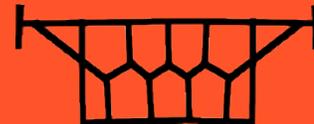


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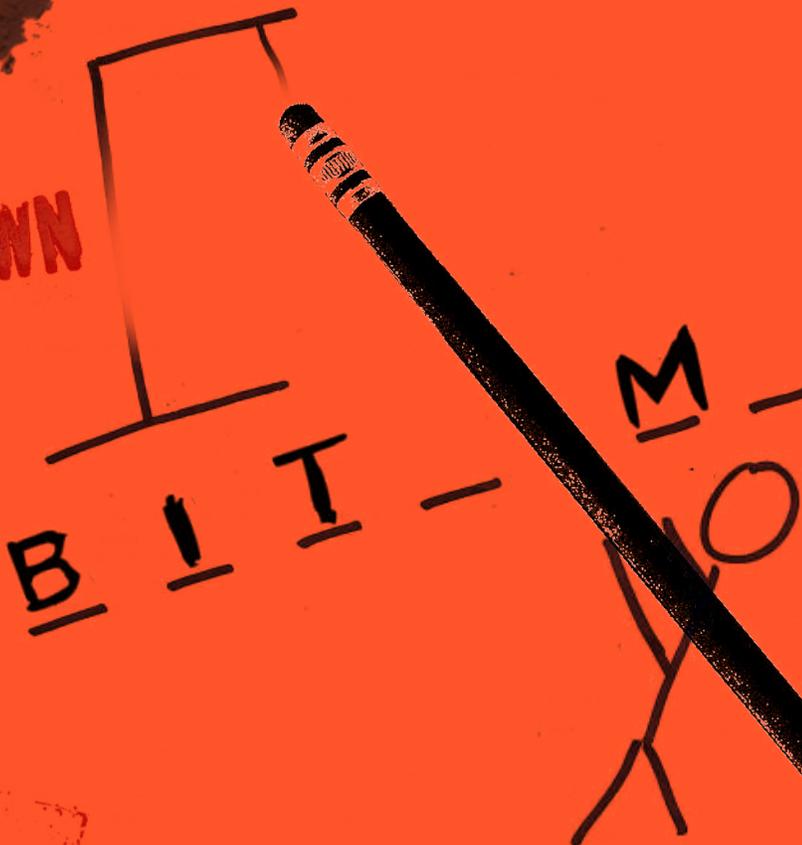
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# HANGMAN'S CHOKE BOOK



WITHDRAWN



WITHDRA

DO  
PANIC

**By Gregor the Gravedigger  
Edited By Eden Bisom-Wyrms**

**With Illustrations By Phill Dert  
Additional Notes: Juan Phut & N. D. Grave**



**Warnings**  
Keep out of reach of children.

*Thrill Land*

# DEADICATION



*The following is dedicated to  
Robin Swallows Erselth*

*"I don't think we will ever see the end of her."*

\* \* \*

## ALSO IN LOVING MEMORY OF

*The Author's Mother  
(1960 – present)*

*Because it is never too  
early to plan ahead.*

WITHDRAWN

LOUISA  
A.C.H.S.

WITHDRAWN



THE LOUISA COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL

# INTROCUTION

*"We're all a little messed up. Each in our own strange, beautiful, messed-up way." — Gregor the Gravedigger*



👁️ GOT ONE FOR YA. Did ya ever hear about my brother who just stopped jaywalkin'?

Yea, it's true! Why'd it happen you ask?

*Well, a wheel finally turned in his brain!*

*Ha ha hah HAH hee ha-ho  
HEH HA he-HEH ho HAH he HA! ... Didn't like that one, huh?*

Well then, I s'pose some of y'uns are just like failing medieval physicians. Y'know, ya just ain't got no sense of *humors!*

**HA!** Only the worst for the best, y'know? *Anyhoot*, how the hell are ya mortals? It is I, Gregor the Gravedigger, your putrid purveyor of plots, your duly decaying detractor of decorum, your selfless supporter of the strange; your highly motivated, highly dedicated, *highly medicated* host of horror past!

BIUB 03 AUG 1979 19:37 EP 36-4016

So, today, we's talkin' all about the hangman, which despite the bad rap, is actually a right intriguing' profession. Yes, *verily, indeed, quite right!* See, *fact the matter is*, it is a hangman's job to see things through. So, whether it be a noose, a joke, or a hot poker to an eye socket, you can bet an undertaker's summer wardrobe that an old-school executioner knows how to get things done. Or is it finished? Kaput maybe? Expired, concluded? Y'know, let's just *lay it to rest*, okay?

What sort of things? I tell ya, *bereave* you me, you don't wanna know. But I think that level of dedication is most praiseworthy. However, despite the evidently superhuman level of commitment the hangman puts in, his work often gets underappreciated, undervalued, overlooked as if it were being overshadowed by some other aspect of his vocation.

The nature of which escapes me entirely.

Oh, now, don't give me the "what is wrong with you" face. I invented that face (along with the hand comb and using toenails for toothpicks). Now, without the further rapping of raven teeth against a casket lid more of that cultured cyanide you so fondly abhor.

Regards from the Graveyard...  
and see you in the Hereafter,

*REDRUM*

Gregor Moore-Tess, Esq.



**What do you call a book about a cute puppy eating rancid meat?**

***A heart-worming story.***

\* \* \*

13. When do the freaks come out?

- A.) Midday
- B.) Like 5-ish
- C.) Night
- D.) Christmas

**What do you call a sadist  
Halloween cereal?**

**Count Arugula.**

\* \* \*

**How many cadavers does it take to screw in a  
light bulb?**

**As many piled atop each other until  
you reach the light fixture.**

\* \* \*

GOT A  
FAVORITE  
SNACK?



**At first, the horse-thief didn't quite understand the ropes, but eventually he got the *hang of it*.**

\* \* \*

**Why was the clown buried upside-down?**

**Because he always loved a funny *disposition*.**

\* \* \*

**TEACHER: Johnny! Any more smart mouth outta you, and you'll be getting up first thing tomorrow to buy the tissues for your funeral!**

**LITTLE JOHNNY: What? So early in the *mourning*?**

\* \* \*

**What do you call an army of Russian and American corpses building a bridge?**

**Mutually *absurd construction*.**

\* \* \*



  
sick  
bacon  
cheese  
cheese



The reason, kind sir, of sending this motto,  
Is to invite chit-chat with you on the morrow

**LENA: Ole, how's ol' Sven doin' dese days?**

**OLE: Vell, fine, I guess.**

**LENA: Vhy, he could be dead, and you wouldn't even know it!**

**OLE: Honey, dat's absurd— He'd texted if he vere dead.**

\* \* \*

**Why did the mother-in-law not wished to be removed from her grave?**

**Because such things *disinter*-rested her!**

\* \* \*

**Twelve stranglers walk into a bar.**

**It's anyone's best guess how many walk out.**

**CONRAD: I triple-dog dare ya!**

**GREGOR: Hey, now, just you leave Cerberus outta this!**

\* \* \*

**LENA: Ve had been married fer fifty years! Are you fer sher he's dead?!**

**CORONER: Hey buddy!  
Hey buddy, you dead!?**

**OLE: Who's askin'?**

**CORONER: Her.**

**OLE: ... accckkkk ...**

\* \* \*

**Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.**

**They sure do like the smell of decay don't they, sir?**



"Klaatu Barada Nikto"

# A.B.C.-OFF

\* \* \*

**What did Lena say at Ole's open-casket funeral?**

**How'd ya like dat! Even in death, he yust keeps forgettin' to put da lid down!**

\* \* \*

*Richmond*

**Why aren't gallows equipped with wacky sound effects?**

**No point in asking, 'cause that joke has been *done to death!***



\* \* \*

**Little Audrey was playing on a lonely dirt road. A passing motorist says, "Hey little girl, move it before some box truck comes and bashes your brains into jelly!" But Little Audrey just laughed and laughed and then— immediately vanished.**

**She knew it had been a semi.**



If you have questions, you can call us at extension 568.



\* \* \*

**What were the photographer's last thoughts  
before being hung?**

**I don't know where I'm headed,  
and I *shutter* to imagine!**

\* \* \*

**Why did the werewolf  
say he could be trusted?**

**Because he was a *changed man!***

\* \* \*

**My friend is very good at selling  
death certificates.**

**Yea, you might even say he has  
really *coronered* the market.**



THE ONLY DEEP  
THOUGHT IN THIS  
BOOK.



" Where there is love, nothing is too much trouble  
and there is always time. " -Abdu'l-Bahá

\* \* \*

**GREGOR: My neighbors are so wasteful, they keep throwin' totally useful stuff to the curb.**

**CONRAD: Really?**

**GREGOR: I tell ya, yesterday, I found a perfectly good chipmunk half.**

\* \* \*

**What do you call a well-dressed gentleman who can't get to his own funeral on time?**

**Fashionably late.**



\* \* \*

**I once saw a live-stream of a football game where a man died right on the field.**

**It was quite the *viewing*.**

\* \* \*

LAB RESULTS

Pubic Lice	...	POSITIVE
COVID-19	...	POSITIVE
Syphilis	...	POSITIVE
Gonorrhea	...	POSITIVE
Black Death	...	POSITIVE
Chlamydia	...	POSITIVE
Lycanthropy	...	POSITIVE
Vampirism	...	NEGATIVE

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE.





**GREGOR: You can't get me fired! I'll bury myself before you bury me!**

**CONRAD: No worries, I'll still call for your removal.**

\* \* \*

APRIL 8, 2021

~~MARCH 23, 2021~~

Date

**What do you call Paul Bunyan after skinning Smokey?**

***A Paul-Bearer.***

\* \* \*

**I'd tell a joke about where you could stick your urn, but I'm afraid it would be too *niche*.**

\* \* \*

**CONRAD: So, I'll come to your home about 11:00 tonight to bring the body.**

**GREGOR: Sorry, but I'm afraid I'm never *a wake*.**

THIS BOOKLET WAS BROUGHT TO YOU  
BY THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR  
LITERACY OF NONDOMESTIC CANIDS

**MAIL CARRIER: Got a package here!**

**SAME OLD FOLKS: Is it for Melvin E. Jekyll?**

**MAIL CARRIER: No, it's *for Mal' D. Hyde.***

\* \* \*

STEP bumper, for Ford '91, LN,  
chrome w/rubber, \$50; 769-394 or  
769-002

**Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!**

**Thank you, sir. I'll forward *Chef Renfield* your regards.**



\* \* \*

**An English strangler, a Scottish strangler and an Irish strangler walk into a pub.**

**Whew! Good thing there was an American acting like an American beside the bar.**

\* \* \*



Thank you for your interest in employment and the time you took in applying for the position of



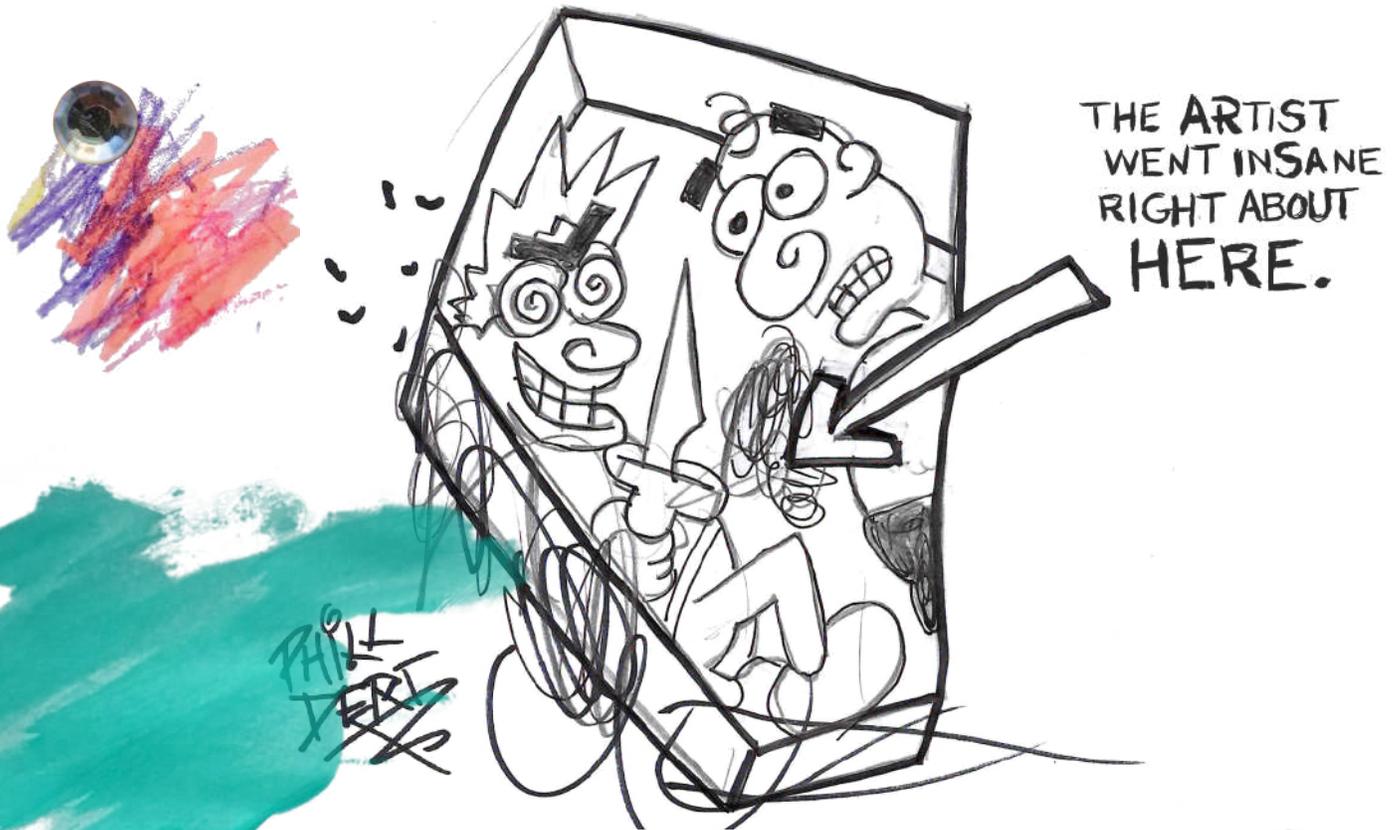
We regret to inform you, however, that this position has been filled.

\* \* \*

**What type of comb does a dead lion use?**

***A cat-a-comb.***

\* \* \*



***A-ticket a-tasket  
A green and yellow casket  
I buried a lunatic with my friend  
And beneath the dirt he lost it,  
He lost it, He lost it...***

# **REGARDS FROM**

U.S.S. KALININ BAY  
SHIP'S LIBRARY

# **THE GRAVEYARD**



Well, close intimate friends of the hangman, I guess that's the end of our rope. The finish, the finale, a wrap, the last stop, kaputsville, ring down the curtain, last call for drinks, the final whistle blows, I just parked my formaldehyde-fed keister on and (incidentally) squashed a massive millipede.

The last one not being an idiom at all but a very literal (and very gross) statement of fact at this moment. Well, it is as I usually say: "There's always a silver-lining, especially at the end of an executioner's axe." And pray tell, the silver-lining behind this book? Well—the nature of which escapes me entirely.

**But folks! An end need not be a bitter one, goodness no! So, before I hand in my good drinkin' urn, just you wipe the frog's blood from your feet, pluck the dog ticks out 'tween your toes, and permit me to impart a few last words. See, some folks really get hung up over death (those at the gallows, especially). But many folks are likewise pretty much in the dark about life.**

Now, I don't s'pose they fear the end, they just always worry over how things are going at present. To which, for anyone who needs to hear it, I say:

**“Life isn't about now.”**

Now, that can be a hard piece of cartilage to chew, so let me cleave it down for you. See, there's a reason behind everything in life (whether it amounts to an excuse is strictly between you and your employer). Well, everybody likes to asks, “Why does the cage bird sing?” or “Who let the dogs out?” When a more runcible question might be: “Why does the hyena laugh?”

The answer? Because hyenas don't get to live very long (most not even to a legal drinking age). Yet humans, with an average lifespan of 70 or 80 years, are constantly stuck in the now. We obsess over now, like it's everything that is ever going to matter, but it isn't. Once one now is done we move on to the next like the previous never existed. Take for instance, 5<sup>th</sup> grade, 4<sup>th</sup> grade, 3<sup>rd</sup>, etc., all comprised entire years worth of nows with worries and problems, and yet we will never remember the half of 'em. Think on it, this “now,” the “right now now,” is just another of endless nows you will soon move on from. Yesterday used to be now, tomorrow will be now when we get there, and in our lifespan over 20,000 days of nows. How then can life possibly be about any one of them? It can't.

So, no matter how large the shadow looms behind the headstone “right now,” always look towards the side facing the sun. 'Cause buddy, life isn't about now, nor the past or the end, because life isn't about time at all.

**Life is about living.**

**So laugh.**

Gregor the Gravedigger will return in—  
**“FEAR AFTER FRIGHT: A HORROR RITE”**  
and **“DUCT TAPE COFFIN”**  
FOR MORE: [weirdhalloween.com](http://weirdhalloween.com)



# APPENDIX

Somewhere 'round 'bouts  
your large intestine,  
I s'pose.

\* \* \*

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

He's dead.

\* \* \*

# CONTACT

Wedgie board, amoeba,  
carrier snail, passenger  
pigeon or any of the usual ways,  
please send to:

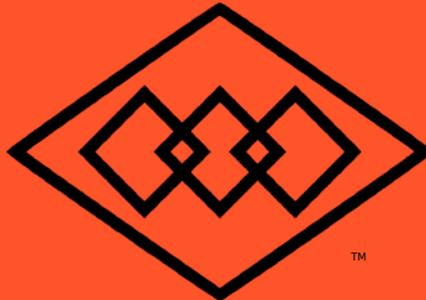
Gregor Moore-Tess, Esq.  
Attn: At Ease.  
The Ghouls' Shed  
Wickham Corner, Virginia 23024

LIBERTY JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL  
12996

# THE END OF THE STORY

1 6-17  
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JUL 2 1979



## Thrill Land

PLEASE VISIT:  
MORE PUNISHMENT  
IF GLUTTONING FOR

[dungeon.thrilland.com](http://dungeon.thrilland.com)

P.S. You're not gonna read this, but the world's really "flipped turned upside down" right now.

So, the author hopes, having perused this crazy thing, you might've found at least some small joy in an infinitely crazier world.

[Signed]

A Truer Lunatic I've Never Prophesied

Go Wampus Cats!

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