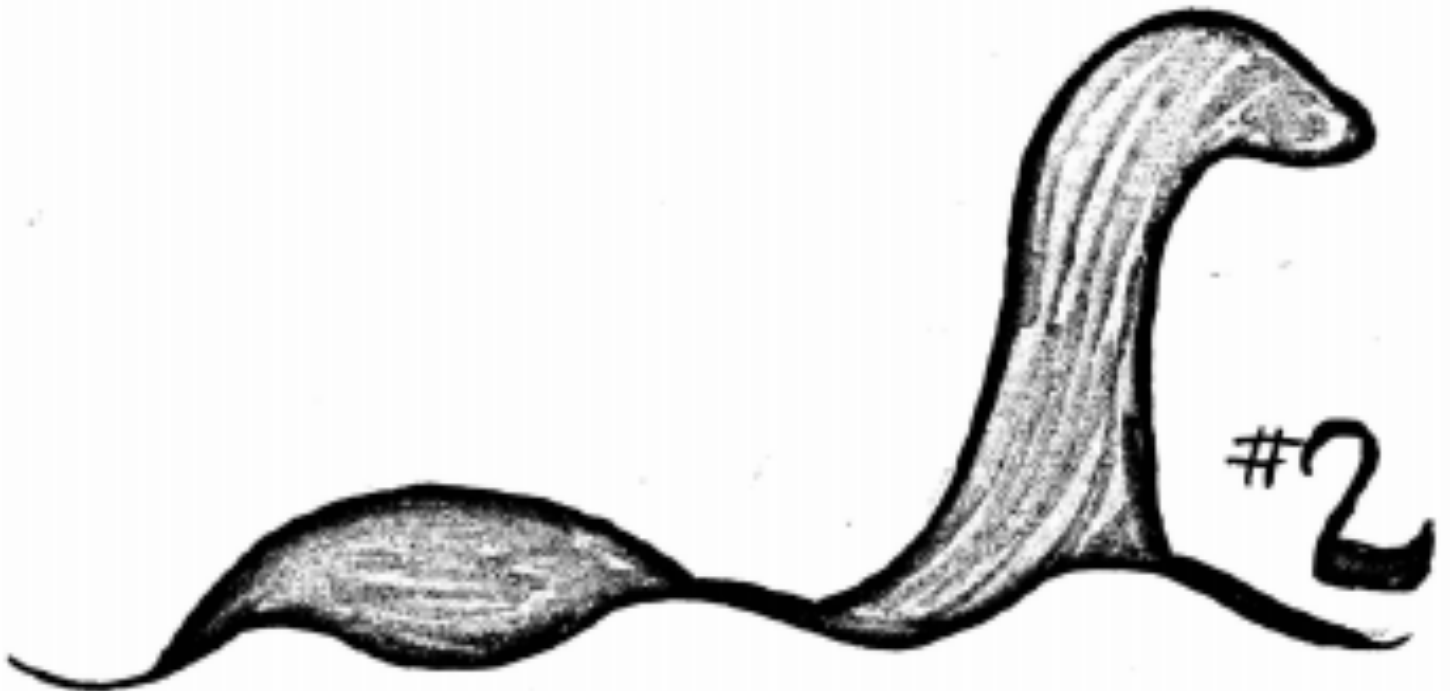




The Bite

Zine

Cryptid Edition



Hello dear reader,

It is time we release what has been running wild in the depths of our minds (& our inbox). We, the editors of The Bite, proudly present you with our Cryptid issue.

A cryptid is an obscure creature whose existence is debated.

Notable cryptids include Bigfoot, Thunderbird, and the Loch Ness Creature.

Platypi used to be thought of as cryptids up until the 1800s so who's to say

Mothman isn't real?

As you leaf through the pages and delve deeper in our psyches, remember

to watch out for the Men in Black — they tend to appear where there are

cryptid sightings. Don't say we didn't warn you.

The Bite is a zine created by a group of kickass queer woman and concerns

itself with all things relating to intersectional feminism, LaVeyan Satanism,

and the Occult. We aim to reclaim women's bodies and female sexuality by

embracing characteristics that have traditionally pegged women as the more

insidious sex and by living life at the center of our own universe.

Eve was the first to take a bite. We're embracing it.

Lexi & Kaylee

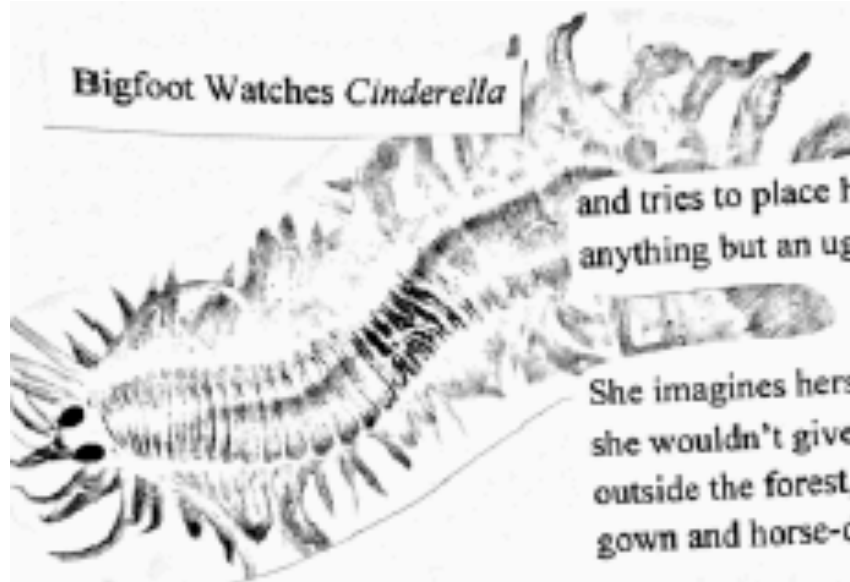
PHIL TICE @ SKETCHING WITH TAILS



The secret ingredient is love.

INDIGO BALUCH @ TICE - 09/10/11

Bigfoot Watches *Cinderella*



and tries to place herself in the story as anything but an ugly stepsister.

She imagines herself as the princess. What she wouldn't give for a single night safely outside the forest, in a shimmering blue gown and horse-drawn carriage.

She, too, could emerge from her dark home, woo everyone by breaking hearts instead of branches just for once.

There would be no screams of terror. There would be glasses raised in her honor instead of pitchforks.

By
Mandy Seiner

But not even one of her toes would fit in those famous glass slippers.

The whole mass of her, shaggy hair and overgrown claws, begs for redemption

a fairy godmother cannot give.

So she retreats into the forest, wanders further and further until all we have left of her is a shoe,

or a blurry photograph,
or a footprint.



FLY RIVAL OF "LEEDS DE" HAS JERSEY PEOPLE FRIGHTENED

Footprints in the Snow, Whirring Noises in the Air and Other Uncanny Manifestations Reach Bordentown and Mount Holly After Making Sensation in Lower Counties Where Natives Remain Indoors After Snowfall



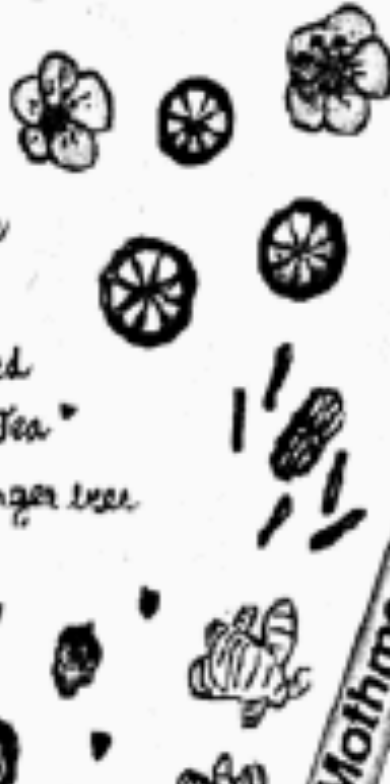
Satanic SANGRIA

BY MOTHER OF MUGWORT

- 1 bottle of red wine
- 1 bottle of Fireball
- 3 cups heavily steeped Tragic Love Spell Tea
- 2 12oz bottles of ginger beer
- orange slices
- frozen: basil
- cinnamon sticks



for garnish



sketching with falls

indigo baloch @motherofmugwort

Mothman: After three decades, the mystery lingers

THE SIGNS AS CRYPTIDS



ARIES - CHUPACABRA

LIBRA - YETI

TAURUS - BIGFOOT

SCORPIO - SCORPIOS
ARE A CRYPTID

GEMINI - FRESNO
NIGHTCRAWLER

SAGITTARIUS -
MONGOLIAN DEATH
WORM

CANCER -
THUNDERBIRD

CAPRICORN -
MOTHPERMAN

LEO - JERSEY
DEVIL

AQUARIUS -
THE KRAKEN

VIRGO - BUNYIP
(GIANT
CARNIVOROUS
STARFISH)

PISCES - THE LOCH
NESS CREATURE

This Beautiful Creature

by Lexi Kennell

I crouch behind the black bog-rush. Between swamp stems and spikelets, I see her. She moves through the water, only her long neck and curved spine visible through the thick fog. How she glimmers, even in the late spring downpour. I remember her this way.

My Aunt Orla took me sea trout fishing at the loch the only time I'd ever visited — when I was smaller and didn't think to question the existence of things. From afar I saw her bathing in the deep blue-green. When my cousins heard of it, they berated me, forever mocking me for claiming to see monsters. I wonder if they feared her.

As I duck down in the brush on the outskirts of the loch, I fumble with my Nikon. She nears me and my palms become hot pools of wax. I want to capture her. Not for my cousins or my Aunt Orla, but for my own sanity. But the camera slips from my shaky grasp and thumps on the hard mud. She stops and looks in my direction.

I can't help but stand up. I feel an urge to make myself seen. I want to look at her, if only for a moment. But she ducks down and disappears into the abyss of the loch. I run to the edge of the dock and bend over the water, searching her world for any trace. But it's just blue.

Last time, I dove right into the loch. I opened my eyes underwater for the first time in my life. My eyes stung, but inside the loch I felt at home. My Aunt Orla screamed for me from the shore. I was going to ruin the interior of her Subaru with my soaking culottes.

Aunt Orla tried to coax me out of the water. I refused to leave until I saw the creature again. My Aunt called for me, yelling obscurities and threatening to call my mother. Eventually my hands and feet became pruned and my muscles ached, so I begrudgingly climbed out of the water. We drove back to her house in silence and I cried the whole way.

Seeing the loch now, the rain pounding atop the water's surface, begging to become apart of it, I contemplate jumping in. I sit on the edge of the dock, peering out into the loch, for five hours. She doesn't come. The rain intensifies as I sit there, legs dangling over the edge, inviting her to grab ahold of one and pull me in.

I think of her rich silvery green skin and how I would feel on the train back to England without seeing her once more.

I push myself off the edge, and into the loch.

I swim to where I saw her last. Under the water, a wave of calm hits me. I am safe from the rain. But there's no sign of her — just smaller, simpler fish.

I swim until my legs cramp and almost give out. And as I make my way back to the dock, I feel a tap on my right calf. I look and there she is, right behind me. She seems to be floating through space she's so graceful. I wave. She moves her fin to mimic me and I suddenly feel an onrush of coldness. I can't help but sob and give into the current.

I swam the loch for her, forever ago. I cried then, too.

BELIEVE

MOTHMAN
IS KIND OF
HOT.

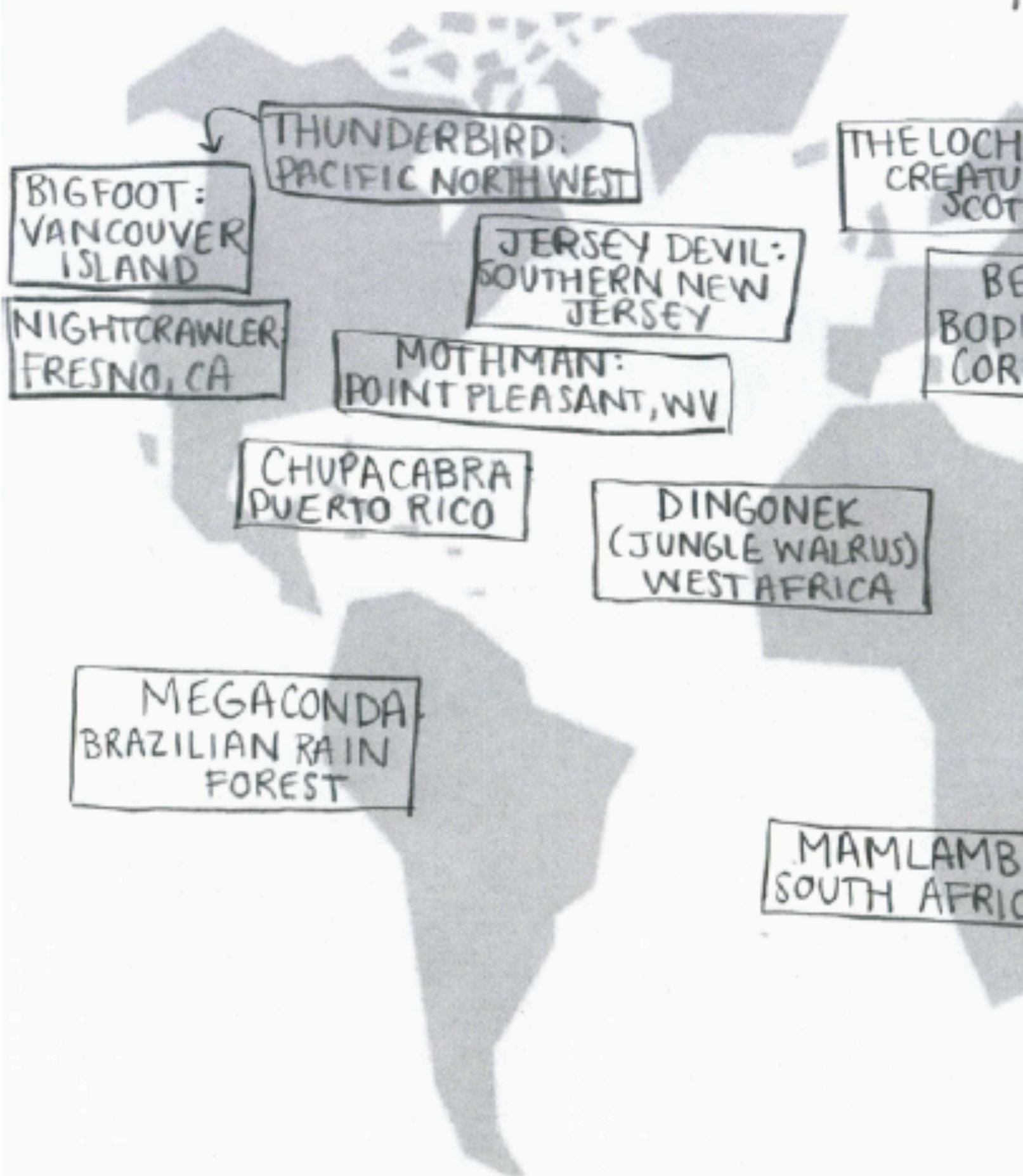
SO IS ALEX
TREBEK BUT
IT DOESN'T
MEAN WE
SHOULD TALK
ABOUT IT
OUT LOUD.



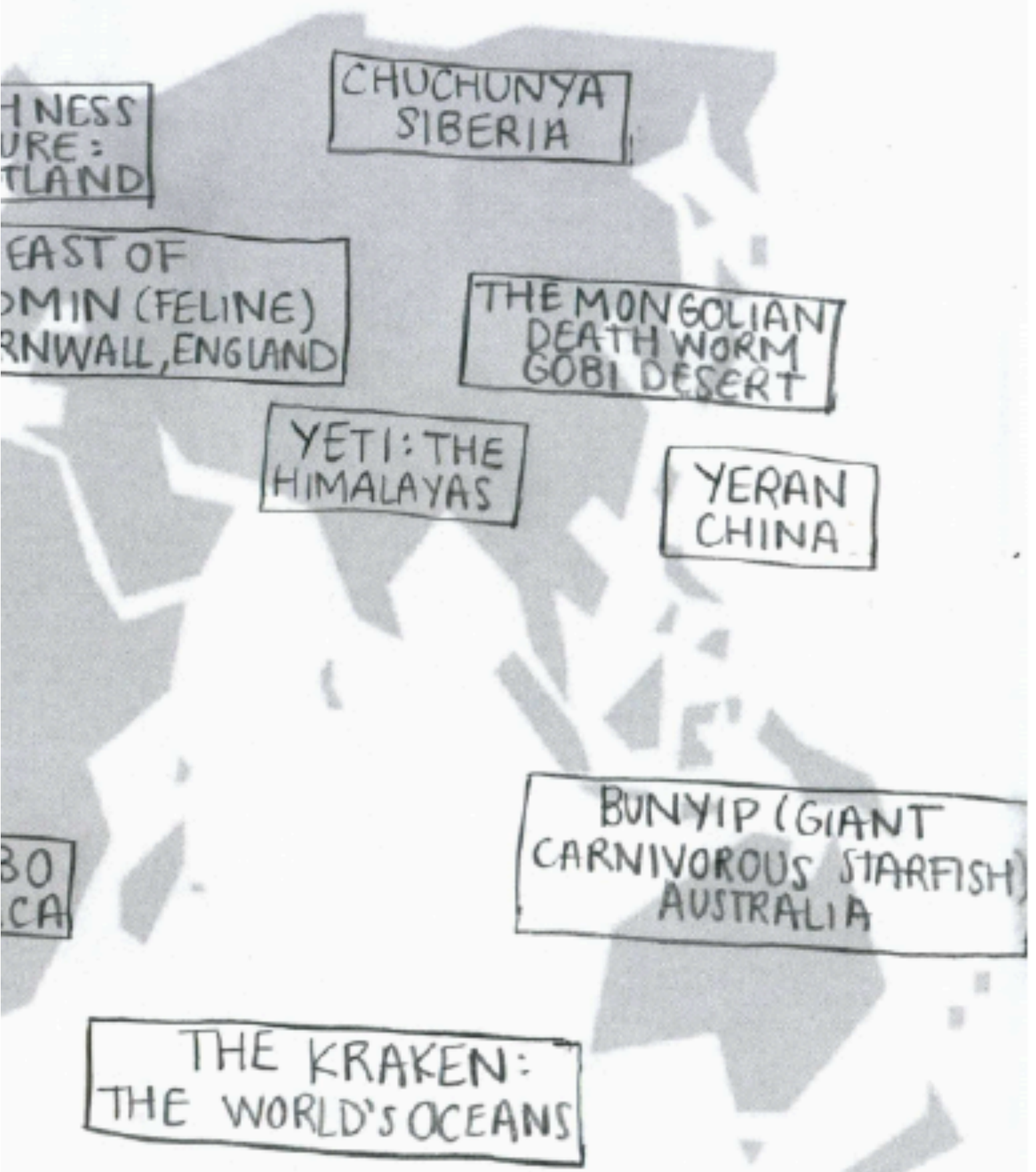
@lexikennell

where

are



you from ?



FINNESS
URE:
TLAND

CHUCHUNYA
SIBERIA

EAST OF
MIN (FELINE)
RNWALL, ENGLAND

THE MONGOLIAN
DEATH WORM
GOBI DESERT

YETI: THE
HIMALAYAS

YERAN
CHINA

BO
CA

BUNYIP (GIANT
CARNIVOROUS STARFISH)
AUSTRALIA

THE KRAKEN:
THE WORLD'S OCEANS



cryptid
compatibility
WHICH CRYPTID
SHOULD YOU ASK
ON A DATE IN
2019?

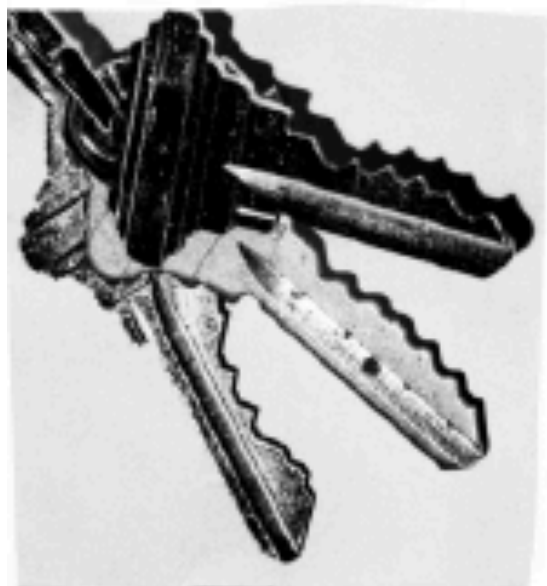


- Q1. WHAT DO YOU
LOOK FOR IN
A PARTNER?
- A. FEET
 - B. A BROAD CHEST
 - C. A PROMINENT NECK
 - D. LEGS FOR MILES

- Q2. WHERE DO YOU
HOPE TO SETTLE
DOWN ONE DAY?
- A. A CABIN IN THE
DEEP WOODS
 - B. SMALL TOWN IN
THE COUNTRY
 - C. A HOME ON THE
WATER
 - D. THE CITY

- Q3. WHAT'S YOUR GO-TO
RAINY DAY ACTIVITY?
- A. READING IN SWEATS
 - B. WATCH A TERRIFYING
DOCUSERIES
 - C. PLAY IN THE RAIN
 - D. PACE AROUND THE
HOUSE + CLEAN

- Q4. WHAT IS YOUR
GUILTY PLEASURE?
- A. EATING A WHOLE
BAG OF GRANOLA
 - B. GOOGLING SERIAL
KILLERS AT 3AM
 - C. ISOLATING YOURSELF
IN YOUR ROOM FOR
MILLENNIA
 - D. LATE NIGHT PIZZA
RUNS



answers: mostly a's = bigfoot, mostly b's = math-
man, mostly c's = messie, mostly d's = nightcrawler

you've heard of Flat Stanley...
now get ready for...

Flat Satan



cut her out & take
her around with
you!

be sure to snap
pics & share them
on social media
with the hashtag
#flatsatan

Original Art



K
-
J
-
S
C
H
R
A
D
E
R

PHANTOM POWER
Astrid Mal

Why do cryptids capture the queer imagination?

What is it that endears us to creatures of the arcane?

Mythology rises up from the depths of human consciousness. Our primate brains, cursed with self-awareness and a burning need to be have created universal narratives to understand and contextualize the world around us. No matter which civilization, tribe or continent you look to, the same beats and rhythms are there, our most basic human need to grapple with our existence playing out in the form of a thousand heroes fighting a thousand giant squids (if the scholars are to be believed, the squids are all of our mothers, and the sword the hero uses to slay it is all of our dicks, and if this is starting to sound like that hentai video you watched once than you're only proving my point.)

Folklore, however, comes from community - our conscious and constructed world. Communities are defined by order, and order is defined by our constructed values: What is good, what is bad, what is right, what is wrong, what we love and what we fear - all made into palatable parable so our oh-so-evolved human mouths can swallow these lessons right down to our subconscious.

The entities that lurk on the fringes of these tales, waiting to leap and bite and haunt, are born from these values, the living embodiment of a what a community fears, what they look down upon, what they need their children to avoid at all costs.

As the queer and marginalized, we see ourselves in these creatures because they are us.

We are the things that society fears, that dare not be talked about, the things that are wrong and to be avoided. We are the unseen and the unknown. The things waiting for you on the street at night and enticing you towards moral decay. For us, these stories aren't warnings and parables - they are ours.

We think we go unrepresented in media, but our representation is everywhere - in every tale passed down Appalachian grandmothers to wide-eyed children, in every book of scary stories to tell in the dark, every yarn spun by a counselor around a campfire to children already learning that biology earns you a separate cabin and (depending on which) a nicer bathroom.

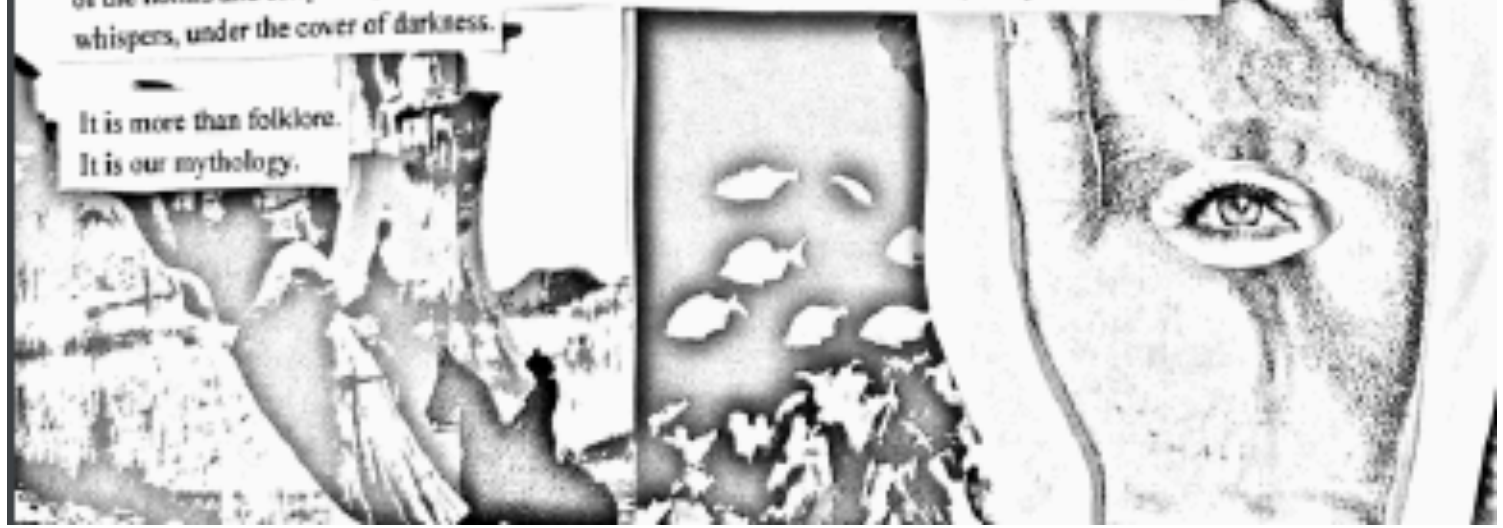
If you look, you'll find we've always been here - the ones that live out on the edge of the village, outside of the norms and scriptures, outside of morals and values. The things that can only be spoken about in whispers, under the cover of darkness.

It is more than folklore.
It is our mythology.



PHANTOM

Sketching with
Astrid Mal



how do you think the cryptids feel?

do you think nessie wants to be called
a monster? perhaps they already hear
that bouncing around in their head every day
wanted to come to the surface to get away
from the jeers, only to hear monster
monster echoing back

By Lauren
Hope



& do you think the jackalope
thought it was anything other than
normal until we named them freak?

& kraken might have wanted to say hello,
before you tried to travel where you didn't belong



& ogopogo, igopogo, manipogo,
all named for their only homes,
they just wanted to defend the only
reflection they've ever known

& lusca, beautiful multi-armed sea creature
so used to dancing with their own kind
that of course they would attack anything
that different from their own

& loveland frog just tried to imitate greatness
you would too if it was the only way to stay alive



& bigfoot is probably hard to find for a good reason
got constantly on the run from a people
who only wants some sort of proof
wants to name them other
name them fanny creature
so unlike us

& how do you know that moth man is even that
isn't it just like us, to label an appearance
to take what something looks like
then turn it into all they are

& isn't it just like us
to call what we don't understand
legend
take the folklore
turn it into can't be proven

the entire definition of cryptid is undisputed

and isn't that just the way
to take a mystery
and force it to stay that way



"White Dwarf/ Black Dwarf"

by Lauren E. O'Brien



I once heard, and stowed to memory
That dead stars still shine
Until they've cooled and
Have fallen to ash.

So, that star I've been wishing on
Is probably dead
Just like the wish I keep alive.

I also have heard
Human beings are
93%
Stardust.

So, I guess I'm a star too.
And if these things are true,
Maybe I'm just like a star,
And even if what you see in me glows,
Maybe that energy burned out long ago.

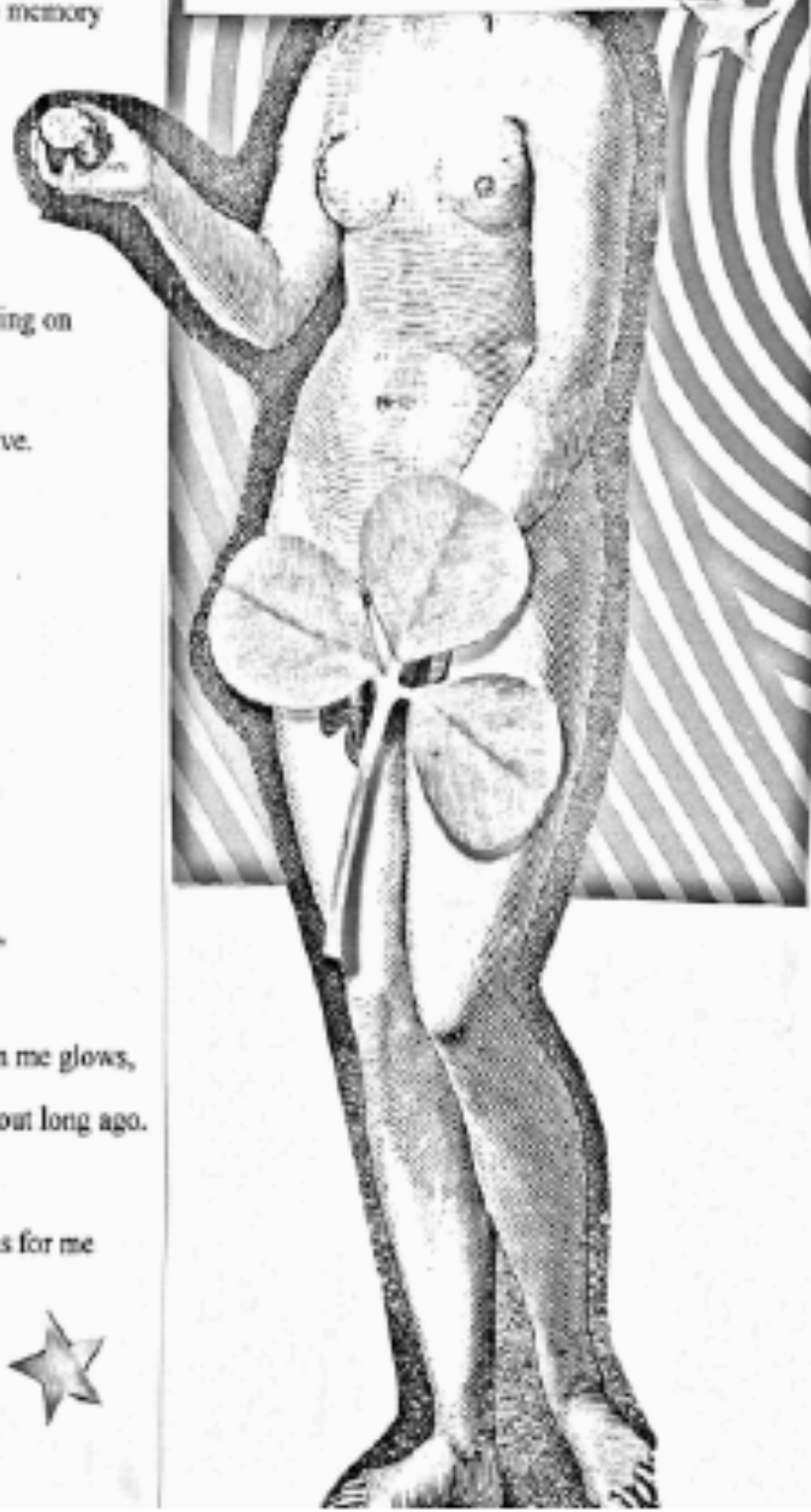
And maybe your aspirations for me



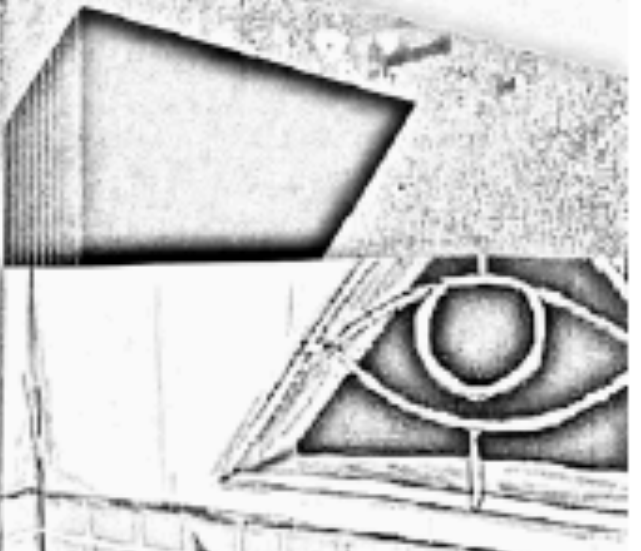
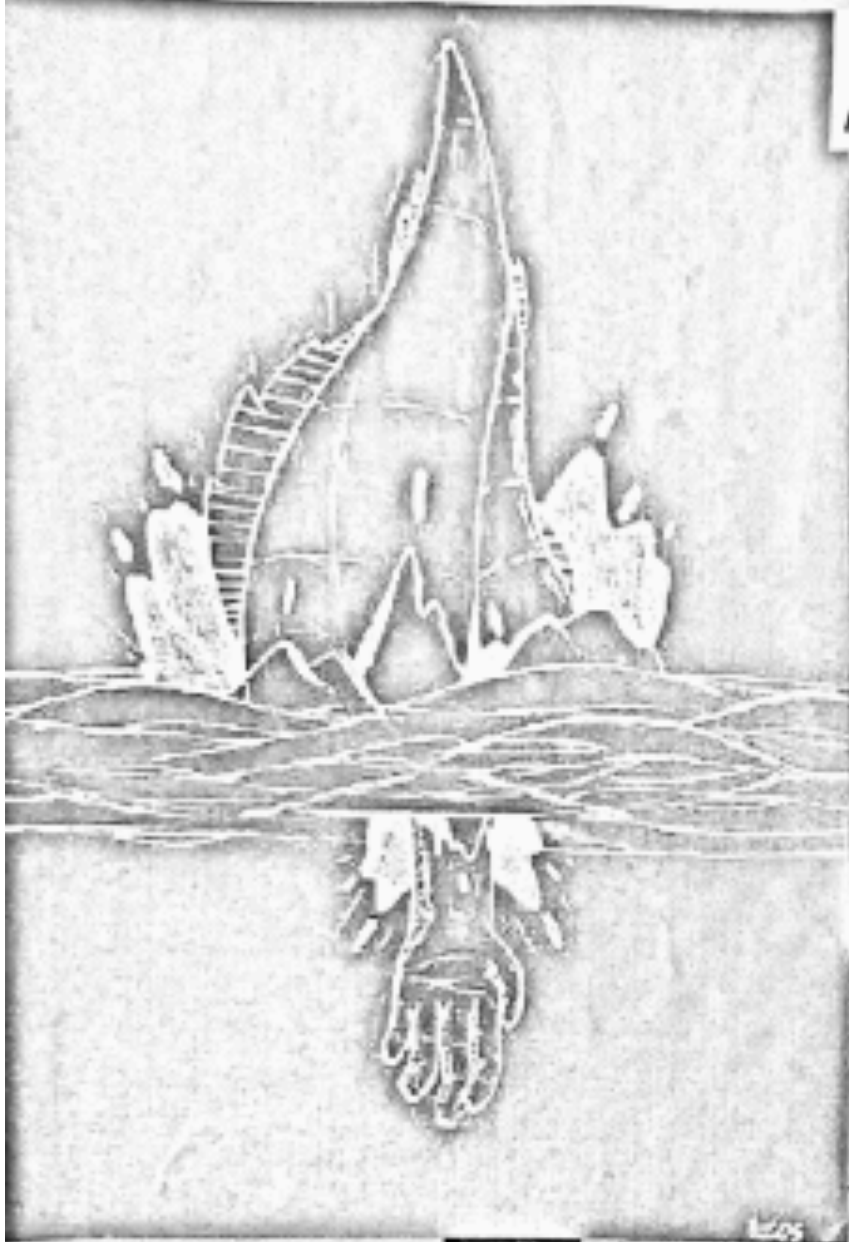
Are just like wishing on dead stars.

I wonder if someone once wished upon me,
The star that was me in the sky before
Me.

And maybe now it's just ash.



ANDREW ^{BIGGS} ←



→ LIZ DANCHIK



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