

Bat! Sh*t! Mental! →



Brain FRUIT

A monthly fanzine that will come out twice a year.



#2

"THEY ARE NOT JUST IN YOUR HEAD, THEY'RE UNDER THE BED!"

THE

MONSTERS

ISSUE

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Remove the dust sheet from this page to reveal a naked ghoul who will tell you what's in the current issue.

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Do the monster crossword, win nothing

COFFIN FIT

Welcome to the second issue of Brain Fruit. This issue we shall be exploring the world of monsters, from the childhood cupboard bogey men to the classic ghouls who have made us shit our pants over the years in many a popcorn dropper. But let's be serious for a moment, monsters are everywhere & we should never underestimate them. The following pages could save your proverbial bacon if you're ever confronted by a priapic werewolf who likes to fuck his food before he eats it or a swamp monster who just wants to 'talk.' We'll show you how to not only escape your would be assailant but how to dispatch them as well!

Some of you will be reading this with your fangs already elongating, haunches sprouting hair, muscles & sinews tightening as your beastly heart pumps blood to your monstrous brain. But a new feeling washes over you now as you realise your number is up! Brain Fruit has found you out!!! Monsters are everywhere!

So the things that go bump in the night, we've all heard them but rarely seen them. We have eyewitness accounts from people who have seen everything! That drunk guy in your local Weatherspoons pub who always tries to sell you dodgy Boots Vouchers? He's a fucking troll! Eats pensioners with a bag of chips & a dollop of brown sauce on their blood soaked blue rinse. FACT.

So read on my intrepid brain fruiters & open your eyes & mind because here be monsters...



Probably one of the most feared of all monsters is the werewolf. Is it the fact that death by werewolf is so gruesome & animalistic or is it because the next day you will be nothing more than a digested human turd, a floater in the u-bend of horror history.

Nobody wants to end up on someone's bog brush & this could easily be avoided. One of our country's most famous werewolf hunters is Sir Terry Of Wogan. He strikes fear into the lupine heart & he has dispatched many a werewolf on his home patch at Wentworth Golf Course.

So what's Sir Tels secret? It's his syrup fig! Werewolves cannot stand hair pieces, as soon as they see one they freeze like a rabbit in the headlights. The werewolf brain cannot fathom the idea of someone else's hair resting on another man's pate. The notion of cross skull piece hair interaction simply short circuits the lupine grey matter & that's when The Wogan strikes, firing silver golf balls at the poor fuckers till there isn't much left. He's a vicious bastard, but he gets the job done. Sometimes the monsters are hunted by people barely better than the monsters themselves...

Werewolves have long haunted our psyche, the change from human to beast, the trigger of the full moon, the lack of personal hygiene or dental floss. All these factors add up to make werewolves the Kendo Nagasaki's of

the monster world. No one wants to be eaten alive, especially by 500 pounds of fur, teeth & unwiped arse.

Even other monsters give them a wide berth, Dracula himself said they were, *"Nothing but a bunch of fucking hairy twats, ruining it for the rest of us."*

Vlad had a point, the wolfman is an indiscriminate killer, if the silly fucker saw his own reflection he'd probably try & eat the shagging mirror. This could be your only advantage in an encounter

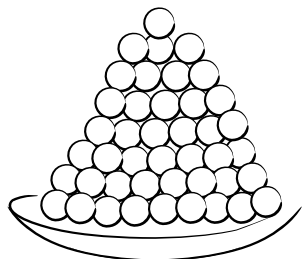
But if you find yourself bereft of shiny treat wrappers then you are more than likely completely fucking fucked. To the werewolf your a massive fucking pork chop & he is going to smash you like Richard Keys at a cheerleaders convention.*

**It has never been proven but many suspects Keys to be a werewolf, I mean it's pretty fucking obvious really, look at the fucking state of him. He'd get kicked out of a Mexican freakshow for being too fucking hairy. Contrary to popular belief the Mexicans dont like it too hairy. Smooth it out baby & give it a trim.*

THE TIMES
THEY ARE A
CHANGELING

with this unholy beast, past survivors of attacks have told how they hoodwinked the rabid wolf by shining a Ferrero Rocher wrapper in the werewolf's eyes & then shouting, *"Fucking hell there's the ambassador, go & thank him for spoiling us, you ungracious treat."*

The werewolf, being a stickler for etiquette, will slope off looking for the phantom luxury chocolate provider while you make a fucking sharp exit. Silly hairy fuckwit.



A massive bowl of Ferrero Rochero. It's werewolf crack, straight from pipe to brain for those crazy hairy fuckers.



One notable werewolf was Pete Cobbler, a high school wanker from some shitty town in the mid west, he rose to notoriety in the 1950's when he was bitten by werewolf while off his tits on Peyote at a Harrison Ford desert party. These legendary shin digs were organised by Ford & that bloke who played Mola Ram in Temple Of Doom. Things got out of hand & no one realised it was a full moon before it was too late & everything went a bit 'teenage wizard'. Pete got a gash right across his coin purse off Dame Shirley Bassey as she transformed into a Welsh Rare-bit wolf. Pete was eventually shot to fucking death after a terrifying killing spree that lasted fucking ages.



THERE ARE SOME MONSTERS THIS ISSUE OF BRAIN FRUIT CAN'T HELP YOU WITH. WE'RE TALKING THE DESTROYERS OF CITIES HERE. THE BOWEL LOOSENING MONSTERS WHO WON'T EVEN NOTICE THEY'VE JUST ENDED YOUR POINTLESS FUCKING EXISTENCE WHEN THEY TREAD ON YOUR MELON HEAD. YOU'LL JUST BE MONSTER TOE JAM...

THE BIG GUILNS

THE BIG MAN

Everyone always feels sorry for King Kong, "Aw, poor Kong they took him away from the jungle & made him dance on Broadway." Most struggling actresses would kill for a chance like that! He was basically a sex starved maniac who had a psychotic fixation with blondes. That fucker needed taking out.

Let's face it, Godzilla was the Oliver Reed of monsters. That crazy bastard just needed waking up & pointing in the right direction & he was smashing the fucking shit out of what ever he stumbled across. Legend.

A BIT FISHY

Sea monsters are underrated in my opinion, although shipping isn't what it used to be so you can't blame the sea monsters to be fair, they have less to destroy these days & spend most of their time sat in underwater caves choking one off while watching Blue Planet.

SMASH IT UP! SMASH IT UP!

Very few of these gigantic beasts are misunderstood, they are basically the leviathan equivalent of an 80's football hooligan, grotesque & violent creatures woken from some prehistoric slumber to reek bloody havoc on an unsuspecting arctic scientific research centre, & when it's finished munching on the pot noodle tasting bearded geeks it sets off for the city. The city is the true goal of any discerning super monster, you can't go fucking wrong, even if you're the clumsiest twat in the world you're bound to kill 1000's just by falling over because you've got the hand/eye co-ordination of an underpaid actor in a massive rubber costume...

TROLLLLLLL!

We were going to have a separate section for trolls, but the troll community can get a bit shirty about people taking the piss. The last thing you want is a drunk troll smashing your fucking door in at 3am. Although you've got more chance of dispatching a troll than a 50 ton Japanese lizard, so count your fucking blessings.

Best thing to do with a troll is get a badger in a slingshot & fire it up it's nose. Beowulf himself used to swear by the badger/nostril combo. Once in the snot cavity of a troll the badger will turn his brain to scrambled eggs in two minutes & you'll be a fucking hero. Although the badger will need retrieving as other wise it will eat it's way out of the troll's anus & therefore fucking stink. Just coax him out with a bag of Wotsits & then tell him to fuck off.

VAMPIRE PROM NIGHT.

ITS GONNA SUCK!

And so my friends we move onto the sexy side of monsters. Vampires! MU HA HA HA! e.t.c. Cast out of your mind the snaggle toothed bald wanker that was Nosferatu, skulking about busty maidens chambers with a semi & not sure what he's actually doing. That jellybean headed fuckwit is not flying the flag for the undead bloodsuckers.

No, we're talking your Christopher Lee's, your Bela Lugosi's. Randy middle aged vampires who you'd find in wine bars ogling secretaries & groping interns. These fuckers were around 100s of years before the term 'politically correct' was invented & now they know what it means they couldn't give a flying bat fuck.

So how do you deal with these human Ribena swilling maniacs? The problem is if they aren't chowing down on your neck piece while your asleep, they will more than likely be charming your pants off as a prelude to doing the aforementioned act. Of course like humans, not all vampires are smooth operators & maybe you'll be lucky enough to be preyed on by one of these poor unsophisticated bastards. It's easy to avoid these feckless ramjets, they are always skulking about blood banks & stealing bottles of ketchup to smear on their chins to impress their crap mates.

The best way to defeat an 'A' game vampire is to grow some fucking balls & find out where he lives. Most of the big shots run nightclubs & live in huge gated estates. They will always have massive killer hounds stalking the grounds, the dogs of hell, who will kill you quicker than Dracula ever would. These beasts are proper carcass shaggers, best thing to do is chuck a bag of cats on whizz at them. They will go crackers & leave you free to bust into the house & stick a massive Frozen sirloin straight into the night demon's heart. (Carrying a wooden stake can arouse to much suspicion so a frozen Steak will do just as well for dispatching Dracula).



Now here's a real Vampire.
King Fang himself Bela Lugosi.

If you end up out on a cold dark night & come face to face with a syringe toothed Vampire you've got to fight the feeling of a cold steel hand gripping your heart, the urge to fall to your knees & scream for your mother, because she won't come & if she does by chance turn up she'll have forgotten the steak. Avoid direct eye contact with your would be assailant, but do check out their attire. Comment on the vamp's apparel. *"Oh, that's a lovely velvete waistcoat, sooooo in season! You are bang on trend according to this month's Vogue."*

Blood suckers are vain creatures, they will lap up compliments just as heartily as the blood from your beautiful swan like neck. Keep the comments going till Dawn then watch the fucker melt before your eyes & then explode into a cloud of dust, to be swept up by the dust pan & brush of righteousness & thrown into the pedal bin of eternal damnation & fire.

Fucking job done.



Nos-fer-fucking-atu. I wouldn't even bother getting out of bed to chin this bastard.

THE MONSTER MASH

Monsters have been celebrated in song since the beginning of banjos. Even today's contemporary artists can't resist a nod. Look at Th'Artic Monkeys, their new album is called Suck it & See. We all suspected those miserable Yorkshire terriers were vampires & now we have musical proof! The arrogance of some vampires is astounding...

Blood on The Tracks by Bob Dylan was all about a particularly vicious swamp monster attack he witnessed when he was a boy back home in rural Dorset. Bob only escaped

with his life because he was able to throw his voice & imitate the mating call of a female swamp beast. His would be assailant trundled off down the train line with a semi, looking for his fictitious swamp sex mate. Poor fucker.

The King of Rock & Roll himself recorded the song Hounddog about one of Frankie Fang's dogs of hell.

Frankie was a well known Memphis vampire & bon viveur. Elvis himself dispatched Frankie after his *Live in Hawaii* gig.

Frankie had snuck into the gig in a guitar shaped coffin & munched on a couple of backing singers. Elvis went fucking mental & shot Frankie eight times, before decapitating him with a platinum record & driving a diamond encrusted wooden stake through his heart. The king crooner reportedly shouted, "HOW'D YOU LIKE THOSE BEANS FRANKIE!" as he dealt the killer blow. Good work from the burger munching maestro.

Elvis announces to a shocked Hawaii Audience that he's just killed the fuck out of Frankie Fangs.



Crossword

It's back! The word search. We were inundated with fucking loads of letters from people who said the wordsearch changed their miserable fucking lives & made them glad to be literate.*

K D E I O L L U A N R C C N F
 D R A T S A B Y R I A H O R A
 S K U L L P I E C E I W F E N
 T P E L R E I R R E T F F L G
 E M U E R N U L U G O S I B S
 A A L L I Z D O G R S R N B I
 K W L R E F A P K U B L O O D
 L S R L S E S A A T S G E C M

LUGOSI	COFFIN
MONSTER	BLOOD
HAIRYBASTARD	STEAK
SWAMP	FANGS
TERRIER	GODZILLA
COBBLER	SKULLPIECE

**Stop writing to us here at Brainfruit. We couldn't give a twat what you think of the wordsearch & yes we do realise it's called the crossword, but we can't be arsed doing a crossword as it takes more time than we have to waste on it.*



This issue of Brain Fruit was brought to you in association with mad scientists' assistants. The unsung heroes of horror, those poor bastards never get the terrifying credit they deserve.

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