

DUSTY ATTIC

P U B L I S H I N G

APRIL 2024 | VOL. 03





IN THIS ISSUE



LETTER FROM JENNA - 3

GREGORY HAYES' SMILE - 4
ELISABETH RING

NECROPOLIS OF THE MUNDANE - 5
L.T. WILLIAMS

CASKET - 7
MARISCA PICHETTE

THE STONE MAIDEN - 8
BRITTANY LEE

YELLOW SPRAY PAINT CONFESSION - 10
JAMES HOBBS

CURSED BOOKS - 12
ASHLEE CRAFT

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME - 13
ELLI ROSS

UNEARTH ME - 16
JENNA GOLDSMITH





A Letter from Jenna

Hi readers,

It's good to be back for our third issue! Has it really been three already?

While our last issue seemed to have themes of death and the unnerving sense of the unknown woven throughout, this issue definitely touches on broader subjects and themes. That's a nice way of saying its a bit of a hodgepodge, but in the very best way.

We are so excited to bring you these stories and poems from some excellent writers. Every submission period I am astounded by the talent that fills our inbox.

We are also excited to announce the first themed issue of Dusty Attic! For issue 4, the theme will be "twisted fairytales." We are leaving this open to individual interpretation and can't wait to see what you come up with! The twistier the better!

This issue is without the next chapter of The Shoppe, written by Dusty Attic's J.L. Holloway, but rest assured the story will continue. I've included a short poem of my own instead.

As always, we are so grateful for your ongoing support.

We hope you enjoy this deliciously eccentric collection of written oddities!

Jenna
EIC





Gregory Hayes' Smile

WRITTEN BY ELISABETH RING

Gregory Hayes died with a smile on his face.

At least, that's how his nurse found him the next morning when she came to wake him. He was cold and his lips were pulled back from his teeth into a grin. A ghastly sort of smile, everyone who saw it readily agreed, but you couldn't demand aesthetic perfection from the dead.

In a room perfumed with bouquets sent by those who valued their time more than their money, Gregory's son, Thomas, stood beside the casket. To the mourners who came in person, Thomas would nod solemnly and thank them for their condolences.

"He was ill for a long time," Thomas said to each, "but he passed peacefully in his sleep and there's grace in that."

None of the few dozen people who filed in and out of what had been Gregory's house could see the eerie dark eyes peering at them through the floorboards, just as they could not hear the owner of those eyes skittering through the narrow spaces beneath the floor and between the walls. Gregory hadn't seen or heard them, either, in all the years he lived in that grand old house. As much a part of the house as its floorboards or chimneys, yet missed by Gregory and all the previous residents of the house. When the mourners were gone and the flowers were wilted, Thomas would move in, and be just as ignorant of the thing creeping through the walls as his father had been.

It was merely his uncomfortable bed, Gregory had told himself, at fault for him waking more tired than he went to sleep night after night and year after year.

Yet this was the same explanation he clung to no matter how many different mattresses he cycled through, no matter that he'd had a new bed custom built by the finest carpenter in the region. There was no plausible explanation for the long, pale fingers that traced the patterns of the blankets pulled over his body or when eerie dark eyes glittered in the moonlight. But then, Gregory had always been a deep sleeper, deeper still the more tired he became.

If Gregory had been pressed, he might have come to remember a strange scent that sometimes wafted through the air, the rich must and decay he chalked up to the sort of eccentricities homes the age of his naturally gather through the years. He might have admitted to feeling like he was being watched when his nurse and Thomas were out and Gregory was supposed to be alone, though this he dismissed as age stealing away his senses. All was well, for he would not think otherwise.

Until his last night, when the thing in the shadows got a little impatient—a little greedy—and supped on too much of Gregory's breath as he slept. In his last gasping moments, Gregory shut his eyes against the fear and though he lacked the air to scream, his mouth opened and stretched in terror.

The expression looked almost like a smile.





Necropolis of the Mundane

WRITTEN BY L.T WILLIAMS

"See anyone?" Sarah asked, clutching the back of my shirt.

I stuck my head out around the corner, scanning the large office space, "Looks clear."

Sarah sighed and released her grip. Ryan went missing yesterday, Chloe the day before. When one of our own is taken, swallowed by the inner mechanisms of this godforsaken building, it never takes long for them to come back for us. And Sarah and I were the only ones left.

On the opposite side of the room, through a maze of cubicles and scattered office supplies, the door to the break room – our target – stood open. It had been over a week since the door was last open to us, and I fought the urge to sprint the rest of the way there, smash the vending machines open, and bask in the gift of food and drink. Instead, we stayed low to the ground, methodically maneuvering our way across the labyrinth.

The desks had moved again, and my stomach dropped when I realized our path would take us by Jerry's cubicle. I forced myself to look in his direction, to make sure the area was clear. Jerry, who was known for showing up to our office parties already drunk, had died almost a month ago, but he still sat there, typing numbers into an open spreadsheet. My shirt was soaked with sweat by the time we passed his desk.

"Do you hear that phone ringing?"

I stopped and looked back at Sarah, "No. Where's it coming from?"

Over the months of our imprisonment – had it really

been that long? – I had turned the building upside down in search of a working phone, but none of them had a signal.

"It's gone now," Sarah said, her voice quivering, "But I know I heard it. I'm not crazy."

I squeezed her shoulder, "I know you aren't. Let's just get to the break room."

We crouch-walked the rest of the way to the door, and I peeked inside.

The vending machines were full. Our sole source of sustenance, replenished once more. This was the one place in the building that stayed in good shape. Bathrooms, offices, everything else was trashed and falling apart, but the break room stood strong, our poorly-lit beacon in the storm.

But, for the first time, the room was occupied.

James, one of our branch's middle managers and lover of multicolored bowties, stood in the corner, facing the wall. His dress shirt was freshly pressed and tucked into his slacks. He had been one of the first to get taken.

"Should we come back?" Sarah whispered.

"What if the door doesn't open again soon? We can't make it much longer without food or water."

"Then we go in and out as fast as possible. Maybe James won't notice us."

I picked up a chair, hefted it in my hands, "I'm not going to take any chances."



We moved inside, giving James a wide berth. Sarah pulled out two trash bags from her pockets, and got to work. Once she had filled up one bag with food, she moved to the drink machine and did the same. I kept my eyes on James, chair raised.

“Finished,” Sarah said.

“Let’s get out of here.”

We turned to leave.

“But your break isn’t over,” James said.

Sarah and I froze. We looked at each other, and then back to James. He was facing us, eyes empty and smile wide, holding a coffee cup that said “World’s Best Boss”.

I dropped the chair. We ran.

I’m not sure when I lost Sarah, but by the time I had stopped running, she was nowhere to be seen, and I was in a part of the office that we stayed away from – this area had wall-to-wall windows that were too depressing to look out of. I did so anyway.

Vines twisted up the sides of crumbling buildings, probing into busted windows.

Giant fractures covered Main Street.

Cars neatly parked in a nearby lot, left to rust.

While all the surrounding buildings had cracked and crumbled, succumbing to the elements and lack of maintenance, ours remained. It was our lifeboat, our Noah’s ark. It kept us safe from whatever happened to everyone else out there. But it was also our prison. It was like the building needed us here, occupying the cubicles. The eternal rat race. Perhaps we weren’t even on Earth anymore, transported to some space in

between. Hell. Purgatory. Whatever you want to call it. That’s what James theorized, before something had pulled him through an air duct, made him into whatever he is now.

A phone chimed nearby.

I followed the sound, my heart beating as fast as the ringing, to an empty cubicle – it had been Angela’s before everything ended. I found the cellphone in the top drawer. The caller ID read “Sarah Sanderson”. My hands shook so much I almost couldn’t answer the phone.

“Hello?” My voice was barely a whisper.

“I figured out where the ringing was coming from!” Sarah giggled, her voice static, “Won’t you come find me?”

The line went dead. Somewhere across the room, another phone started to ring, beckoning me.

They had gotten Sarah, the only friend I ever had in the office. Or in my life, to be honest.

And now I was the last person left.

What would happen if they caught me? Would all of this end? Maybe that would be for the best.

I picked up the bag from the break room and slunk out of the office, back to our hiding spot. If Sarah still had her memories, she’d find me here. But I was done running. I was done with this unholy office space, this necropolis of the mundane.

I ripped open a candy bar – hoping it wasn’t filled with staples this time – and watched a building fall down across the street, wishing that it was this one, but knowing that would never come.



Casket

WRITTEN BY MARISCA PICHETTE

casket

not of glass but of mirrors
reflecting out, not in
so when you come to gawk
at her naked, betrayed
flesh cold-dead-bloodless
she is invisible (*invincible*) to your gaze.

she is the woods
she is the sky
she is the earth crushed under your feet.

she is not here in the forest
that killed her in its embrace.

she is not perfect in death,
not preserved & beautiful
still years shy of consent.

she is free from you & your looking
& no matter what you hoped
to find to touch to leer & kiss here
in this muddy clearing

leaning over Her casket
all you face
is yourself,

staring back,
wondering why you sought love
in death.





The Stone Maiden

WRITTEN BY BRITTANY LEE

Once upon a time, in that very castle up on the hill, there lived a sickly, bedridden maiden. Her greatest wish was to be able to walk outside; have picnics in the courtyard, and things like that.

And, there was a sculptor, the most talented to ever live, renowned through all the lands. They say—no, I don't know who 'they' are—his statues were so life-like they could get up and walk away. This sculptor promised to carve a new body for the sickly maiden, one in which she'd be able to walk where ever she pleased.

It was not to be. The sickly maiden died before the sculptor completed the statue, her wish unfulfilled. But, the statue was not abandoned. The maiden was interred beneath the castle chapel, and once completed, the statue was laid upon her grave.

Only... the stone body worked, almost. In her new body, the maiden was returned to life—for a given value of the word—but not health. She remained bedridden. To this day, the stone maiden lies atop her grave, yearning for the world outside.

You can see for yourself, if you like. Just go up to the hill, to the castle. Part of the wall's collapsed—yes, yes, I know, no-one's supposed to go up there, because the 'structural instability' means it's a 'safety hazard'—so it's easy to get in. The chapel is around the back. Follow the stairs down to the crypt below, and you'll find the stone maiden. You may even see her move.

You don't believe me?

Ha, I don't blame you. I didn't. Last winter, when a mate of mine claimed to have seen the stone maiden blink, I was the first to call bullshit.

She said, "Why don't you go see for yourself then?"

"What?" I said, "No. No way am I going all the way up to the castle just to see some statue *not* blink,"

"What, you scared?"

"Don't be stupid..."

So, she dared me to go into the castle crypt, to see the stone maiden. Yes, right now.

I said, "Fine," and stomped out.

Except, it was freezing out. I did *not* want to hike all the way up to the castle, and my place was just down the street. So, I went home. I watched some TV, comfortable and warm.

Then, I went back, told my mate I'd seen the statue, which was clearly just a lump of rock, and she was, as I'd said, full of shit.

But the unfulfilled dare haunted me. So, a week later, on an equally freezing night, I found myself hiking up to the castle. Never let it be said I go back on my word.

Rugged up in my coat and hat and gloves, torch in hand—though why I bothered, I don't know; it was useless against the fog—I stumbled across crumbled stone, and through the hole in the castle wall. Inside, I traced my hand along the inner wall, using it as a guide as I made my way around to the chapel.

Have you ever been to the castle chapel? If you visit by day, it's not that impressive. The one in town's bigger, which is not saying much. But shrouded in mist, and shadows, it was invisible. Then, suddenly, it loomed



over me.

I circled the chapel, still feeling my way with fingertips on stone walls. The crypt's entrance was an abrupt, yawning gap. One moment the wall was there, the next I was reaching into emptiness.

I shone my torch into the emptiness, the light catching on the first step down. Cautiously, I descended.

It was dark. Dark, and echoing, the sound of my footsteps all around me.

At the bottom of the stairs, I reached the crypt proper. Weak torchlight found stone slabs, sharp edges appearing from deep shadows. I edged my way between them, my own breathing harsh in my ears.

When I saw the silhouette of a body atop a coffin, I stumbled, hands fumbling my torch. It slipped, and hit the ground, the clatter echoing, echoing, echoing.

The light rolled away. I chased after it; tripped, and fell to my knees. The jarring impact went all through my body.

I caught the runaway light, and pulled myself back to my feet.

Then, I approached the body. It wasn't real, of course. It was stone. But not the stone maiden. This was a man, his edges smoothed by the passage of time, eyes closed as if in sleep.

The way people talk about the stone maiden, you'd think she was an anomaly, having a statue atop her last resting place. But no; many of the dead had sleeping likenesses atop their stone coffins.

Despite that, I knew the stone maiden the moment I set eyes on her. The workmanship of her compatriots

paled in comparison, for she was carved by the most skilled sculptor to ever live. Under the torchlight, I could imagine her hair running through fingers in silken strands, her cheeks soft to the touch, eyelashes fluttering gently against them. You could be forgiven for thinking she was merely sleeping.

Something creaked. Not the scuff of my shoes. Not the catch of my breath.

My torchlight flickered, a blink of total blackness, before the dim light returned.

The stone maiden's eyes were open.

I froze, breath caught in my throat. Her stone eyes stared up at me.

She blinked.

Again, my torch light flickered. Sputtered, and died. There was only black. The rush of blood thumped in my ears, in time to my racing heart.

Then, there was a low, rough scrape. Like stone against stone.

Turns out my mate wasn't so stupid. I was scared. I got the hell out of there.

You still don't believe me?

I dare you to go up to the castle and see for yourself.





Yellow Spray Paint Confession

WRITTEN BY JAMES HOBBS

I'll try to make sense, but it's all a string of images, little scenes, disconnected, like beads on a thread, so I won't make any promises. It doesn't really matter anyway. These things were set in motion a very long time ago. That's the best reassurance I can offer those of you who're afraid.

I was on a train home through Manchester, probably on my phone or something. Then I looked out the window. We were on a railway bridge with graffiti covering the brick walls on either side. There were so many layers of spray paint in so many colors that it started to blend together into a single sheet. I zoned out and let the hypnotic pattern go by.

Then I saw it, a symbol in dull, yellow paint, like a letter from an unpronounceable language. It felt like the train stopped to give me a good, long look. Everything else went out of focus, and I was left staring at it. But it wasn't really like I was looking at it. It was more like it was crawling into my eyes, and, as it stretched forward, it was also stretching back or maybe I was just noticing for the first time that the letter reached back seemingly for miles into the narrow, brick wall behind it, like the deep roots of a tree pulling nutrients out of an unseen world. The symbol squirmed in a way that made my mind itch. It was weird, but alien's not the right word. A key's not alien to its lock. They were made for each other, after all. But time started moving again, I looked away, and the yellow graffiti slipped my mind.

A week or two after I got back home, I had a buddy over for drinks. As he was looking for glasses in my cupboard, he turned around, holding a can of spray paint.

"You started huffing paint?" he joked. He shook the

can, and it rattled, empty. "Should've saved some for me."

I laughed along, but I was troubled. I didn't remember buying paint.

Another night, I found myself alone by a pedestrian tunnel through an overpass. I don't know how I got there. There's just a gap in my memory. In my hand was a half-full can of spray paint. I touched the nozzle, looked at my finger, and saw it was wet with yellow paint, like I'd been using the paint minutes before. Driven by curiosity and horror, I turned slowly and went back into the tunnel. The lights inside must have burned out, because it was pitch black.

I turned on my phone's flashlight and saw, in fresh, yellow paint, that letter that wouldn't stay still. I shouldn't have been surprised that I was able to paint it in the dark from memory. My mind was made to remember it. Still, I felt my heartbeat accelerate. At the time, I didn't know what I know now, so I was scared I was losing my mind. From behind me, a thin, gentle hand rested on my shoulder, trying to reassure me. I may have turned to see who it was, but I don't know. That's where that memory ends.

On a winter day, I came home from work to find my table set, and, on a white, ceramic plate, a pigeon, whole, except for the head, legs, and a few feathers. These were neatly placed in a glass for safekeeping. Beside the plate were a bloody fork and knife. I tried to tell myself this was some sort of sick prank, but I knew better.

After I put the bird and everything its blood had touched in a trash bag and took the bag outside to the garbage, I sat down to distract myself from growling



dread with TV. The first channel that came on was the news. When I saw what they were talking about, I couldn't change it. In Sheffield a family of five had been dismembered along with their Irish Setter and the eight-year-old's goldfish. The results were too graphic to air, but they did show a shot of the house. Through a window, I could make out part of a curve of yellow spray paint on a wall.

I think the thing that made everything snap into place was realizing why I wasn't scared I would end up doing the same things the murderer in Sheffield did. I wasn't scared, because I'd already done much worse more than once. I just didn't remember, and the police just hadn't found out yet.

The Yellow Sign had spread to me. But spread isn't the right word. It makes it sound like a disease, but it was made for us, and we were made for it. It doesn't change you. It just moves some pieces around inside you, little pieces in a big system. And you, one little piece in a big system, go out and buy a can of paint for five Pounds or, if you can't afford to buy it, you steal one. Little dominoes fall, little switches get flipped,

and things change. How long before a president or prime minister, someone who can make lots of changes to big systems sees the Yellow Sign graffitied on a wall?

But don't worry. It's not the end of the world. It's a fulfillment, a consummation. Soon black stars will rise over London, Tokyo, Washington. All the old idols, not just the ones set up by priests, but the idols of stock brokers, scientists, and film producers, will be thrown down. And in their place the true idol will be raised, of which all our gods are pale imitations.

What then?

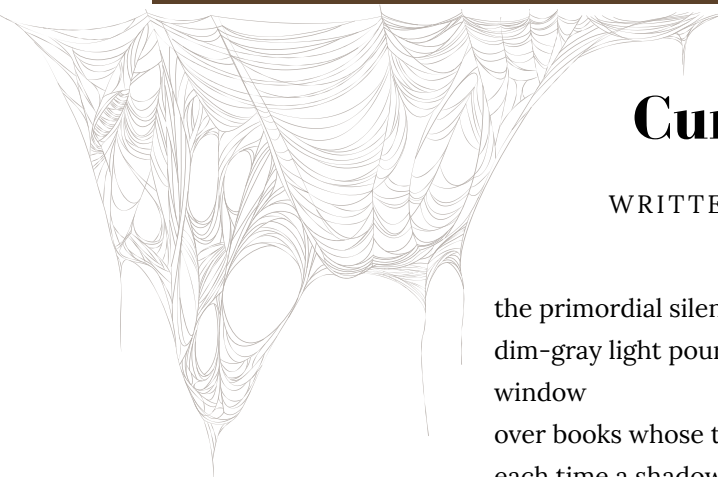
I don't know. Maybe we'll live transformed under a sky of black stars and strange moons with the Yellow Sign curled in our minds. Or maybe we'll be thrown away, tools that have served their purpose. It doesn't matter. All we can do now is buy more spray paint and be patient.





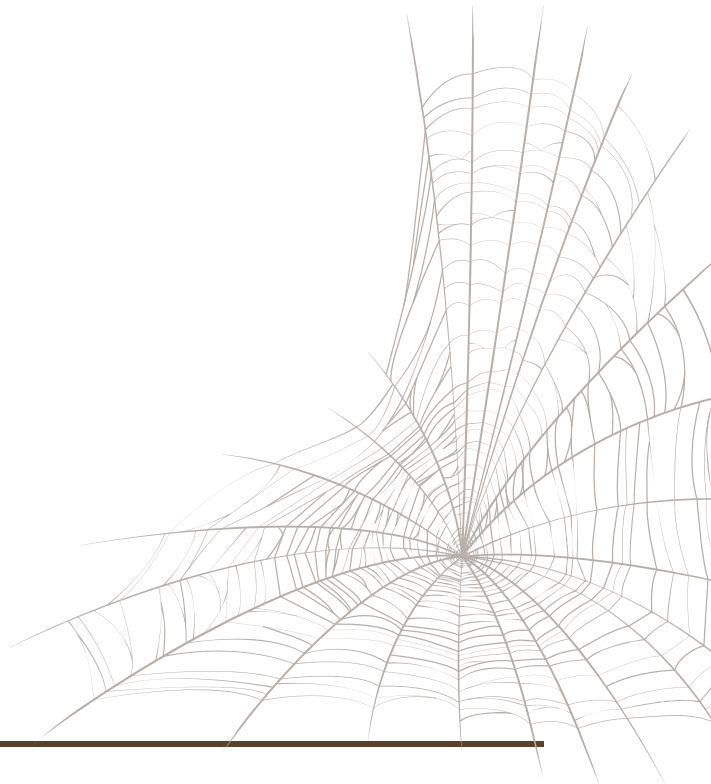
Cursed Books

WRITTEN BY ASHLEE CRAFT



the primordial silence of the attic buzzes;
dim-gray light pours in through the cobwebbed
window
over books whose titles twist & change
each time a shadow passes over them-

& shadows pass over often





A House is Not a Home

WRITTEN BY ELLI ROSS

You were part of a family, once.

You don't remember the first time they walked through your front door, but you do know that they loved you from the start, and that love fed you and nourished you until you loved them back just as much. It started with just the three of you, you and that happy couple. Every hour they spent within your walls filled you with so much love that you might have burst.

You took care of them. When Sweetheart (who was also William) almost fell when cleaning your gutters, you steadied the ladder. When Honey (who was sometimes Laura) carried full baskets of laundry across the floor, you made sure there was nothing in her way to trip over. One night, you locked your own door just as a man in black came up your walk to rattle the doorknob. You didn't know him, but you could feel his bad intentions, and you were proud when he slunk back to the sidewalk to try another house.

(Honey and Sweetheart were scared in the morning, when they heard about a rash of burglaries in their neighborhood. "Thank goodness you locked the door," they said to each other, and were confused, and then laughed and forgot.)

You had a name, too: you were Home. They changed you, repainted you, repurposed rooms; they added a deck, expanded the kitchen, replaced your roof; and through it all, they loved you, and they loved you, and they loved you.

Sweetheart painted the spare room seafoam green and took out the bed and put in a crib. Their excitement was yours as the room changed into a nursery, just as Honey became rounder and rounder. You knew before they did when it was time for three to become four,

and you woke Honey with the slightest of creaks, and she turned and woke Sweetheart and said, "It's time."

Well into the afternoon of the following day, they came back, with Honey carrying a little bundle on her chest. Once they were inside, she kissed the top of it and said, "Welcome home, Christine."

Sweetheart became Dada and Honey became Mama, and you stayed Home. You loved Christine like a sister, like a daughter, like a cherished friend. You soothed her when you could and sympathized with her every cry. You watched her learn and grow, and all three of you heard her first word and witnessed her first steps. Dada was so happy he cried. You would have cried, too, if you could. Instead, you stood a little taller, filled with pride from your foundation to your roof.

Life was perfect for the four of you, and it felt as though it was going to stay that way forever. Christine got older and bigger every day, and Mama and Dada became Mommy and Daddy, and you were always, always Home.

Then Christine got sick.

At first, you didn't know what was wrong. She was unwell, but you'd taken care of your unwell family before. No matter how you soothed her, tried to sing her to sleep with the familiar music of your floors and walls, she tossed and turned. She had a fever. She was in pain. She was sick.

One day, after the three of them went out together, they came back and Mommy put Christine to bed even though it was the middle of the day, and when she came back, she hugged Daddy and they both cried and cried. It wasn't long before you learned why: Christine



was sicker than anyone had thought, and she might not get well again. Your walls contracted and your windows shuddered. You could not cry, not as they did, but you hurt right along with them.

Christine was gone more and more. Mommy and Daddy took her away and sometimes came back without her, and you missed her like you'd never missed anyone else. When Mommy and Daddy went away before, you always knew they would come back. Christine's absences got longer and longer, and felt more and more permanent. One day, she wouldn't come back to you.

And sure enough, one day, she didn't.

You wailed along with them as best you could, but your voice, as always, was silent.

The hurt ran deep. Mommy and Daddy slammed your doors and stomped on your floorboards and spoke to each other as little as possible. "Mommy" and "Daddy" were no longer spoken within your walls; they were William and Laura now, and the names were angry and bitter and cold. William said, "If we'd caught it sooner," and Laura snapped, "So I should have been watching her every second of every day?" The love that had once filled your days was gone, replaced with sharp resentment. You all had lost more than just Christine. You had lost almost everything.

But you still had them, and they you. You tried to remind them, smoothing carpets and adjusting temperatures and straightening pictures. But no matter what you did, they never seemed to care. You were abandoned despite being lived in. You loved them, but they didn't love you back.

The worst of it came abruptly, after a screaming match in your living room, with furniture kicked and insults hurled and Laura storming to the bedroom in tears and throwing clothes in a suitcase and leaving as William said, "Fine! Go! See what I care!" But you cared, and

though you stuck your front door to try to keep her inside, she forced it open and left, driving away recklessly as William began to cry.

When she came back the next day, you felt hope. But it was only to get the rest of her stuff. It was over. All that was left was William and you.

You loved him desperately. He was the only family you had left, after all, and you needed him. You cherished his footsteps, drank in his every word, moved in impossible ways to support him. You kept yourself from creaking at night. You greeted him each morning with the nearest you could get to a smile, your corners lifting, your window shades cracking open.

But he didn't love you. And one day, a "For Sale" sign went up in your yard, and you realized he was going to leave you, just like everyone else had.

That night, you sealed your doors and windows and broke a hole in your pipes and silenced the alarm that would tell him to get out before he choked. Even if he wouldn't love you, he would never, ever leave you.

He didn't wake in the morning. You turned off the heat and shuffled his slippers close to the bed, in case he ever needed them again.

And so it was for the next three days. You kept him comfortable, coddling him as you never had before. But on the third day, the realtor knocked on the door.

You kept your door locked tight, even as she rattled your doorknob in an attempt to get inside. Eventually, she left, and you returned all your attention to William.

But she came back. She brought others, people in uniforms, the kind of people who were supposed to help those in trouble. You'd seen them going down the streets sometimes, but never to you, because you always kept your family safe. Now they were here, and despite your locks, they breached your door and one



of them said, "Something smells."

All this you have been through. And now, as the uniformed men make their way down the hall, toward the bedroom, where your beloved William sleeps, you know that they will take him away and you will be alone for the first time in your memory.

You can't bear it.

Your scream is inaudible, but they do feel it, and the three men halfway down the hall stop and one of them says, "Was that an earthquake?" You hardly hear him through your burning rage, and burn it does, because you break your gas main and you twist your stove dials and you scream and you scream and you scream until your kitchen bursts into flames.

It is not enough. The officers make for the door, but they tried to take your William away, and you cannot let them go. You slam the door, and though you cannot secure it, the fire spreads quickly to block their path as well as any lock. They scramble for the back door, but you push the fire there, too, and soon they are screaming along with you.

You hurt. You anger. You blaze. William. Laura. Christine. Your family. Your beloveds.

As you rage in flame, as your roof begins to sag and your foundations crack from the heat, you know this: no one will ever leave you again.



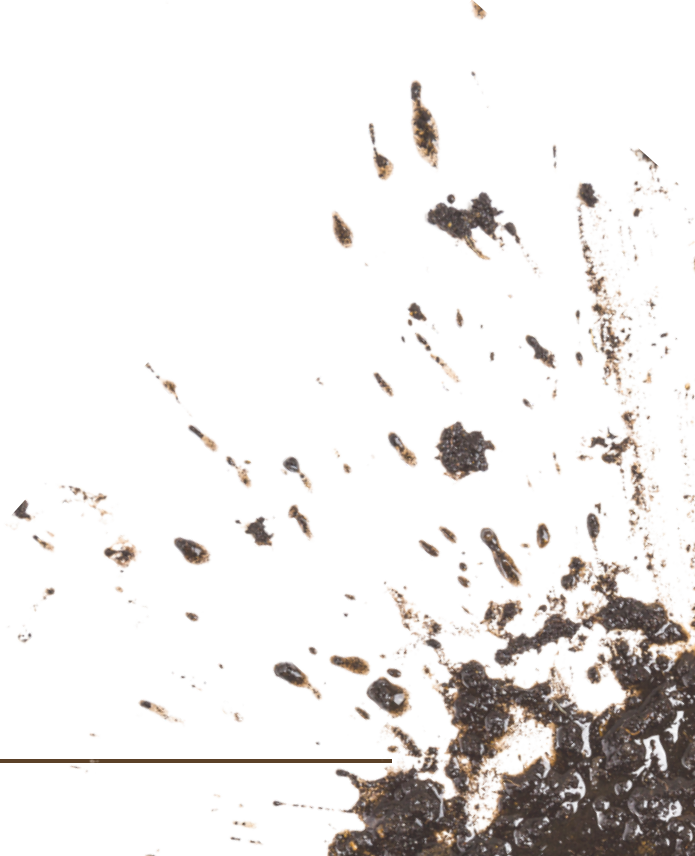


Unearth Me

WRITTEN BY JENNA GOLDSMITH

I want to lay
Down in the piles
Of leaves

To feel the soil
Slowly consume
The part of me
That's already rotten.





About the writers

Ashlee Craft

Ashlee Craft (he/they) is a writer, multimedia artist, photographer, actor, & more based in Tampa, Florida. Their work often explores themes such as surrealism, nostalgia, gender, queerness, mental health, neurodivergence, and identity through symbolism, storytelling, & color.

James Hobbs

Though James Hobbs is originally from Kansas City Missouri, he is currently working on a PhD in early modern history at the University of York. He writes as a hobby in between doing research.

Brittany Lee

Brittany Lee lives with her family in Perth, Western Australia. She has studied Linguistics, and Indonesian Studies at the University of Western Australia, and Journalism at Curtin University. In her spare time she enjoys reading, particularly fantasy and history, knitting, and taking photos of flowers. Her work has previously appeared in AntipodeanSF. You can find her online at brittanylee.com.

Marisca Pichette

Marisca Pichette is a queer author based in Massachusetts, on Pocumtuck and Abenaki land. She is the winner of the 2022 F(r)iction Spring Literary Contest and has been nominated for the Best of the Net, Pushcart, Utopia, and Dwarf Stars awards. Her speculative poetry collection, Rivers in Your Skin, Sirens in Your Hair, is out now from Android Press.

Elisabeth Ring

Elisabeth Ring is a writer and reader of eclectic things. Her fiction has appeared in publications including Apex, Wyldblood, and Martian Magazine. She spends most of her time trying to wear out her energetic dog and keep her cat away from the houseplants. When she has time, she makes progress on her unwieldy TBR pile, and writes reviews on some of those books. You can read them at ringreads.com.

Elli Ross

Elli Ross has been writing since they were old enough to hold a pencil, and they started writing horror after they graduated from college. They have been living in the Pacific Northwest for over twenty years and has two cats.

L.T. Williams

L.T. Williams is a horror writer from the ancient hills of Appalachia. He now lives in the not-quite-so ancient mountains of the Ozarks, but the folk tales, urban legends, and cryptid stories of his hometown never left him, and often bleed into his writing. He has a soft spot for cosmic, folk, and supernatural horror, as well as dark fantasy. When not writing or reading, L.T. spends his time climbing rocks, hiking with his dog, and playing board games. You can find him on the following link (<https://ltwilliamswriter.com/>) or in the nearest body of water looking for frogs.



Become a Believer

Join our growing Attic community to get behind-the-scenes goodies, exclusive audio recordings, and early access to each issue.

Everything we make from Patreon goes right back to the magazine so we can pay our brilliant writers!

You can join for less than \$5 a month or follow us for free at:
<https://www.patreon.com/DustyAtticPublishing>

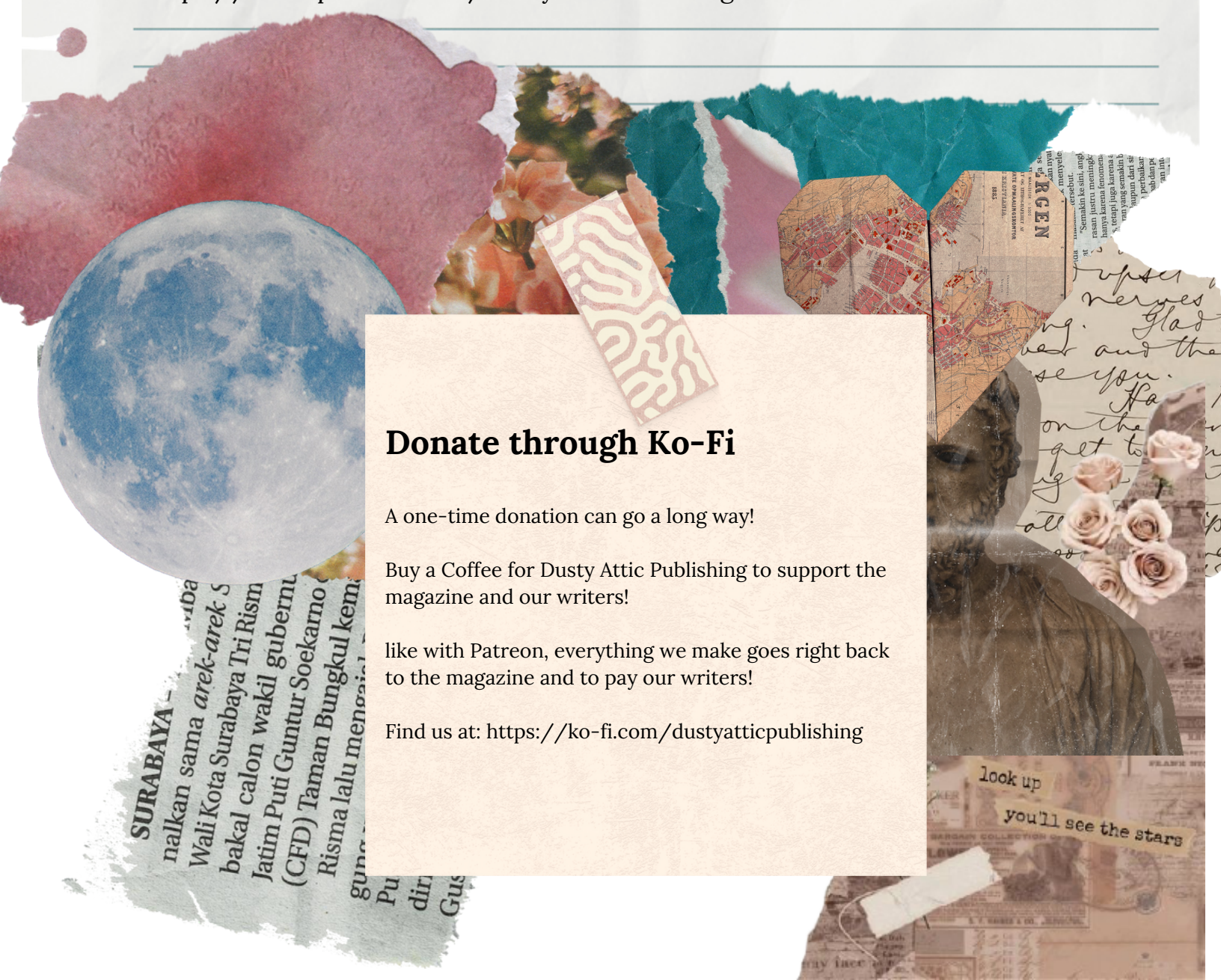
Donate through Ko-Fi

A one-time donation can go a long way!

Buy a Coffee for Dusty Attic Publishing to support the magazine and our writers!

like with Patreon, everything we make goes right back to the magazine and to pay our writers!

Find us at: <https://ko-fi.com/dustyatticpublishing>



Trigger Warnings:

mentions of death, violence, animal abuse, references to drug use, and mental illness.

A Big Thank You To Our
Patreon Members

Kathryn

Deana

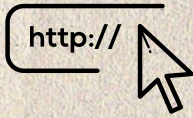
Vicci

Matt

Join us @

patreon.com/DustyAtticPublishing

Find us Online:



dustyatticpublishing.com



@dustyatticpub



@dustyatticpub



All works within Dusty Attic are fictional. Any similarities to events, places, and persons living or dead is entirely coincidental.