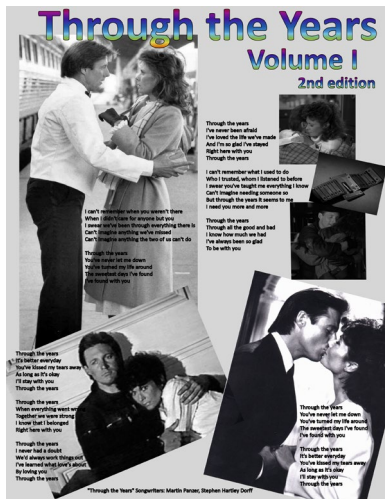


Scarecrow and Mrs King Fanzines for Sale

All money raised will benefit Smuck-a-Palooza 2024 and left over funds will be given to Fling for the next SMK Anniversary Event.

To help raise funds for the Smuck-a-Palooza 2024 Event (we want to be able to give out some great goodie bags, along with some other surprises!) we are printing updated versions of the Smuck-a-Palooza fanzines and Mary/Ann's novel:

Through the Years I



Through the Years II



It's All Been Done Before



These will be bound with new covers designed by Fling!

Cost (which includes media rate postage within US):

- 1 Zine = 20.00
- 2 Zines = 35.00
- 3 Zines = 50.00

International buyers will have to contact us for cost

You can register to order these zines [HERE](#)

Payments can be made via PayPal or Venmo using Mindsiview@gmail.com (make sure to us "Friends and Family.")

Table of Contents

Through The Years I

The Official Zine of SMuck-a-Palooza

Stories

- Yet Another Good-bye / Jobsies / 3
A Perfect Fit / bohemianfling / 7
Danger Zone / Mary / 13
The Neighbors / Pam / 63
Hard Promises / Kim C / 71
We're Going to Disney World / AmandaStetson / 89
Waldo / EmilyAnn / 97
For Better or For Worse / Merel / 101
A Helping Hand / Ann / 107



Through The Years II

The Official Zine of SMuck-a-Palooza

Stories

- Jitters / bohemianfling / 3
Test Drive / Linda / 9
Ferris Wheels and Dreams / Kim / 17
The Middle of Somewhere / Ann / 27
Daddy's Blessing / Shelly / 35
One Foot in the Grave / Pam / 41
Where's Waldo / EmilyAnn / 51
Password Protected / Vikki / 55
Marking Time / Mary / 65
Rude Awakening / Kim / 95
Atonement / Kathy / 113
For Richer or For Poorer / Merel / 137



Excerpt from It's All Been Done Before
A Novel by Ann and Mary

She leaned into his touch, turning to plant a kiss on his palm before she answered. "I can't help thinking how . . . tentative . . . things can be sometimes." She raised her enormous brown eyes to his. "Look at everything that's happened to us just because one cloudy morning in October there was a thirty-five percent chance of rain."

"We may have met by chance, Amanda," he said, his voice little more than a whisper. "But what happened between us had nothing to do with luck. We made it happen - the two of us - together. Now, come on," he entreated, his tone growing businesslike once again. "Let's get this damn meet over with so we can get home to our family. Hey, I'll even let you make me breakfast."

"Now **there's** an offer I can't refuse," she said, her easy laugh dispelling the remaining tension.

He grasped her hand and led her through the door. The floorboards creaked beneath his feet as he carefully negotiated the darkened hallway. The old building was deserted, just as Ling Mai had said it would be. She was the newest member of his 'family' of informants and still a little green around the edges. It was one of the reasons Lee had agreed to handle this assignment himself instead of passing it off to one of the 'Q' agents.

'Take the stairwell in the first room to the left,' Ling Mai had instructed somewhat breathlessly, almost afraid to meet his eye. 'Then proceed to the basement and wait to be contacted.' It had seemed simple enough at the time, but now, in retrospect, it all sounded a little too . . . tidy . . . for his liking. He suddenly found himself wishing they were anywhere but here.

"So, what do the boys have planned for the rest of the weekend?" he asked, needing to break the edgy silence that threatened to smother them.

He heard Amanda sigh. "A quiet night at home, I think. Phillip's girlfriend is with her family in Philadelphia. Don't quote me on this, but I think they're getting pretty serious. And Jamie . . . well, you know how Jamie is. He's never been the social one."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry too much about Jamie," he assured her as he avoided a loose board on one of the steps. "If the stories he told me yesterday are any indication, I'd say our shy little boy has definitely come out of his shell."

"Jamie has stories, huh?" she asked, one hand on his shoulder as she cautiously followed him. "I don't suppose you'd care to elaborate?"

"Strictly 'need to know,' I'm afraid," he replied with a quick laugh. "Let's just say he's taken to his first semester at college even better than we'd hoped."

Their banter stopped abruptly as they reached the bottom of the stairs. At Amanda's nod, they both crept across the threshold, the heavy metal door shutting behind them

with a bang. Quickly pulling a flashlight from his pocket, Lee swept the beam over the perimeter of the room. "Looks clear," he told her in a guarded whisper. "I guess we **are** a few minutes early."

"This place gives me the creeps," Amanda stated, her words echoing his thoughts. "Can we risk a light, do you think?"

Lee caught the small kernel of concern in her casual question. "I don't see why not," he replied, directing the flashlight around the room again. His partner's uncharacteristic nervousness was beginning to rub off on him, too. "I don't like this set up," he told her as he expelled a long breath. "There's only one exit. Maybe you should . . ."

"Wait in the car?" she inquired, one eyebrow rising sharply. "In this neighborhood? You've got to be kidding. Besides, I thought you told me Ling Mai's contact would only turn over the information if both of us were present."

"Yeah, that's what she said. But that doesn't mean I have to like it."

He saw a momentary look of look of concern flit across her face, but she banished it like a true professional. "We have backup, Lee," she stated, her voice cool and collected. "If we miss our check-in, Billy will send in the troops. Although, a little light might not be a bad idea."

A frayed cord dangled from the ceiling and he gave it a quick jerk. A lone bulb switched on, illuminating a portion of the room in a strange, eerie glow. Reaching out, he pulled Amanda to him, running his hand across her back - whether to give or gain comfort, he wasn't quite sure. "I don't know if that's any better," he told her, "but you're right, it sure beats standing here in the dark."

She sighed her understanding. "I don't know what's gotten into me this morning."

"Must be all that eggnog of Dotty's you put away yesterday. She did say her secret recipe has been known to produce some dramatic results."

"Oh, it did," his wife rejoined, looking up at him with a sultry smile. "At least, I thought so."

"I thought so, too," he replied, his voice roughening as he allowed his thoughts to dwell for just a minute on the very special Christmas night they'd shared. His wife's responses had been especially passionate, and he'd been forced to remind her more than once that the boys' bedroom wasn't all that far from theirs. Still . . . Lee felt his smile widen as he made a mental note to ask Dotty for that eggnog recipe.

Amanda seemed to read his thoughts. "As much as I love having the boys home for the semester break, it'll be kind of nice when things settle into a routine again. I miss those private moments at the end of the day, just the two of us."

"Me, too, Mrs. Stetson." He flashed her his sexiest grin. "And, speaking of some private time, our anniversary is right around the corner, you know."

"Exactly seven weeks from today." Her expression matched his as she added slyly, "So, what's it going to be, candy or iron?" At his baffled gaze, she elaborated, "Those **are** the traditional gifts for number six, you know."

Lee chuckled softly. "I was thinking more along the lines of a romantic weekend alone, just the two of us."

"What did you have in mind?"

Lee shook his head. "Nope, I want it to be a surprise."

She leaned closer and let her finger trail across his lips. "I have ways of making you talk, you know," she threatened with a little laugh.

His grin widened. "Really? Actually, that might be kind of fun."

"Maybe not as fun as you think." She took a step back and folded her hands across her chest. "I believe the last time you had to sleep on the couch you had a stiff neck for a week."

"Okay, okay," he laughed, throwing his hands up, "if you insist on spoiling my surprise, I'll tell you. I managed to wrangle a couple of tickets to 'Les Mis,' so I thought a trip to New York and . . ."

Amanda's eyes lit up before he could finish the sentence. "We're staying at the Plaza? Oh, Lee!"

He tried to look nonchalant as he nodded. "I'm sure they'd be more than happy to supply some traditional candy for the pillow. As for the iron . . ." Leaning closer, he nudged her affectionately. "I feel confident I can come up with something appropriate."

"Lee!" she exclaimed, her cheeks flaming.

"Okay, okay," he agreed, secretly pleased that he could still cause his wife of almost six years to blush. "I guess we should put this discussion on hold for now." Squaring his shoulders, he glanced at his watch, his expression growing serious as he noted the time. "Where the hell is that contact? Ling Mai said seven o'clock sharp."

"It's only five after. I'm sure Ling Mai's contact will be here soon."

"Maybe." He took a few restless steps then stopped, breathing heavily as he ran his hand through his hair. "I guess this business with Finch and Brody has me a little on edge. I'll be glad when it's finished and done with."

"I know." He felt the gentle touch of her hand on his forearm, even through the heavy fabric of his coat. "But our testimony at the trial next month will finally put an end to the Death Broker's network once and for all."

He nodded. "Sally Wong and John Peters were part of my 'family,' Amanda. I owe them."

"They didn't die in vain, Lee. You've made sure of that this time."

"**We've** made sure of that," he amended, his hand covering hers. "I couldn't have done it without my partner. Nobody can follow a paper trail like you," he added proudly. "You've become one of the best in the business."

He looked down at her, but where her warm smile should have been, he saw only a sharp frown. He felt her grip tighten as she murmured hoarsely, "Do you smell something funny?"

"It's a filthy warehouse, Amanda. Everything in here smells funny." He groaned as she shot him a look. The previous day's celebration had obviously upset her normally unflappable equilibrium and he took a few tentative sniffs to appease her. "I don't smell a thing."

"I should have known better than to ask," she sighed, stuffing her hands in her pockets. "Men have absolutely no sense of smell. It's a proven fact."

Rolling his eyes, he checked out the room again. Other than the few crates stacked haphazardly in the corner, nothing seemed out of order. Still, it never hurt to be thorough; holidays or not, his partner's instincts were usually right on the mark. Switching on the flashlight, he gave her a quick wink of capitulation and moved carefully toward the cluttered corner.

"Lee," Amanda's voice croaked from somewhere far away, "I feel funny." That's when he heard it, the low, raspy hiss from up above. Hand shaking, he aimed the light at the ceiling vents.

"Amanda!" He felt a sharp, twisting pain tear through his ankle as he lunged toward her. "Get out of here!"

It was too late. The last thing he saw before the gas claimed his consciousness was his wife's body slumped in a heap on the floor.