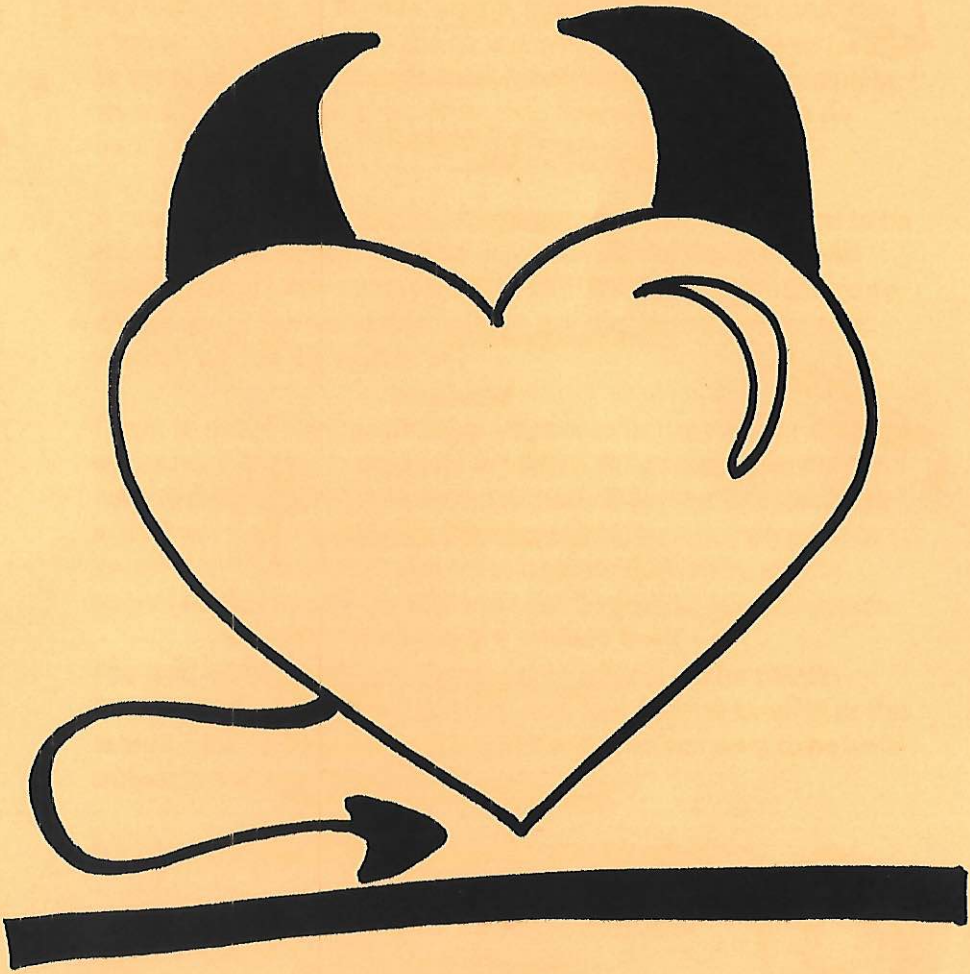


THE  
RAD MAG



**INCOGNITO**

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What now?

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Pumpkin(s) \* \* \* pep squad



= featured in every issue



**Letter from the Editor**

Fall is absolutely my favorite season. It is the weather I am constantly chasing. That cold smell in the air is maybe the best smell ever. I want to eat candy and have fabulous fall harvest feasts and wear costumes. I want to think about nothing other than how many things I can do during this time to stuff myself with cinnamon-y fun.

It can be hard to enjoy our favorite things when the world seems to be coming apart. The constant data dump sometimes leaves my head spinning – cue gross vomit. I wonder, who we are now? Who have we always been? The world spills into my day through my devices and wonder, who do we want to be?

I want to put as many good things into the collective vibe as I can and I see as much of that in the world as I do the things that stress me out. I have to remind myself that we can do both. Enjoy our favorite things and spread love while paying attention to who we are. I am going to check-in on the world but also make sugar cookies. There may be human-related anxiety but there will also be gourds. So many gourds.

The stuff we love is so very important. It makes us better people. Better able to filter and focus. I wish abundant balance for all of us this season. Balance that allows you to be the person you want to be while truly enjoying everything that makes you happy.

Mostly, I wish you sidewalks filled with crunchy-ass leaves.

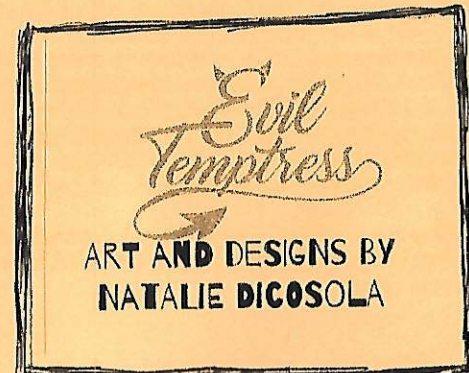
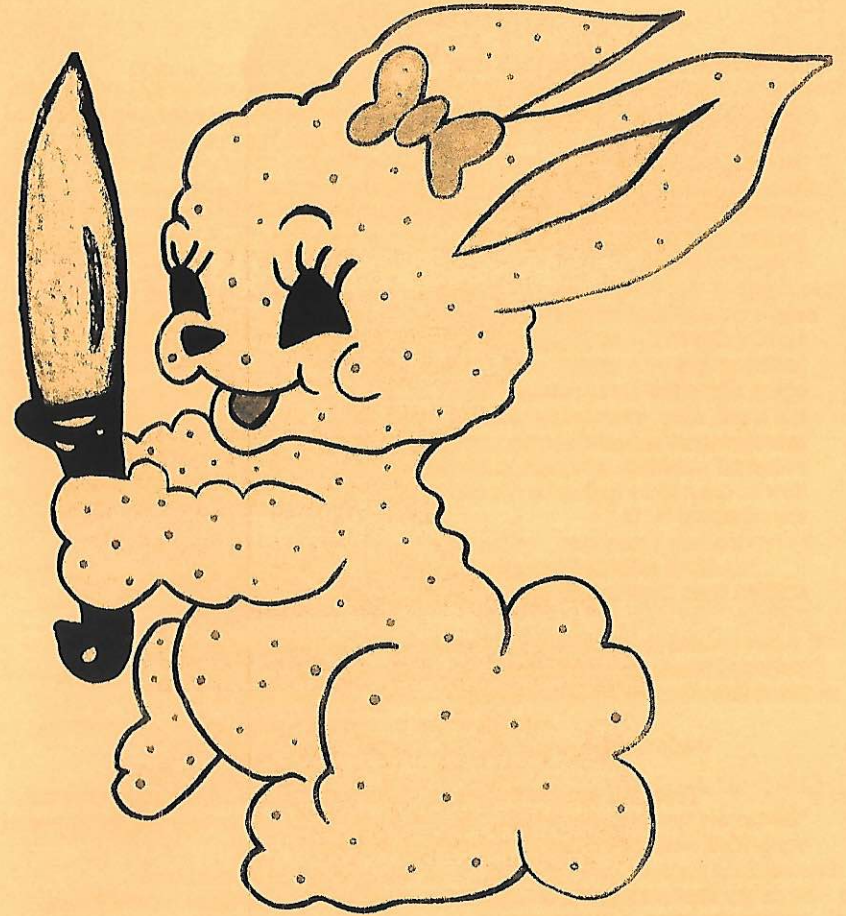
*Candi*



## Weird, They Said

Weird, they said.  
Not like the others.  
You're not like other people.  
Strange. Unusual.  
You don't like the kinds of things normal people like.  
That's not nice.  
Yeah, but, you're a freak.

But, when I unfolded my wings and came down from the sky, fire pouring out of my fang-filled mouth, they didn't say a thing.



PG 3

## The Cleanup Man

by Candi Bartlett

Bright white clouds hung in the sky. The kind with grey underneath, giving the whole world a gloomy glow. Donnie was deep into his own head, and all the heads around him. The shrunken heads and bones on the floor in the occult shop were mingled with crystals and bloody, strewn about tarot cards. The heads were obviously fake, the shop was in one of the best walk-in spots in the city, but the heads in back... the glimpse Donnie got of the merchandise behind the curtain when Tom stepped back with the owner said not everything was for tourists.

A young woman in a blue trench coat brought Donnie a pumpkin latte and he sipped it, enjoying the creepy light in the perfectly crisp Halloween morning. His own trench coat - classic camel - was just right, blocking enough of the nip in the air to actually enjoy it. He stood just outside the open door of the small shop, overseeing cleanup, stage one. A technician backed into a pile of marsupial bones and fell into a puddle of blood evidence. A small wrinkly head rolled off a shelf and conked the fallen agent in the face and Donnie wondered how in the hell he had gone his entire life without sipping the warm hug that is the pumpkin latte.

Tom emerged from the red velvet at the back of the room looking more shaken than Donnie had seen. That gave him the willies.

Tom looked down at his note pad. "The bodies they took out of here belonged to a customer and employee. Same clerk Mr. Hassim has had forever." He shook his head and paid extra attention to his notes.

Curious. "Do you know Mr. Hassim," Donnie asked.

"Yeah. For almost 30 years." Tom went on as if that was irrelevant. "He thinks the intruder was looking for a way to find a mutual acquaintance of ours. Well, looking for her or something she has."

Donnie sipped, rolling Tom's information around in the sweet warmth. "The customer?"

Tom shook his head. "Nobody."

Donnie gave him a look. "Tom"

He made a face that said he knew better. "A college kid looking for crystals for his girlfriend's birthday, per the card with the order on the counter. I sent the new agent, the one who wears the bunny cardigans, to speak to the family. He's really good at these things. I'm better here." A sickening sucking sound entered the conversation as the tech was pulled out of the gloopy human mess he'd compromised.

The same blue-coated agent who delivered Donnie's latte appeared out of nowhere and handed Tom a bagel. There was a whole lot of casual murder going on but the service was fantastic.

\*\*\*

Donnie huddled in a recon van with Tom and two other agents. Mr. Hassim's was not the first place to be hit. A few break ins, some ending in death, some not, all pointed to an informant of Tom's being the target. Ms. Markent was a purveyor of magical items.

"Just 'Markent'. She doesn't like labels," Tom said. Everybody looked at him for a beat. "And it's not just her, let's say antiques dealer connections and clients who could be dangerous. She's also an investigator of sorts."

"She's a P.I.?" Donnie was surprised. Informants? P.I.s? It didn't seem like Tom's style. Although, when he really thought about it and heard a solid funk beat behind that thought, it totally *was* his style.

"Of sorts." Tom smiled.

Donnie looked at the other agents who pretended to be doing something else, smirks not at all hidden. He opened her file on his tablet. "Paranormal investigator? Come on."

Tom shrugged. "It happened by accident. She kept getting involved in situations that needed some looking into. Her clientele led to a certain... community of powerful people with secrets."

The rest of the file on Markent was just a handful of aliases and a few fuzzy photos. "This is ridiculous," Donnie scoffed. "How is it possible we don't have better images of her?" Tom smiled and his eyes slowly widened. Another agent made *Twilight Zone* sounds with her mouth.

Donnie rolled his eyes. "I'll get the car."

\*\*\*

Instead of enjoying the cold smell in the air and stuffing his face with candy, Donnie spent the entire day wandering around in Tom's weird world - or rather, the weird world that Tom insisted on showing him. It wasn't all bad. At least there was a pumpkin muffin in the glove compartment. Blue-coated agent packed a to-go bag. She was his new favorite.

"So, Markent? An informant? I didn't really see you as the informant type. It has a real platforms and polyester feel to it."

Tom snickered but never took his eyes off of the white two-story house across the street. The house sat just below street level and they watching trick-or-treaters for an hour until Markent came home. It had been silent and nothing reported from all units since, then the rain started. It steadily increased and Tom did not like how that clouded his ears. "The network is vast,



Donnie. It takes a lot of energy and beings to keep the universe clean." He sipped excellent coffee. That new agent was amazing.

Donnie decided to let the very specific word choices pass. Until another time.

Tom continued. "And I look excellent in a bell bottom three piece." Every day, Tom's mustache made a little more sense.

More time passed and the rain pounded on the neighborhood. Trick-or-treaters disappeared and jack-o-lanterns went dark. Just as Donnie took the last bite of his muffin a boom and bright flash blew the front windows out of Markent's house. It sounded like lightning and felt like thunder and Tom leapt out of the car.

"Radio cars two and three, now!" Tom shouted.

Donnie radioed, pulled his weapon, and followed Tom into the house. Tom, who had a huge lead on Donnie and was going to enter that house with no back up. "Tom, wait!" He slipped in the mud, splashing face first into a person sized puddle. "Dammit. Tom!"

When Donnie entered the front room, the assailant was at the opposite end and for a moment, it seemed like Markent was cowering in the corner. But then she stood and turned, opening a silver box in front of her. The rain outside blew into the room through the broken window but the wind in the house was coming from that box. A green glowing ball floated out of it, lighting the room and the street in a burst before it shot across the room right through the center of the intruder. The body crumbled to the floor.

The light blinked out and the box slammed shut. Markent was windblown, the room around her filled with broken glass and shards of wood. She stood with black hair all around her square face, tall and curvy and wearing red from head to toe. She turned toward Tom and Donnie.

"Son of a bitch almost had me for a second there." She took a few deep breaths and smiled big with bright red lips. "Hi Tommy."

"Tommy?" It came out of Donnie almost as a sob. He dropped his arms with a sigh.

Tom smiled and holstered his weapon cooler than anyone has ever holstered a weapon before. "How you doin', Mark?"

\*\*\*

They walked into the large wide corridor at home base. They were both in the rain, both wet, but Tom toweled off and removed his wet jacket and somehow looked like James Bond coming in from a slight drizzle. Donnie looked

like those pictures of polar bears right after they come out of the water. Most likely, the polar bears smelled better.

Jennifer came walking toward them. She looked to Tom. "Is the shop okay?"

"Yeah. For now. Nothing critical was disturbed. He'll move. Again. It will—"

"Be in your report," Jennifer said. "The most thorough in the unit." She softened a bit. "I'm glad to hear Markent is okay." She and Tom shared a look Donnie didn't understand.

Jennifer looked at Donnie, sopping wet, covered in mud. He was too much of a mess to mess with. She raised an eyebrow and gave half a smile. "Happy Halloween, Donald." She turned a little slower on her heels than usual but it was still enough for the red vinyl tail pinned to her skirt to give a tiny 'snap'.

Tom yawned. "I'm going to sleep here. Have a good one, kid." He pulled a cellophane wrapped pastry out of his pocket and handed it to Donnie. It had a little ghost sticker on it. "Get a shower. You look like the walking dead." He left to sleep in one of the late shift rooms at the end of some dark hall. Perfect for dreams of ladies in red.

Donnie stood, dripping in the hallway. Agents walked around him. He unwrapped the square treat and thought. Was he starting to like his job because it was weird or was it weird that he was starting to like his job? Halloween was always his favorite. This job was kind of like Halloween every day. He took a bite of the perfectly timed surprise pumpkin brownie and nothing else mattered. Except, maybe, his possible pumpkin problem.



**WHAT CASE WILL THE CLEANUP MAN WIPE OUT NEXT?**

**FIND OUT IN ISSUE #4!**



## It's A Scream!

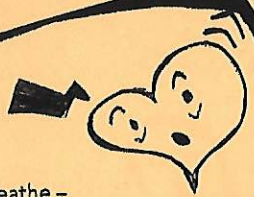
Three humans share their biggest scare.

Have you ever been pinned in the corner of a haunted house while a vampire whispered dirty nothings in your ear? Did you giggle, helplessly? Were you torn between wanting to flirt back and the feeling of needing to get away, to push past the body blocking your limping escape? It's a dangerous game, to try and guess when the fear is a tease; a titillating heightening of the emotions or the delicate chimes of alarm bells only starting to ring... or when it's too late to escape at all.

I ducked the vampire, laughing (throwing in the best wiggle I could as I hobbled away), only to be chased by more ghouls! I shrieked as they ran and slid past me, their kneepads throwing sparks into the fog. Apparently, the stupid sprained ankle that had kept me away from my usual tricks and treats was like 'ghostnip' to the spooks and spirits of Knott's Scary Farm. If you want to be a special attraction to the special attractions, I highly recommend being a girl limping solo through a haunted theme park.


I love Halloween!

by Kira Ross



Ever since I was a kid I have slept with a pillow over my head. One night, I was woken by a sudden sensation that I couldn't breathe – then a quick realization; someone was smashing the pillow against my face. Panic set in as I was being smothered. I tried to scream, but had no voice. I tried to fight back, but had no strength – I was completely powerless. The hands push down harder in the center of the pillow bringing tears to my eyes as I desperately tried to get any part of my body to fight back. I felt like I was about to give up but then the pressure released and, as fast as it began, it was over. My body found a way to work again and I sprung out from my prison and looked up at my assailant – a large black shadow looming over me. Fear ran down my spine - I forced my eyes closed, gasping for breath. A second later, I force my eyes to open; the shadow was gone but the fear still lingers.

by @ruruskadoo



"That baby isn't going to drop, you have one hour more to try and then we are going into surgery," and with that the doctor left. The baby hadn't moved position in a while, still jammed up in what felt like my ribs. Mostly paralyzed by the epidural from the waist down, my mind raced and my hands grasped - cut me open and take out all my innards? **THOSE ARE MY INNARDS AND THEY BELONG IN ME**, but man, get this baby outta here. An hour later, still no closer to delivery, they wheel me into the operating room. My husband isn't there with me yet and I am so alone. "Why is she crying," the anesthesiologist asks. "BECAUSE I AM AFRAID," I shout, muffled through the oxygen mask over my face, and so cold. I shake and beg them not to cut me open until my husband arrives. The doctors chat among themselves, a casual day at the office as I catch my reflection in the overhead operating room lights, naked and **HUGE** bellied, strapped down as though for crucifixion, dipping in and out of consciousness and afraid.

by Vanessa Axelsen  
@noodlingaround @booksandmybaby

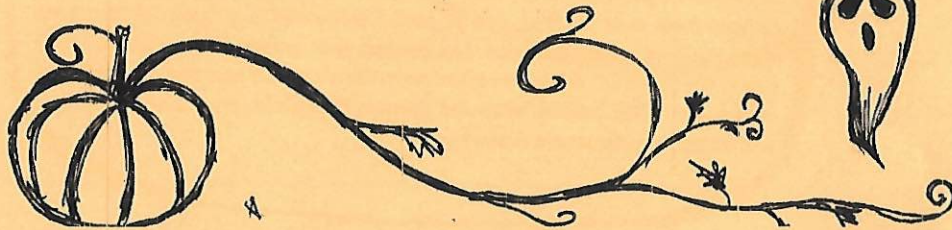




### Important Vibes

Ways to spread good vibes this Halloween season

1. Help a friend make a costume.
2. Help a friend make a costume for their cat.
3. Do not make fun of this friend (or anyone). Their cat is going to look amazing and you get to be a part of that.
4. Donate holiday decorations you no longer use.
5. Instead of TP'ing, maybe just hang a bunch of xmas ornaments in that person's front yard. Haha, trick you.
6. Take a handful of that gigantic bag 'o' candy you picked up for, like, way too much money, and hand them out to parking attendants and mail people. "Here's your receipt." And here's your little sweet surprise.
7. Eat the whole handful of candy you put in your car intending to hand out to other people. You're people. You deserve nice things, too.
8. Wear a mask to your Halloween festivities. It's the right thing to do. It also means you don't have to worry about your close-talking breath. Party bonus.
9. Adopt a black cat.
10. Throw candy wrappers in the garbage, never on the ground. There's a special hell for litterers.



# Evil Temptress

## ART AND DESIGNS BY NATALIE DICOSOLA

ITEMS AVAILABLE AT  
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F YES?!

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They would love to hang out.



## EARTH TRANSMISSIONS

It turns out If you eat two Kalamata olives for every one you slice into fours your olive pile is smol.

I'd punch a baby for some olives.

These meaty little fuckers are absolutely worth it. Was that weird because babies are also meaty little fuckers? Either way. Snacks.

It's a one for one meaty fucker ratio.

COME BACK EACH ISSUE FOR

THE PROVOCATIVE AND PERVERSE!

THE STRANGE AND UNUSUAL!

Comic Call

Your illustrations to these words could be featured in *the Rad Mag*! Visit [www.CandiPresents.com/the-Rad-Mag](http://www.CandiPresents.com/the-Rad-Mag) for details and watch the art spread.



## What now?

Another paper product has come into the world.  
Before this super sweet zine ends up in the trash, or recycling, or compost heap  
(not recommended: soil that will be used for growing foods)

*the Rad Mag* suggests:

Sharing it with a friend

Using the pages as fun crumpled packing material

Cutting the pages into strips and curling them for bouncy present toppers

Cutting out fun shapes and using them as scrapbook flair

Make party bags out of the pages, fill with stickers, hand out to random grown ups

Issue #3 printed on 30% recycled paper



**Visit [CandiPresents.com](http://CandiPresents.com) for  
Details on Issue #4!**

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