



# Psycho Chick™



## The Lazarus Curse



### Rise



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### Issue#17

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**Sanitary white walls of a room... of the  
mind.**

**Bleak blankness, no memory to find.  
Blinking eyes try to jump-start  
realization.**

**Panic at this stark incarceration.  
Eyes roll white, drifting into blackness,  
engulfed by the dark.**

**Find your way back, swimming, re-  
entering the stark.**

**Focus.**

**A room.**

**White walls.**

**Needles of steel, tubes of silicone.**

**Why are you here?**

**Aching numbness from flesh to bone.**



**Love is in the air,  
Like a thick smog of nauseating  
pollution – hard to bear!  
It buds, grows, blossoms – beautiful and  
new!**

**Inside of her it withers – changes to a  
decomposing hue!  
Lovers walk linked - whispering sweet  
nothings in each others ear.  
Emo Girl watches with misery with the  
same heart-break fear.**

**How two people can be so fucking  
happy, she will ask.  
She feigns happiness for them as she  
hides behind this “happy” mask.  
She tries to convince herself that she is  
happy for her former lover Prick.  
Yet, thoughts explode into visions of  
doom, wanting things to go very wrong  
for him and Psycho Chick.**





**Voices echo against the walls of white.  
Psycho Chick tries to focus on what  
they are saying with all her might.  
Her head aches as flashbacks try to put  
together a forgotten story.  
The images she sees are gut rotting and  
gory.  
Is it outside or is it inside? A panicked  
wave?  
Ice chilling she feels death reach out  
from the grave.  
Fighting for survival, agonizing struggle  
to keep alive.  
Yes, Emo Girl, that bitch Psycho Chick  
did survive!  
Staggering to safety, Prick had scooped  
her up and their love still bloomed.  
No one could stop the inevitable, they  
could never be doomed.  
Then she remembered one word that  
her lips unhesitatingly whispered, she  
was no longer Psycho Chick.  
She said one word that had the power  
of all: She said yes! To Prick!**





**Emo Girl watched as Prick went down  
on bended knee.**

**The green viper rose inside of her with  
jealous decree!**

**Hood flared, eyes black opal beads,  
fangs dripping with venom and hate.  
Scales shimmer, creature coiled, poised,  
readied to administer a hypodermic  
fate.**

**Love is not blind, eyes wide shut,  
darkness of the mind.  
So wrapped in the pathetic moment of  
self, they cannot see –**

**Ignorance is blissful; stupidity brings  
joy, happiness in utter misery.  
Charm the viper, calm its vicious way.  
No fatality to jealousy will be met on  
this day!**



**The Girl Next Door aka Psycho Chick  
found her composure.**

**She remembered that to a nightmare,  
to something dark and evil she had  
faced exposure!**

**Eyes came into focus; colours reminded  
her of her existence.**

**White kept trying to force  
consciousness out with clinical  
persistence.**

**Then a voice harshly yanks her from the  
mind snow.**

**The unwanted life-line's friction burns  
her memory, blistering to hate for a girl  
named Emo.**

**She gasps coming up and finally  
breathing realization deep...**

**Not Emo Girl again, just the thought  
makes her want to weep.**





**“What do you want now again Emo Girl,  
I thought our business was done?!”**

**“We did the toe to toe and really it was  
all ‘fun’....”**

**Emo Girl brushes this verbal attack  
aside, she looks grave.**

**Then Psycho Chick hears outside the  
full extent of the panic wave.**

**Shouting, screaming and rushing could  
be heard;**

**Worry like a deadly virus, to Psycho  
Chick was transferred.**

**Realizing that this was no time for  
pettiness, she whispers: “What's going  
on? Why am I here?”**

**Emo Girl begins a tale to resurrect  
Psycho Chick's worst amnesiac fear....**



**Clouds hang heavy, signs of a gathering  
storm.**

**Blocking out enlightenment, obscuring  
observation of the norm.**

**Rain falls clearing the air, tears cleanse  
the soul, mind and eyes.**

**Seeing clearly without the fog, through  
the lies.**

**Emo Girl finally wakes from her Psycho  
Chick obsession.**

**They battled, they waged and they  
fought – revealed all in a feudal  
confession.**

**Jealousy reared its ugly head but she  
got it under control.**

**But Emo Girl sensed that someone else  
had stepped into her arch nemesis role.**

**Too busy concentrating on her sworn  
enemy's love affair with Prick,**

**Emo Girl completely oblivious to what  
was coming, something far more  
sinister and far more sick.**





**Sun-hater: paled skin of alabaster  
white.**

**Hair shimmering like the painted  
witching hour of night.**

**Black lips stained, black ringed eyes  
imitating death.**

**Thoughts dark and gloomy with every  
breath,**

**Ears filled with rage and pain,  
Hoarse with anger, metal ripping –  
stops her from going insane.**

**Black shrouds her body, leather and  
lace.**

**Dark arts of somberness over her glides  
with grace.**

**She is hated; she is scorned, as the  
normal ones with ignorance froth.  
She revels in their dislike for she is the  
one and only Lady Goth!**



**The animosity was as deep as any feud  
that began centuries before –  
Like when the creatures of night –  
vampires and werewolves roamed the  
earth, not confined to folklore.  
Like opposing religions fighting for their  
god;  
Two factions feuding for land, for  
identity or to escape an oppressive rod.  
The divide between punk and hip hop or  
classic and rock.  
Now the rift between Emo and Goth,  
similar maybe but definitely not from  
the same stock!  
With each hatred-blow skin rips apart,  
wounds bleed becoming infected and  
begin to rot.  
Differences and misunderstanding green  
with gangrene could not be forgot.  
So the hate between Emo Girl and Lady  
Goth was heated,  
By association Psycho Chick in this feud  
became deeply seated.**





**Emo Girl and Lady Goth knew each other  
from school and even then they each  
other did detest!**

**They could not put their hatred for each  
other and this pre-written feud to rest.**

**One sliced the other moped –  
Yet both with death would have gladly  
eloped.**

**Their similarities created their  
differences and so grew the rift,  
The rivalry grew with retaliation after  
retaliation coming swift!**

**Emo Girl liked her weapons and the razor  
blade,**

**Lady Goth from the dark arts could not  
dissuade.**

**Both became proficient in their chosen  
art.**

**Psycho Chick had no idea what evil the  
two of them could craft.**

**She found herself in hospital, injured due  
to their feud-**

**The reason still to be explained as her  
memory of the events her still did elude.**



**The night air is like velvet against her  
ghostly skin,  
Lady Goth collects her thoughts as  
hatred brews within.  
Her plans are diabolical and sinister,  
with them she goes ahead.  
She thinks not of consequences, as her  
obsession is fed.  
There is a lesson to be learnt with evil,  
you never have it under control.  
Delving deeper into it, the more you  
into evil will enrol.  
Lady Goth wanted to destroy that  
trollop, Emo Girl, at all cost.  
So she probed deeper into the dark arts,  
becoming more lost.  
She experimented, tested, conjured  
with potion, magic and spell.  
Without realizing she soon stood before  
the very ominous gates of hell.**







**"You have come this far, just go in!"  
She placed a pale hand on the gates,  
hesitates to sin.**

**Playing with life is one thing, playing  
with death is worse.**

**Woe on thee who dares to reach beyond  
the grave, they will face an  
unimaginable curse!**

**Lady Goth puts pressure on the gate  
with a more fervent incantation, maybe  
it's locked....**

**It creaks with the pressure, no time to  
back out; her conviction should not be  
rocked.**

**She continues with the spell, speaking  
to the dead,**

**The gate swings open; she steps into  
the wide, open arms of red.**

**"Do not marvel at this for the hour is  
coming when they will hear the voice,"**

**"All those in the memorial tombs will  
come out", they will have no choice!**



**In a hospital, in a room of stark white.  
Two enemies sit, truced as they share a  
fate of woe and blight.**

**Emo Girl tells this story to Psycho Chick  
of her enemy, a lady of black.**

**Explaining all of the events and of the  
love between her and Lady Goth that  
they did lack.**

**Emo Girl's story is of gut rotting gore, of  
how with life and death Lady Goth did  
revel.**

**Of the spells, incantations – playing Dr  
Frankenstein – dancing with the Devil.**

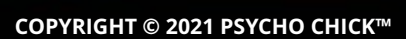
**Rushing back in vivid colours of utter  
shock in no relief.**

**Psycho Chick remembers waking from  
her love-trance, to find chaos and utter  
disbelief.**

**She remembers, mind dropping the walls  
of white becoming as clear as glass.**

**Then the memory of facing, them, a  
continuous wave - hacking over and over  
again, as if a wave of unending grass.**







**Lady Goth smiled a triumphant smile....**

**However, it began to dawn on her in a  
short while –**

**“Oh what have I done?”**

**She had no control over this kind of evil,  
she had not won!**

**She grew terrified as the very  
Apocalypse unfolded about which the  
Holy Books had writ.**

**Overwhelmed she was the witness as  
“The sea gave up the dead which were  
in it”,**

**“And death and hell delivered up the  
dead which were in them....”**

**Four Horsemen came forward, mankind  
to condemn.**

**Lady Goth was very lucky to flee with  
her life,**

**Not caring that the rest of mankind  
with the full force of hell were put into  
strife!**



**Outside panic was endemic, but in the  
sanitary white walls of a room,  
Sat once enemies – Psycho Chick and Emo  
Girl – discussing the horror from the tomb.  
Emo Girl was there when Psycho Chick  
almost succumbed to those that came from  
the grave,  
Now Emo Girl appealed to Psycho Chick to  
help the rest of the world to save.  
Psycho Chick got up sore but determined,  
released finally from her confining bed.  
Now the two had to face the worst scourge,  
the worst disease to infect men – the  
Undead!  
The two readied themselves for what Lady  
Goth had done, the fool!  
They had to fight now against demon,  
creature, zombie and ghoul!  
So began the beginning of what they would  
many years from now, call World War 3.  
A record of which has being documented  
for future generations, as you will soon see!  
(To be continued...)**



