

31 OCTOBER 2025

VOL 1

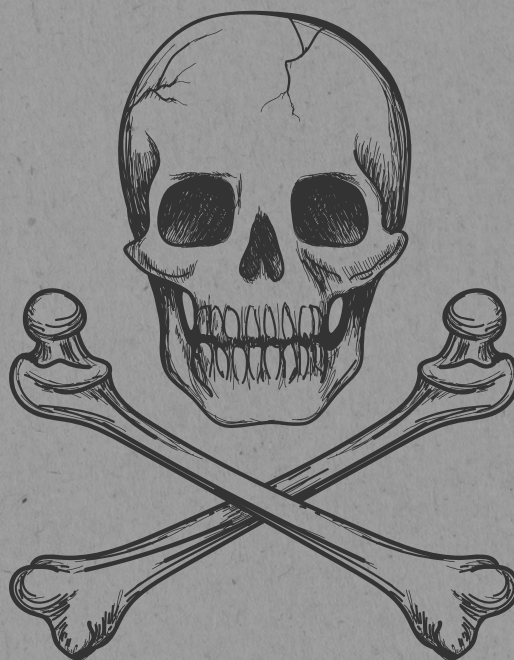
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# The Ghastly Gazette

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TOTALLY NOT CURSED EDITION

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## Multiple Bodies Found

By: Daisy Lynn Dutter

On an unknown day, in an unknown week, police stumbled across what appeared to be three dead bodies in the crawlspace of the Tyler house. The bodies were melted together like mixed candle wax, so no identifying marks were discernible. Flesh was melted into and seared at what appeared to be seams holding these figures together. When the coroner attempted to cut the bodies apart, a noxious gas filled the morgue and the coroner and her assistant were found unconscious, with their iris, pupil and sclera all turned jet black. These bodies remain unidentifiable, and police are baffled as to who, or possibly what could have caused this tragic turn of events. The police are asking for anyone with more information to call 666-6666..



Police outside the coroners building after hazmat collected the dead bodies

*\*\*Archivist note: Gaseous discharge identical to Incident 003-Quillville.*

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## CARJACKED 2000

By: Zulias McKmitty

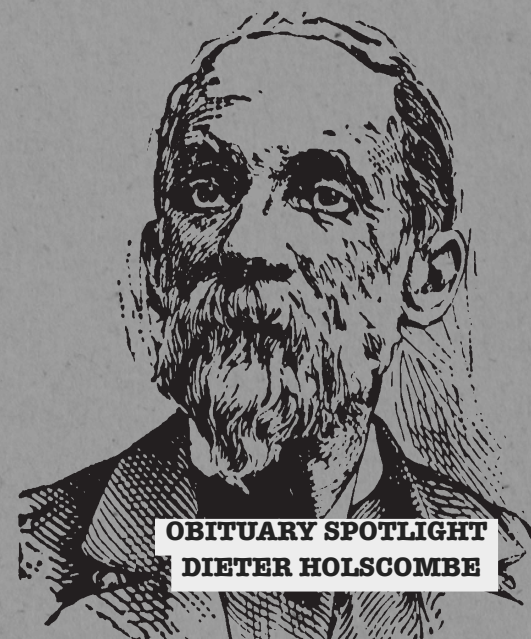
We are almost eleven months into the new millenium, and carjacking has risen two hundred percent.

Thankfully there haven't been any casualties except for stolen keys, shades, and tech that many owners believed to be safe in their vehicles, whether hidden under seats, in trunks, or locked in glove boxes. Not only are police looking at cases in the hundreds, but there is a lot of grand larceny to accompany the grand theft auto happening here.

Many cars disappear while families are enjoying a day at the lake or sight-seeing in this crazy town. The mayor had few words to offer these victims, and sources close to him stated he remarked that he hopes they all have full car insurance to cover the losses. The bitter irony of this situation is that no one has seen who these perpetrators are, nor does there seem to be even a scintilla of evidence to launch an investigation. If anyone dared to ask this reporter, i would say read the Hellacious Horror Zine for the REAL, however, no one asked me. We need to figure out what is happening in this town and put a stop to it.

31 OCTOBER 2000

VOL 1



**OBITUARY SPOTLIGHT**  
**DIETER HOLSCOMBE**

## Fresno's Oldest Resident Dieter O. Holscombe Dies, Finally

Dieter Holscombe

Born: January 12, 1890

Died: October 24, 2000

Dieter O. Holscombe passed on from this mortal coil at the age of 110. Some say he lived a full life, yet others say he was always at odds with everyone around him. He was a surly, no good asshole who kicked kittens, starved dogs, and spit on people from his third floor balcony whenever possible. He was found stabbed over one hundred fifty times and police think it was a premeditated mob stabbing with everyone just joining in like it was a cast party for STAB 3 in the Scream (cont'd on page 2 under obituaries)



# Obituaries

## EVELYN MERCY BLACK

Born: Unknown.

Died: Allegedly. Labeled as Missing on October 23, 2000

Evelyn Mercy Black, age... approximate, passed away for the fifth and final time on an otherwise uneventful Tuesday in Fresno County. She is survived by one shriveled rose bush, three unpaid parking tickets, and a trail of whispering shadows believed to be ex-lovers or unfinished thoughts. Though records show no official birth certificate, Evelyn insisted she was "born in a thunderclap and baptized in bone," which, to be fair, tracks. Evelyn was known locally for her eccentric habits:

- Feeding stray cats that weren't entirely cats
- Screaming from her rooftop at 3:00 a.m. ("just for the acoustics")
- Hosting séances with RSVP-only ghosts
- Dying mysteriously in 1877, 1901, 1946, and 1980

Her fifth death occurred in 2000 inside Room 212 of the Santa Fe Hotel, a room which does not technically exist.

Cause of death: Unknown, though scorch marks, melted mirrors, and the scent of lilacs lingered for days. Services will not be held. Instead, guests are encouraged to speak her name backwards in a dark bathroom at midnight, leave an offering of raisins and salt by their front door, and await instructions.

*(Archivist note: "Mercy Black sightings continue around Santa Fe Hotel Room 212. See File 212-B. Room not officially on any blueprints.")*

Dieter O. Holscombe cont'd

Universe. The old man was so evil no photographs exist of him, they just disintegrate in light. The old man was a freaking menace, and I for one am Glad-Glad I tell you that we-I mean they gutted him like a rotten old trout, I mean he was just one rude, sanctimonious, cranky, bigoted son of a-

*Archivist margin note: "Police records missing from case. Some neighbors insist they still hear Dieter spitting from the balcony.")*

## JUDITH "JUDY" LARKIN

Born: July 9, 1968

Died: October 19, 2000 (time uncertain)  
Judith, a local librarian at the long-condemned Roosevelt High Annex, is survived by three stray cats (all named "Mr. Pickles"), a locked filing cabinet of "restricted" student records, and a final checkout slip dated three weeks after her death.

Her body was discovered in the Rare Books section, seated upright, eyes glued open with some adhesive resembling candle wax. Witnesses claim her lips kept moving even after the coroner zipped the bag.

Services: None scheduled. Her library card remains active.

*(Archivist note: "She catalogued the Lost Lake drownings. Cross-reference File LL-09.")*



## HECTOR M. RIVAS

Born: March 3, 1975

Died: Unknown (Declared dead October 25, 2000)

Hector disappeared after car trouble near the Pinedale Industrial Park. The only trace found was his ignition key, still warm to the touch, and a tape deck playing an endless loop of someone whispering "Get out."

Police listed him as "missing, presumed dead." Family insists he comes home every night, but refuses to eat, sleep, or speak. The family doctor keeps coming by trying to coax him to go to the funeral home to be prepared for burial, but he adamantly refuses saying he must get to work to provide for his family. He seems unaware that he passes through doors sometimes and whenever he tries to use the bathroom he sinks through the toilet or down into the basement from the bathtub.

*(Archivist note: "Possible infection case? — compare with Konnows' 1889 records.")*

## CLASSIFIEDS & CURSED ADS

For Sale: One slightly used Ouija board. Writes on its own. Buyer must sign waiver. \$13 OBO.

For Sale: Mirror, cracked. Shows your reflection only when you're alone. Buyer must pick up at night. Asking \$6.66.

Help Wanted: Night watch needed at Roosevelt Annex. Must provide your own flashlight, holy water, and transportation for sudden evacuation. \$6/hr. No benefits.

For Rent: Attic room available. Window overlooks graveyard, walls occasionally whisper. Must be comfortable with cold spots. \$150/month. No pets (the last one never left).

Lost & Found: Lost — one eye (glass, but sometimes it blinks). If found, return to Santa Fe front desk. Reward: one free night's stay in Room 212 (non-refundable).

Lost: A voice. Last heard calling my name in the Pinedale Industrial Park. If found, please return before the next new moon. Reward: silence.

Personal Ad: "To the woman who screamed at me from the cemetery gates last Friday: You had no face, but your voice was unforgettable. Let's meet again. Same time, same grave."

## Local Whispers

- "The Santa Fe Hotel desk clerk swears a second elevator opens if you press B-2 at 2:12 a.m. He also swears he never checked anyone into Room 212, but the keys keep disappearing." (Archivist note: B-2 does not exist on blueprints. Keys tagged to 'Unknown Guest'.)
- "At Lost Lake, a fisherman pulled up a boot with a foot still inside. Police logged it, but the evidence locker flooded that same night." (Archivist note: Locker Flood Incident #44. Cause: undetermined.)
- "Three separate people reported a payphone ringing on Olive Ave last week. That street hasn't had a phone booth since '94." (Archivist note: Caller ID logged as: 000-000-0000.)
- "An old woman in Clovis walks the streets holding a lantern. Locals swear her light burns blue, and anyone who follows her disappears before dawn." (Archivist note: Lantern oil residue filed under 'Otherworldly Substances'.)
- "On Belmont Ave, someone painted 'GET OUT' across a church wall. By morning it read 'STAY IN.' The priest claims no paint was ever applied." (Archivist note: Paint sample glows faintly under UV. Composition: unknown.)
- "A boy in Tower District says he talks to a woman in the storm drain. She tells him jokes, but none of them make sense until after midnight." (Archivist note: Cross-ref with 'Selma Drain Anomaly'.)

*(Archivist note: "Cross-match whispers with 'Leak Zone' files — patterns emerging.")*

*Deeper Archivist Note: Many of these anomalies can be traced back to other incidents that occurred 20 years earlier in different locations in California.*

## FRASE DEL DÍA

### Letters to the Editor (From the Dead)

To the Editor,

Please stop printing my obituary. I am not gone, merely misplaced. Every time you run my name, I wake up in another stranger's bed, staring at their ceiling, listening to their heart beating too loud. It's inconvenient, and frankly rude.

— Unsigned, written in lilac ink that never dries

Dear Gazette,

The screams from the storm drain are not mine. I've lived on Olive Avenue my whole life, and I would know my own voice. Whoever is mimicking me, they're doing a fine job — my mother hasn't slept in weeks. Kindly publish a correction before she starts leaving casseroles by the curb again.

— R.H., Fresno

To Whom It May Concern,

Room 212 of the Santa Fe Hotel is not haunted. It is hungry. Stop listing it in your "Dearly Departed" column as though it were a tenant. I assure you, it is the landlord. Every time you advertise a vacancy, another body disappears, and the rent keeps getting steeper.

— Letter delivered without envelope, edges singed