

# Texas Newsletter

## Topics:

- The Box
- Top 5 Scary Endings
- Sudoku
- Cryptogram
- Maze
- Word Scramble

## The Box

A long plaintive wail emanated from the cardboard box. We don't remember whether we saw the box or heard the cry first, but we were certain that the pitiful sound came from the box. We immediately regretted taking the short cut from The Roxy to the car park, we always felt uncomfortable using it after dark. The passage between the hotel and some odd all-night butcher shop was only just wide enough for one person and it was badly lit with a single bulb. Where it opened out behind the shops, anyone could be hiding in the dark out of sight of the Sixth Street alley, hardly visible in the shadows from the vast empty car park under the creepy overpass.

We had something else to worry about this time because there was that cry again, audible above the sound of the fans on the refrigeration unit at the back of the butcher shop. It was a heart rending sound of loneliness, pain and hunger that brought back memories of childhood punishments, when our mother locked us in our bedroom without any dinner or supper. We could hear her voice even now, all these years later, "You disgusting little monster". What was that awful sound? What should we do about it? Leave it probably. Let someone else sort it out. Nobody helped us then locked in our bedroom or in the dark under stairs cupboard, shivering in our wet pajamas, our small cries drowned out by our mother's ranting and the loud rumble of the washing machine.

The cry went on long and pathetic, rising and falling in pitch. It was probably some kittens, the abandoned and unwanted offspring of a family pet, discarded by a callous owner. If it was and if we opened the box, what then? We would then feel responsible for them, would have to take them home. No, better to leave them for someone else. It's not our problem. But the cry was echoing round the alley, echoing inside our head, there was something about it that sounded almost human. Perhaps it was a baby shut in the box, alone, in the cold, in the wet, in the dark.

Well, we just couldn't leave a baby shut inside a box, alone in the dark. We knew just how that felt, to be shut in, how you could not breathe, how you began to sweat, how you could feel the blood rushing and roaring through your temples and the contents of your stomach rising in your throat. The waves of panic that wash hot and cold through the body.

**Continued**



## The Box continued

---

*“Two blondes walk into a building.”*

*“You would think one of them would have seen it!”*

---

*“How did the blonde break her leg raking leaves?”*

*“She fell out of the tree.”*

---

*“One blonde asks, ‘What is the largest size bra?’”*

*“Other blonde says, ‘The Z Bra of course.’”*

It was then that we knew if there was any chance that it could be a baby, we had no choice but to look inside the box. We were within a foot of the cardboard box when suddenly there was a slight movement from the box and the crying ceased, all was quiet except the thrum of the fans in the butchers shop wall. The top of the box was sealed with wide brown tape, we managed to get our fingernail under the end and peeled off the tape in one go. Pulling open the flaps we stared into the shadowy darkness, trying to make some sense of the shape within. It didn't look like a baby, in fact there seemed to be more than one set of eyes blinking back at us, “Kittens, we were right the first time,” we thought, reaching in with both hands to pick one up. Taloned hands grabbed both of our wrists, sudden and vice like, searing pain shot up our arms.

We yelled like hell and tried to pull away. The claws pulled back, hard and sharp, digging into our flesh and forcing us off balance. We immediately realized that there was no way we could stop ourselves falling head first into the cardboard box. As our head entered the box more clawing hands grabbed at us, pulling at our hair and ears, we felt the sharp talons enter our nostrils, dig into our neck and shoulders. Even as our chest passed into the box we were aware of the wet and warm, strangely comforting feeling spreading through the front of our jeans.

Then as the claws pulled the rest of our body down into the darkness, we felt the hot and cold waves of panic running through our body. As we struggled for breath, the blood roared in our ears, our shouts of terror began to subside, turning first into a whimper, then into a long plaintive wail...

**-Big Tex**

## Top 5 Scary Endings

5. “...and hanging off the car door was a bloody hook!”
4. “‘...But she died over three years ago!’ he exclaimed.”
3. “‘...What's that in my soup?’ she screamed.”
2. “...That's OK, I'll cook. Do you like vegetarian food?”
1. “...Nah, I'll back up the hard drive tomorrow.”

# Sudoku

4	1							
7		8			1		4	
	9	2		4				7
		4	2		5		6	
8		3				2		4
	2		4		7	3		
2				1		7	3	
	4		3			9		1
							8	6

## Visit Us

**REGION:**  
[nationstates.net/region=texas](http://nationstates.net/region=texas)

**TEXAS FORUM:**  
[invisionfree.com/forums/Texas](http://invisionfree.com/forums/Texas)

**TEXAS MAP:**  
[texasregion.net](http://texasregion.net)

**NSDOSSIER TOOLS:**  
[nsdossier.texasregion.net](http://nsdossier.texasregion.net)

## Staff

Editor-in-Chief: **Richard I**  
 Editor: **Big Tex**

# Cryptogram

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

K F E L A X F K F B R K G U B Q Q U V P B B K  
 M E O B U B G X U B K J E I M M X X Z K X  
 B R K

