



# The Wacky Fun Magazine

## Action Scene

Vote to decide the ending to a short scene about a lady and a mysterious item

## Animal Spotlight

Read about a rodent that builds ecosystems that support multiple species

## Writer Q&A

You asked our writers some questions, and now you can read their answers!

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## FUNHAWG PODCAST

"Two friends who like to laugh, tell stories and thoughtfully consider how to navigate this incredible planet we were born on."



**funhawg.com**

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# !! **Action Scene** !!!!!

Joshua Brown

Based on the votes from you, the reader, the last Action Scene depicted an assassin preparing for his mission. I hope you enjoyed it. For those who chose a different explanation, it could be another person doing the same preparing in the morning except not an assassin doing it.

**Read the scene below and then vote to decide the ending!**

**VOTE**



**On strawpoll.com**

The lady walked down the sidewalk. It was a moderate day, a few clouds hung in the sky, the sun was slowly warming the pavement, and she was heading toward her usual spot. A few cars rumbled by, early commuters. A man with a dog passed her. The lady stepped up the stairs. It was a large building, a few fans hummed from some of the rooms, the other people inside called greetings, and she responded. Someone who didn't usually visit appeared from a back room. She smiled and said hello. The lady took a seat at the table. It was a crowded table, papers and folders were scattered on top of it, a few drinks sat off to the side, the chairs were pushed back, unoccupied, and she opened her bag. She reached into it and found something that wasn't supposed to be there. Suddenly, she felt cold. They would know that she had it. A phone rang and someone called loudly for her. She turned and the man said, "Someone's on the line who wants to talk to you."

**Ending Options:**

- 1. A mother goes to work and realizes she took something from her house that her kid will need.**
- 2. A woman is working and then notices the stolen item in her bag.**
- 3. A lady goes to her hangout and finds an unexpected and unwanted item in her bag.**



# The Fantastic Forest

Joshua Brown

When I awoke, Jennifer was sitting calmly next to the stone pillar. After I gathered my wits, I stood and then hissed, "Why would you do that?" She winced as if I'd hit her.

"Shhh," she whispered, softer than I'd spoken. "That hurts my ears."

"What did you do?" I asked quietly, remembering she had touched a rune.

"We weren't getting anywhere. I pressed the Senses rune." She explained, looking around the woods passively and moving her head side to side. "I'm trying to find Howard. Be quiet, sit down."

I obeyed, sitting beside her on the ground, looking around. It looked just like the forest we'd been in, which it was, and also nothing like the forest that Jennifer, Howard, and I explore. We were still transported somewhere else. I didn't look at Jennifer's disconcerting purple eyes, instead choosing to gaze at a nearby tree.

"I hear something," she whispered. I looked to my left. Nothing in sight.

Jennifer pointed a little to the right. "Right there. It's him."

I squinted and saw nothing. "Where?" I hissed. "I don't see any—"

She quickly put a hand over my mouth. "He's not right. He smells. . . Wild."

Then I got a glimpse of what she'd seen. Between the trees, above the ground foliage, something moved. It looked humanoid. Howard? I wondered.

Jennifer, who looked plain spooky in the shadowy forest floor light, stood slowly and whispered rapidly, "Go to the left and make some noise and then run back here to the totem pole."

"What?" I asked dumbly, hesitant.

"Go," she ordered, pushing me forward. I stumbled, caught myself, and then kept sprinting. I got about a hundred feet away from her and then stopped. I couldn't see the humanoid figure. Jennifer motioned at me to make a sound. Gulping my fear down, I said weakly, "Hello." No answer. More hand signals from Jen.

"Hello!" I shouted.

Suddenly, a crashing of leaves. I turned swiftly to my left and saw the monster barreling toward me.

"Run!" I heard Jennifer scream. "Run, Sammy, run!"

I took off, my feet slapping soft earth and disturbing little beetles as I kicked up the dirt, and heard the beast behind me. My heart was in my throat. It was pounding so hard, I figured the creature could track me by listening to it thud-thud-thud against my ribs. The strange woods blurred around me as I ran toward the stone totem pole. Bugs buzzed all around, an ominous soundtrack to the chase. The creature panted behind me! It was catching up!

Finally, I burst from the underbrush and dodged to the right just in time to avoid hitting the pillar. My ankle smacked a root, and I fell, face first, onto the ground. Jennifer shouted, "You did it! We got him!"



**My foot ached. I stood carefully, putting weight on my foot gingerly, and then hobbling over to Jennifer. She stood beside the stone, and a creamy white color emanated from one of the runes. Howard lay on the ground, not moving but breathing; his chest moved up and down rhythmically under his shirt.**

**"What was that creature?" I asked quietly. Jennifer moved over, slapped the Senses stone again, and, after a flash of light, said in a normal voice, "Him."**

**"Howard?"**

**"He must've hit the Animal stone. He was some kind of awful monster. I had you lure him into the Human rune." Jennifer explained. "Let's get outta here."**

**"Yeah," I agreed.**

**I pushed on Howard's shoulder and brought him back around. He was dazed and barely conscious, but I grabbed his hand, and he didn't resist. Holding his hand under mine, Jennifer putting her's on top of mine, we touched the travel stone. Everything blinked around us, and a bright glow covered my eyes, so that I had to close them.**

**After what felt like an hour, I opened them again. Howard was awake and leaning against a boulder. I looked up and saw the top of the hill we'd crossed. We were back! It was our normal woods!**

**Relieved, I rolled over and noticed that the stone pillar was gone. We had made it out!**

**"Oh, thank goodness!" I shouted. Howard said slowly,**

**"I'm not sure what happened, but I don't want to talk about that ever again."**

**"Agreed!"**

**"Is Jennifer okay?" he asked, pointing. She was lying, facing away, a few feet away. I stood, stretched, and then walked over to her. I tapped her on the shoulder. She sat up a second later and yawned.**

**"Let's go home, Jennifer," I said wearily.**

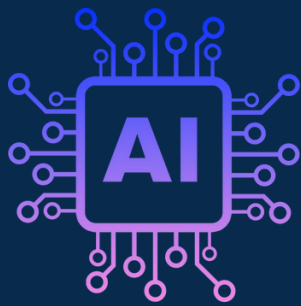
**She nodded and then opened her eyes. They were neon purple!**

**"Oh, boy," Howard exclaimed loudly, hands on his hips.**

**...To Be Continued**







OR



Jonah Brown

1

A: Fish are aquatic animals that live in water and breathe through gills.

B: The fish swam through the vibrant coral reef, stirring up sand with its tail.

2

A: The rooster crowed loudly at the break of dawn, signaling the start of a new day.

B: The rooster stalked the grounds of the farm, searching carefully for food.

3

A: Reading is a great way to learn new things.

B: Reading allows you to travel to different worlds and experience wild adventures without leaving your seat.

ANSWERS ON LAST PAGE OF MAGAZINE



# ANIMAL SPOTLIGHT

By Joshua Brown

## BEAVER

Guess what? I have a new animal for you to admire. Can you guess what it is? I bet you can't. Today, we'll be learning about the amazing. . . Beaver. There are only two types of beavers, the North American beaver and the Eurasian beaver. They differ from each other in tail size, skull shape, and fur color. The North American beaver usually has brown fur, light or dark, a flat, scaly tail, and a square rodent head with little nub ears. The Eurasian beaver is greyer. Both beaver species have the characteristic large front teeth, which grow continuously and are used to gnaw trees until they fall down. These teeth are very powerful, and a beaver can bring down a fairly large tree quite easily. Beavers construct lodges underwater in lakes to live in. These are made of sticks and mud, and have an air pocket inside that the beavers live in. To make this possible, beavers build a lodge and then dam up a nearby river to flood the land and submerge the lodge. This is why there is always a dam where the beaver lodge is. Beavers eat the soft inner layer of tree bark, underwater vegetation, and other plants. They mate for life and once the two beavers have moved into the lodge, they will raise any babies inside it. Beavers have to defend the babies from predators like otters that will sneak into a lodge and kill the pups. Beavers live an average of 13 years but can live much longer in ideal conditions: less predators, many resources, and good weather patterns. These cute, creative animals are amazing in that they can reshape their environment to suit their needs and also help other species. Fish can live in the ponds the beavers create, water birds can live nearby, moles live in the banks. Beaver dams benefit the whole area. I hope you've learned a thing or two about beavers and just appreciate the wonderful creatures they are.



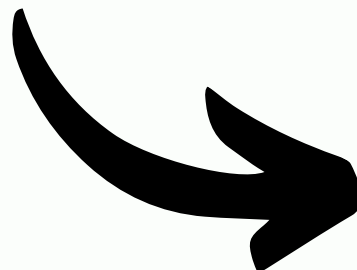


# WRITER Q & A

You asked, we answered.

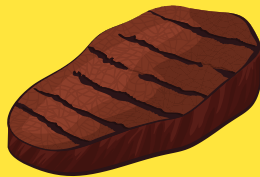
On the next four pages, you will find Q&A interviews with some of our writers. If you want to send any comments (got any similarities with them?) or feedback (like what you see, or would you want it different next time?) please email [mail@wackyfunmagazine.com](mailto:mail@wackyfunmagazine.com)!

**READY TO GET  
STARTED?**



# JOSHUA BROWN

## FAVORITES



**Color, Food, and Animal**

**Q: How long have you been writing?**

A: Since early 2021

**What is your favorite music band?**

A: Alice in Chains

**Can I read more of your work anywhere; are you published somewhere?**

A: My book, The Challenger, is on Amazon.com. Check it out, please! **[Buy The Challenger Here](#)**

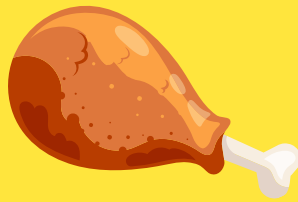
**If you could be a chicken or a sloth, what would you be and why?**

A: I'd be a rooster. I'd rather be very skittish and move around than hang in a tree all day.



# JONAH BROWN

## FAVORITES



**Color, Food, and Animal**

**Q: How long have you been writing?**

A: About two years

**What is your favorite music band?**

A: At this moment, probably Tool

**Can I read more of your work anywhere; are you published somewhere?**

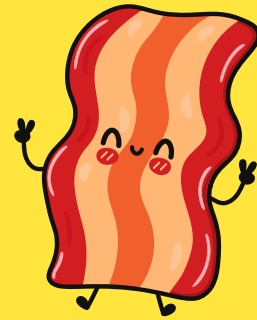
A: Unfortunately, no

**If you could be a chicken or a sloth, what would you be and why?**

A: I guess I would be a sloth so I wouldn't get eaten.

# THE BEARDED BARD

## FAVORITES



**Color, Food, and Animal**

**Q: How long have you been writing?**

A: 20 years

**What is your favorite music band?**

A: Kings Kaleidoscope

**Can I read more of your work anywhere; are you published somewhere?**

A: <https://playwrightsolutions.com/> – it may be boring to you unless you are into Test Automation

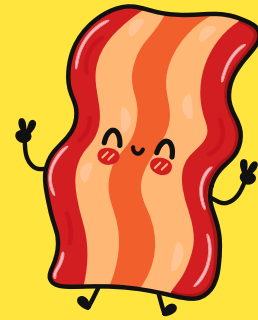
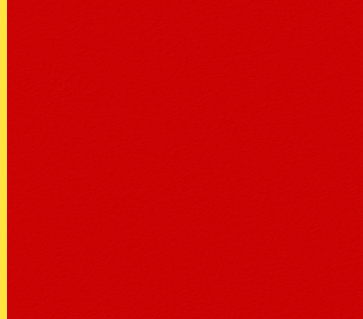
**If you could be a chicken or a sloth, what would you be and why?**

A: A chicken, because angry chicken's are great lore



# THE COMICAL SCIENTIST (JOHN V)

## FAVORITES



**Color, Food, and Animal**

**Q: How long have you been writing?**

A: About 6 years

**Q: What is your favorite music band?**

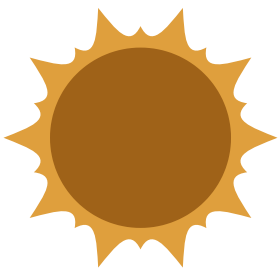
A: Crowder or Skillet (Can't decide 😊)

**Q: Can I read more of your work anywhere; are you published somewhere?**

A: Not unless you are one of my teachers! 🤔

**Q: If you could be a chicken or a sloth, what would you be and why?**

A: A chicken so I could make people laugh.



# THE CHANGING WORLD

## Book One: Desert Rats Joshua Brown



I was asleep. The desert sun gently cooked the exposed flesh of my elbows and ankles. A breeze blew across the land, scattering sand and causing the grove of mimosas to bend and creak. My best friend, Jeffery, slept next to me, clad in the same outfit as I: old pants with patches, worn shoes with no socks, a shirt stained by years of unpleasant adventures, a pair of gloves, and a slip-on fabric mask to keep sand out of our eyes.

After I shifted in my shallow crevice of sand and dirt under a mimosa, I felt the binoculars bang my foot. The sudden sensation brought me to consciousness. Stirring quietly, I arose from the ground and crouched, pulling the binoculars close. I pulled the desert camouflage binoculars from their case and held them to my sleepy eyes. I blink several times and then scan the town. The town sat below our current hideout, which was a grove of mimosas on a bluff of sandy earth. It was composed of two subdivisions of houses, a few stores, a gas station, and a highway. After searching the landscape for a moment, I replaced the binoculars to their case and clipped the back onto my belt.

I groggily pulled myself up, stretched like an alley cat, and strolled deeper into the scraggly trees. A few pieces of gear hung from branches, silently waving in the wind, like flags marking our occupation. A spotted a coil of sand-colored rope that was stretched from one tree to another, a ten-foot-long line, with several clothes on it. I passed a little bundle of equipment belonging to Alan, one of my fellow exiles. He always organized his things when we stopped every few days. He was not sitting next to his bag, rummaging through it, so I figured he had either left to eat or else was looking for a secluded tree.

I approached the densest part of the stand of trees and found Greg and Susan sitting beside a tiny campfire. They had a car grille laid over the miniature flames, suspended by large rocks on each side, and were cooking five strips of meat. By the way it looked and smelled, I knew Susan had killed a rabbit and was cooking it. She always cut them up the same way.

I pulled my mask down. "Smells good," I said cheerfully, sitting next to Susan.

"Rabbit always does," she agreed, scooting over to make room for me.

"Any sides?"

She laughed softly and replied, "Oh, you know, just the usual." We don't have any sides. We were lucky to have the rabbit. It would be a little while, a little scavenging, and a little luck later before we ate again.

Greg spoke for the first time, asking, "How are you, Tim?"

I answered with a sigh, saying, "Tired. We all are, I guess. This is the dry season. Food is scarcer, the sun is hotter, and water is nonexistent." I shook my head to clear that line of thought away, sending dust and sand flying off my shoulders before it floated to the ground. We sat in silence for a while longer. Susan occasionally added a few small twigs to the fire while it sputtered and crackled, slowly cooking our meal.

Finally, I stood and began my walk back to Jeffery. Sunbeams filtered through the wispy leaves and made lattices over the shadowy sand. As I passed a mound of gear, I waved to Kenny, who was leaned back on a tree branch a few feet above the ground. He nodded to me and closed his eyes again. I continued on and felt the ground begin to grow slippery and unstable with sand; it washed over the scorched and inadequate dirt like a tide, covering the earth with layers of grainy sand. It was the edge of the trees.

The land sloped downward, became pure dunes, and then flattened into a plateau, upon which the town was situated. Besides the few trees that had been part of a garden and still survived, there was little green vegetation among the ruined buildings. Cars stood still, tires flat, and windows shattered. Buildings sat dormant, devoid of life, gathering dust and the sand that drifted through open doors. People could not be seen in the town. There was not a single living person in the town or around it, save me and my friends, who were camped on the hill.



I slowly came upon Jeffery, froze in place, smelled the air, and scanned the immediate area. I sensed no danger and so reached forward and tapped the sleeping boy on the shoulder. He instantly flicked his eyes open and then stared at me for a second before stretching his muscles. As he flexed his arms, legs, and neck, sand rolled off of him and made him appear as if he were being excavated from the very desert. He yawned like a lazy dog that had been asleep in the yard.

"Man, I am thirsty," he said hoarsely. "Parched."

"Take a sip from your bottle." I suggested.

"It's all gone. I thought we'd find something around here."

I sighed. "You'll have to wait until we make the next camp."

He shook his head in frustration. "I can't make it that long without water, Tim!"

I thought for a minute before nodding, saying begrudgingly, "We'll go look for some water in town."

Jeff is my best friend, but sometimes he really doesn't think things through.

"What if the patrol finds us?" he asked worriedly.

"I think it already came through today. Besides, you need water, right?"

Jeffery considered and then agreed. We pulled our face coverings up from our necks to protect our mouths, and then he clipped his empty canteen onto his belt. He nodded, and I carefully slipped from the trees and began step-sliding down the sandy knoll. I heard his scratchy movements behind me. A spattering of white, fluffy clouds dotted the clear, blue sky above our heads. I smelled flowers as we neared the edge of the town's first street. Ten houses were spaced evenly before us, five on each side of a pavement that was cracked and worn by time and the elements.

I motioned toward the second house, and Jeffery slinked from behind me toward the structure. He disappeared quietly into the backyard. I crossed the yard of the first house and entered the backyard through a broken gate that had come off its hinges and now lay on the dead grass. After scouring the backyard for any collection of water and finding none, I returned to the front of the house and moved to the next.

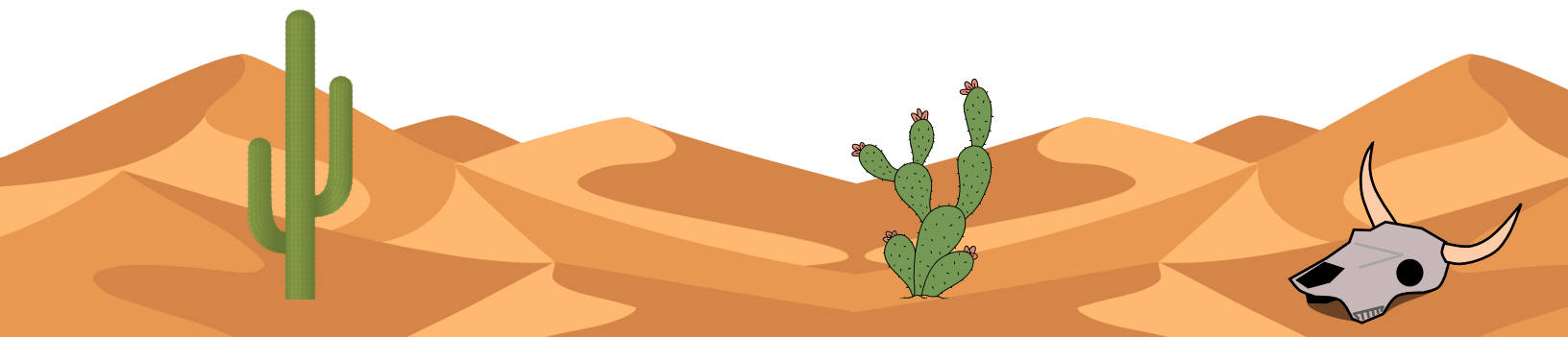
It was when Jeffery vanished behind the fourth house on his side of the street, found no water, and then entered the actual house through an open back door that I finished searching the houses on my side of the road. After a minute, during which I stood in the shadow of the house's large tower and admired the peeling pale-green paint, Jeffery emerged from the front door of the building. His face was hidden by the mask, but I could still see the shock in his eyes. He walked casually over to where I stood and just looked at me, uncertain.

I waited an appropriate amount of time before asking the obvious. "What happened?"

Jeffery thought for a few breaths and then sighed nervously. He said slowly, "You might want to come see this."

He grabbed my hand and began stepping toward the waiting front door, one step, two steps, right foot, left foot. I followed cautiously, scanning for danger. We entered the old building, and shadows passed over our faces; then only twilight remained

## **SPECIAL PREVIEW OF JOSHUA BROWN'S COMING SERIES.**





**Do you Want to contribute to the magazine?  
All you have to do is fill out the form on our  
website ([www.wackyfunmagazine.com](http://www.wackyfunmagazine.com)), and  
it could appear in the next edition!**



# Thanks For Reading!

## AI OR HUMAN ANSWERS

**1**

A: AI

B: Human

**2**

A: AI

B: Human

**3**

A: AI

B: Human

**Editor's note: The graphic on The Fantastic Forest was AI generated**