



THE FANLESS WRITER

By Lovey Howard-Philips



He was a writer of horror, in that everything that he wrote was horrible. His name was Mickeymouse Patchyowned ("Mickeymouse Ablert Patchyowned" when he was being impressive in using his full name, including his middle name which was Ablert).

Upon the internets which is where he was doing his writing and his meaningless rants against people who had more than a passing acquaintance with the principles of English grammar he was known as The Fanless Writer.

This nickname of The Fanless Writer was given to him by some who were aware that all of his writings were terrible beyond describing, frightening as one of the Elder Gods if you came across it in your bedroom slipper. They called Mickey The Fanless Writer because his writings were so empty of meaning and sense that he would never have a fan to call his own. Either the sort of fan that was the human fan, as in the meaning of "follower" or even the fan that you plug into the wall to feel a cool breeze on a summer day.

He was one for whom even the outdated appliance of an electric fan was beyond his means. And yet this man clung to the illusion that he was a publisher, believing in his madness that sales were coming and he would be getting those sales from those readers. But nothing he tried was of avail because he had not grasped the simple fact that writing needed to be about something, and that stories had to have a beginning and a middle and an end, and that something interesting did need to be occurring in those stories if any human being was to enjoy reading them.

One night Mickey or Ablert as he was sometimes called was writing a story about how some people had hit him or stabbed him or given him dirty looks when he did walk through town. His tiny eyes were glittering with excitement of the kind that did seem very sexual, especially when he talked about sex between men that was gay sex. As his mouth watered uncontrollably in his fit of mania, some drool did drip out onto the keyboard, which did cause an electrical short-circuit in the electrical wiring.

Suddenly The Fanless Writer was in a white tunnel, moving quickly without walking or being on any kind of device such as a bicycle or wheelchair. He was moving without any effort and there was a rushing sound like the rushing of winds that were strong at his back.

“What is happening to me?” asked The Fanless Writer. He did begin to have the suspicion that perhaps this was an after-death experience or a near-death experience or some other kind of experience involving death. But now the end of the tunnel was near and there was a bright light that he was approaching.

A tall, lean figure stepped out from the light, and The Fanless Writer shielded his eyes.

“Mickey?” asked the figure, in a dry New England accent.

The Fanless Writer gaped in shock.

“Apparently you were expecting your best friend Jesus,” said the writer, for now it was clear to Patchyowned that this was, second-best to the deity he worshipped, the writer whose work he worshipped above all. H.P. Lovecraft.

“Mr. Lovecraft?” Mickey Patchyowned croaked through a throat made dry by terror. “Why are you here to greet me? Have you read my writings?”

The spectral figure rolled his eyes. “Sadly, yes.

“AND SON, I AM DISAPPOINT.”

