endless cold, but the aesthetic of the burning wood, a diversion for our wandering minds. Relictual things such as us were conditioned to the climate of this sad world, but also to the inclinations of those who lacked our constitution. The fire is more a reminder of when warmth provided comfort. Such are the ways of the strays in a now nameless land.

“What is down there, Mr. Crozley?”

The fay Vespine’s voice is pitched relative to her diminutive frame. She is perched on his shoulder, as she so often is. She is a tiny thing, easy on the eyes, but unfortunately her insectile size prevents any more than admiration. Her species was nearly wiped out in the Cull — as so many in Crozley’s employ were. The few of them left are known for their eagerness to serve in exchange for protection. Of all the members of his harem, she falls outside my broad standards for the obvious reason of size comparison. That didn’t stop Crozley from indulging in his lechery, and I had no interest in his leftovers. She assists him despite his questionable proclivities, and is eager to do so. Crozley reciprocates in kind, for his affection for the wayward overtakes his lust.

“Something old. Something bitter. Something better left alone,” replies Crozley.

He removes his pipe from his cloak, knowing that despite his dismissiveness there would be further inquiry. The powdered naganine he deposits into the chamber would make him apt to oblige. Vespine whimpers at the smell of the thick smoke that billows from his mouth. Her wings shudder as she coughs away the narcotic venom of the serpent from which the drug was refined.

“Was it one of us, this, ‘Lovren’?”

Tala is more agreeable to my tastes at least in regard to her figure. Still, chimera such as her are difficult when it came to interspecies

relations. She is mostly humanoid though, save for her skull structure. The overall countenance is human but shares the likeness of a jackal, cloaked by a full, flowing mane. Her cranium may be a blend of beast and woman, but below the neck the hominid portion of her is slender and lithe, clad in a fur loin-fauld and halter. She is a long-armed, long-legged creature with elongated hands and feet replete with claws that Crozley remembers vividly during the throes of her primal passions and is more than happy to share with me the details. I had almost found out for myself the night before, as it was a long ride and I needed a diversion, a proposition Crozley facilitated. But my level of intoxication had reached a point where the act was never performed, thankfully. Tala is known for her promiscuity, but such is the nature of her species. Her beauty makes her an asset, but she is both a profound expert at coercion and close quarters engagements when needed.

“Hardly,” Crozley exhales sharply. “He predates your kind, as he does many others, even myself.”

“What is this thing? What is older than we?”

Brune’s speech is assumed by many to be characteristic of an invalid, but there is an undeniable and often overlooked intelligence to this creature that outweighs his broken words. His musteline clade is not known for their conversational aptitude but for their size and strength, and he accurately represents these attributes. Manis are large in sense of musculature, and Brune is also blessed with a towering height, which is rare for his kind. Most tend to be as tall as the average hominid if not more commonly shorter. He is never far from Crozley, even now standing at his side, leaning on his giant iron wood club that dwarfed even him.

“Lovren is an eternal. A cultivator of the world. One of very few that are much, much, much older than thee and me.”

“He was a Preceptor. Not many left. Few remaining are hiding.”

Vore rarely speaks, perhaps because he knew his voice tended to intimidate all that heard it. The Lacerta are famous for their mass, and they produce the sound to match. We are puny in comparison. Despite Vore having long proven both his loyalty and friendship, all the members of the company tend to keep a distance between themselves and this hulking bodyguard. The enormous butcher’s cleaver that is currently stuck in the ground next to him lacks the

## Coterminous Chapter 1: The Newcomer, cont'd

elegance of a finer weapon, its crude design befitting of his kind. It is less a sword and more a large hunk of metal sharpened on one side with a large handle fit for the enormous hands that grip it. The weapon is both weapon and tool, as Vore doubles as the caravan's cook, and a fine one at that. His prowess in the kitchen is matched only by his skill in a fight. I just hope he doesn't cook everything he kills. Then again, this company is full of individuals with varying tastes.

"The Preceptors are forgotten," Crozley adds, "and wish to remain so."

"The Cull took most of them and their offspring, more during the Interfections, and the rest went in the Calamity. The Three Tragedies they call it."

Urcus is much like his reptilian counterpart in terms of size, but more inclined toward conversations that required fuller sentences. Still, he always seems lost in thought, even as he spoke, as though everything he says is for his ears only. He warms his giant hands, the fur missing from his knuckles from years of fending off those who would attack the caravan. His claws are intact, but he prefers the use of blunt force, reinforcing it with a pair of metal battle gloves wrapped in hardened leather. Ursine are notoriously tall and bulky, but every ounce of them is muscle covered in thick fur that served just as well as any armor.

"The three deaths of the world. An epoch of slaughter, murder, and conflagration."

Cane, a Hund, sat near my side, drinking from a large wooden mug. A heavy cloak obscured his large figure and canine appearance. He is an observer, much like myself, and tends to mind his business. I like him, but know little about him. He is too busy with his personal introspection. Normally, I am wary of those who are too quiet, but he gives off an aura of calm. Woe to those who disturb the peace of an unruffled man.

"They are the children of the cosmic crucible," says Crozley. He raises his hand and fixes his eyepatch. "Their eyes witnessed the beginning of Reality. Their ears heard the birth cries of Existence. Their bodies were tempered in the forge of Space and Time. Their voices commanded the marches of history. Their's were the hands that shaped the world. Their progeny would inherit this place of provenance, and Lovren's children were those that destroyed it."

"Not without reason," my thought comes out as a whisper. The others did not seem to notice, but nothing escapes Crozley's ear, or gaze. He grins, turning his head ever so slightly toward my direction. The narcotic vapor snakes through his teeth as he speaks to me for the first time since sitting. His voice is grainy and accent charming, underpinned by a perpetual tone of mischief and what seems to be a general sarcastic distaste for anyone he addresses.

"What about you, newcomer? You have been awfully quiet since you arrived. Have you something to say?"

My own speech sounds strange to me, deep and aged, almost guttural. But with a hint of lingering juvenescence brought on by my current curiosity.

"I want to hear his story."

Crozley hesitates and takes another long drag from his pipe, exhaling deliberately, as if to purposely build the tension for his audience. His propensity for such theatrics is well known to his followers, and they take the gesture as an invitation to move closer to the fire and to their benefactor. His vulpine countenance slowly formed into a wide and excited grin.

"Well, we all must tell stories to remember, and to survive, do we not? But his is a story we tell little of, because he tried to end all of our's. If you speak of the dead, then the dead will hear you."

"No one really dies," I say. "Even the dead are willful in this world. A great will is empowering, and enough to even bring the dead back."

"Well, I suppose we will see soon enough. If you are so interested in his story, then you may ask his ghost. We will be at his final resting place soon enough."

*by Corey Gene Monaco*



**THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE OF MONKEYSHINES!!!**

**See our website for more details, and don't fear:**

**We'll be back with a new name for Summer 2023!**





"Wayward Leaves" by Tal  
instagram @ talsz1\_





Photo by Alexa Goldstein  
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