

Like a mysterious rash on the skin of the Earth comes yet another terrifying set of tales and ol' *Atomic Carnival Books* is the ointment-scented cure.

So, I've scratched the itch for you and picked out three tales of interest!

Starting with *The Soulless Eyes of A Fish* by Jonathan Fortin, the story bleeds out with the introduction of "reverse mermaids," then drips with the ooze of a Victor Frankenstein-esque declaration of fish-based eugenics. While the reverse merfish crash through the hallway carried by the blood of Tim the Unpaid Intern, our Waterworld-ian John Hammond here lets them overwhelm him in a Farnsworth level of insanity.

And it is excellent.

The second scab-story is *Jenny* by the Serling-esque Zachary Rosenberg who this time dips into a tale about one Derek Feldman, his partner Sarah Gold, the red shirt Ben and a woman named Samantha - sneaking away from what is revealed to be the titular Jenny - one portia spider he had foolishly enlarged and grown affectionate for.

The ending is chilling and terrific. Perfect, even. I daren't spoil it.

The third scab I have chosen to pick is *Happy Birthday Princess* by M.W. Irving, about a scientist who creates a beautiful affront to God with fur, obscenely enhanced with a cocktail of meth and drugs all for the sake of a television show.

The last line throws you for a curveball and the ending where the assistant to Sheila, (the heartless monster provider for Hunter be Hunted) begins to crave her brains in a torrent of REXY-esque rage ala Jurassic Park is terrific.

Please, I implore you, pick up *Greater than His Nature* today and soothe that flaming, burning itch for terror...you won't regret it!

