



# GOOHEY magazine

self-absorbed and deeply meaningless

**#04**  
**A Smidgen of Instability**

# GOOEY magazine

## Self-absorbed and deeply meaningless

GOOEY is published annually by a growing body of authors, editors and visionaries. The editorial team for this issue, fondly referred to as “The Overlords” are Whitley Dunn, Alexandra Groenwoldt, and Francesca Pacchiano

## Issue 4

A Smidgen of Instability

**Managing Editor:** Francesca Pacchiano

**Editorial Director:** Whitley Dunn

**Editorial Team:** Whitley Dunn, Alexandra Groenwoldt, Francesca Pacchiano

**Layout and Design:** Micaella Taylor

**Cover Art:** Francesca Pacchiano

All contents are granted copyright © 2026 for six months to GOOEY before reverting to the contributors.

Respectfully, we recognize the traditional and unceded territory of the Snuneymuxw, Quw’utsun, and Tla’amin peoples on whose land we have the privilege of living, working, and creating this magazine. We want to honour the sovereignty, histories, languages, knowledge systems, land and cultures of the Coast Salish Peoples; and we offer this place of storytelling in service to the process of reconciliation and healing from the harms of colonialism.

GOOEY magazine is an online publication that can be viewed globally, and we reflect on where these stories come from. Many of the contributors are students at Vancouver Island University and have written these stories first for classes held there. Our stories, whether consciously or not, are shaped by where we live and we are privileged to be here.

*Special thanks to Micaella Taylor for designing this issue of GOOEY magazine.*

# C O N T E N T S

From the desk of the  
Supreme Chancellor

## Fiction

Joshua Wiebe

8 mouth is gross

13 internet rabbit hole

16 adguard (4.7/5)

Kaylin Zech

10 "A Socratic Dialogue  
on Disfigurement"

sonam Maki

7 Setlist #2

sophia Wasylinko

14 A Sticky Sauté

## Art

Isaiah Hogan

9 Portraits of Stoners 1

11 Portraits of Stoners 2

13 Portraits of Stoners 3

15 Portraits of Stoners 4

## From the Desk of the Supreme Chancellor:

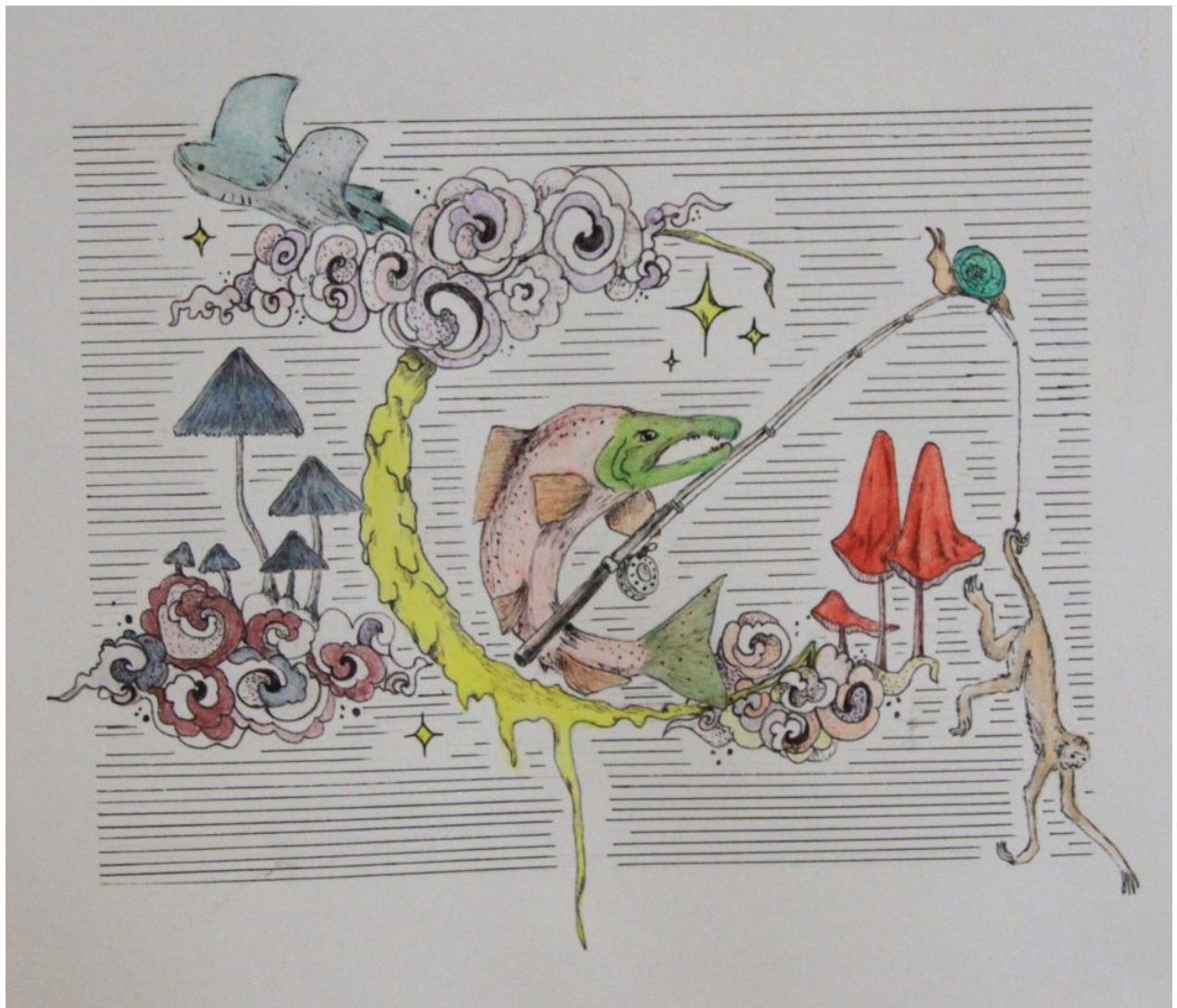
Be not afraid.

Winter was long but we have arrived. While you lay buried under blankets, shivering in your bed, battling the faceless monsters of dopamine addiction and undiagnosed seasonal affective disorder, we were hard at work to bring you this divine nectar.

Wipe the sleep from your eyes. Shower. Brush your teeth, please. You need to take better care of yourself. Leave your potato chip crumbs where they rot and turn back to us. Here is hope. Here is life.

We love you.

GOOEY



## Setlist #2

Sonam Maki

August 24th 2022 953  
BC

Bruce Ave, Nanaimo

sweaty august afternoon gives way to a perfumed evening

the tongue coating concoction of dried out grass and residual supercharged asphalt

stirred in the vat of neon maple tree branches, on an urban farm in the south end of town

it's the occupied territory of burnt- out hippy families and the blue collar professional backbone,

maybe some exchange student adventurers, braving the kilometer trek between liquor stores every night

STRAIGHT OUTTA HAREWOOD! CO-OP THIRD SPACE! I AM REALER  
THAN REAL!

a wild gaggle of teenagers congregate next to late summer blackberries and free range chickens

fragrance notes are:

indica flower curdled in raw papers,

sickening lychee vapour,

hyper pheremonic body odour

on a small wooden platform sinking into the bramble, the band serenades the frontman goodbye,

what greater things could even lie beyond this?

ELECTRICITY TRAPPED IN VINTAGE TWEED AMPS AND PEDALS IS STARTING TO REEK!

shrieking and moaning, ~~+~~ conjoined twins attached through the patch chord

the set ends as darkness creeps in, and the melancholic testosterone hits via intravenous lightning strike

a crowd favourite cover of our nerd revenge anthem brings out sparks in even the most despondent

post show task list:

lucky lager in the old truck

enjoy a silicone bong rip in the bush,

hum along with the frogs and crickets

there are small logs ready, for a high risk fire, where awkward connections brew eighty proof sarcasm

what greater thing could ever lie beyond this?



# Mouth is Gross

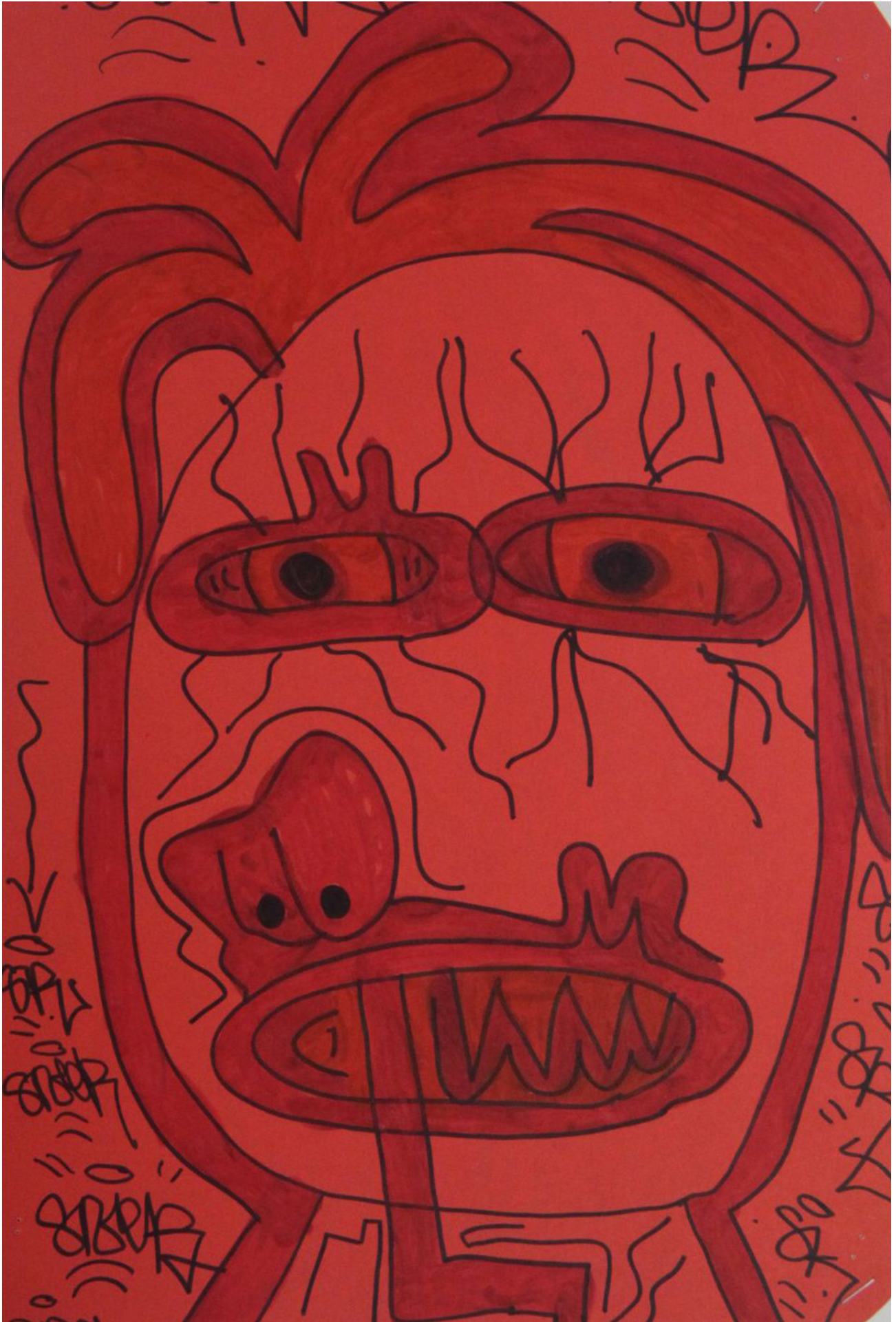
Joshua Wiebe

imagine being  
a dentist

tongue  
saliva

the only  
thing worse

than mouth  
is ass





## “A Socratic Dialogue on Disfigurement”

Kaylin Zech

AN INCISION RAN THROUGH THE CORPSE—A BEAM OF WHITE LIGHT THROUGH THE FLESH. Sure as rain in April, the corpse wept blood. A bruised peach of a body, the skin was blue, black, and engorged, cut through from the shoulder to the chest and down. She laid the scalpel on her tray and wondered if she would even find anything worthwhile in the organs—the external exam had produced nothing of consequence. Why did it matter? This lump of rot was a John Doe. Very few dead bodies had interesting things to say, their tongues weighing down their mouth, as they waited to be filled with stone and earth.

With her tongue, she swiped a bead of drool from her lip, then she slid her fingers into the wound. The body was of course apathetic to this intrusion. She imagined if it were alive, it might moan and curl and writhe like an eel.

Upon folding open the right side and lifting the skin—that first boundary that defines us against the rest of the world—she saw something peculiar. It was familiar, and she thought perhaps her mind had lapsed and her vision lagged behind or had

flown ahead of her, to when she'd move on to the left side of the body. She pressed the flap between her finger and thumb. Flesh reaffirmed flesh: corporeal, real and present.

She had expected to reveal a series of cavities—a world of reds and browns cut through with stark bone white of the ribs. Normal guts. The inside of a corpse is perfect, an omission of self, devoid of heat, of soul. And of judgement and threat. That was why she liked this kind of work. Everyone looked the same on the inside, more or less. But beneath that flap in her hand, under a sheen of red, was a second laceration. It was spurting fresh blood through a gash straight through the décolletage of another body, a mirror of the flap she held in her hand.

Dead people didn't bleed. They sopped blood onto the table in a last pathetic attempt to interact with the world. It was a violation that she felt the residual blood on her hands through the gloves. But regardless of her feelings, underneath the initial layer she had stripped from the corpse lay another body. It wore John Doe's skin like makeup.

The blood was afraid of the outer body; it pooled in inverted puddles in a desperate attempt to escape the oils on the skin. She let go of the flap of the original body. It folded over the shoulder with a wet sound. The noise was what she imagined her stomach to sound like, if it could give voice to her unease. The familiarity was perverted by this new entity. It was so close to being normal. Maybe she just had to cut through this body too. Then everything would be safe again.

When her fingers pressed into the skin it felt warm, wet with blood that was still bubbling out of the cut like a sticky-sweet diet soda. That thought made her wet her lips. Her focus crawled from her mind to her fingertips as she felt out the body through the incision in John Doe. The skin—stretched so thin like wet paper—rolled over the clavicle under her touch. She retched. Like a poor poisoned rabbit. What if the skin were to keep sliding over the bone, smearing like oil pastels, revealing the bone beneath? But she could only scrape away the flesh with her nails, gathering blood and decay under them. At that the body tensed. Not as a freshly dead thing would

in rigor mortis, but in the form of a contraction that further indicated life. It occurred to her that not only was its heart pumping blood through its system, but it had just responded to her. She was having an interaction with a real, living, dead thing... A body in pain.

She thought it good that she cut into dead bodies that don't know how much it hurts. There is a lot that hurts about being in a body. It is always such an insufficient vessel for a person's soul. So people cut them away, starving themselves until others can see the trees through them. They believe the trees are more beautiful, more worthwhile to gaze at. A wisp of a person would be more lovable anyhow, more digestible. A waif to be thrown about by the wind. After all, to diminish the body is just an attempt to kill the soul. Always too angry, too loud. Since so few people really love each other's souls isn't it better to get rid of yours? That would make it easier for people to settle. The soul lives in the bones, and if one could only shatter them, the soul could slip through the cracks. And if a person could cut away enough flesh, their soul would drain out and into the ground.

Eventually it would make its way through the rivers into the ocean. No one would hate your soul if most of it was in the ocean. It would probably get eaten there by little crustaceans. Wouldn't this be for the best, for the happiness of the rest of your soul in your decaying body? Apparently, there is something erotic about decaying bodies.



As if in personal offence to her thoughts, the body screamed.

A thin sound, muffled from its origin inside the hollowed-out carcass. The skin on the face rippled with the vibrations, like it wanted to part its blue lips and spit at her.

The blade glided like a ship through water. Through her disgust, she felt the form beneath the incision,

scalpel clenched in the other hand to free the being inside. Blood squelched under her fingers. Oh, she had cut deep, and the poor thing didn't like it. The screaming pierced through numb senses and settled itself in the hollow of her stomach. It was a roomy place for panic to grow, as there was no food stewing in there. How could she eat when her soul was so loud, so angry?

When she ripped her hand away, hot blood shot up her arm. It reminded her of the last time someone had kissed her. Panic flooded from her guts into her throat. From there, into her hands that scrambled across the skin. Ripping and tearing to free that writhing thing that lived beneath.

Her hands melted into the chest in their work. A smudged portrait of three people as she painted everything red. She wondered what this neglected

third person would say—not the subject it was thought to be, just a fleshy covering for this new thing beneath. All it was now was a mess of pieces on the floor, as if it wasn't already violated enough. It would probably be screaming too. She certainly was.

It was blackout poetry, the art of subtraction. Frenzied slicing and

peeling skin to reveal more and more of the screaming creature. She cut away the folds of the neck and wondered if someone had ever gently pressed their lips to that skin. The flesh she peeled away there was fatty. It looked like the thing inside had been negligent when hollowing out the corpse. Bits of jaggedly cut muscle were still attached. The fat-marbled skin slipped through her fingers, a fish trying to get to water that doesn't exist. For years she had wondered what it would be like to grab at the fat on her body and cut it away. Teeth met tongue, and she sliced away the skin on the face. It screamed every time she cut too deep and bit into its skin. Now, the sound was choked. God, she wondered if it could even breathe.

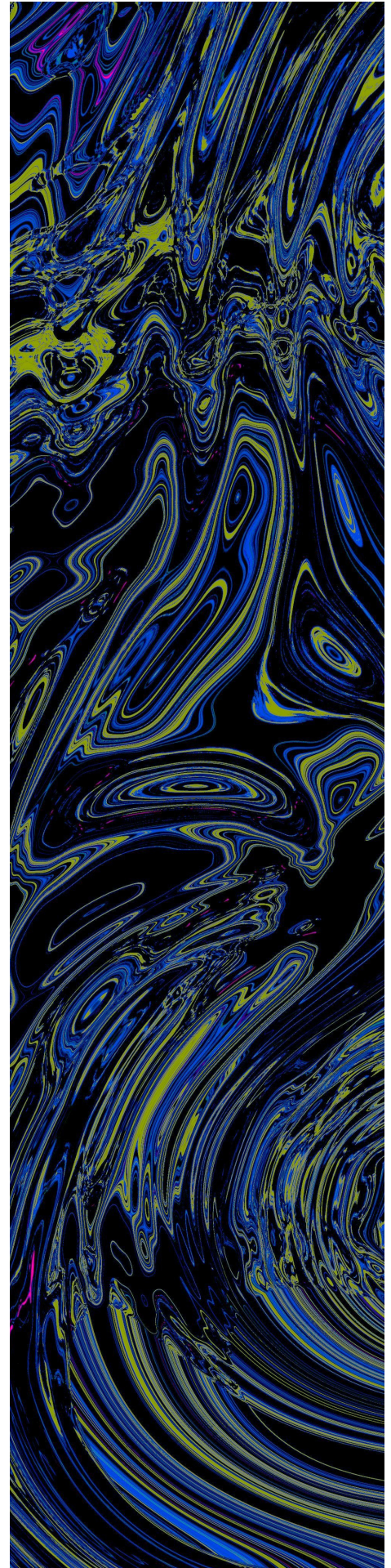
Hooking her nails into the jaw she peeled the face away. John Doe splattered to the floor in chunks of skin. Flaccid eyelids stared into the floor as it landed face down, the flesh photo negative exposed to the room. Pulpy bits stuck in her hair; her glasses were splattered with red and a piece of neck hung from the frame. A new face stared at her.

Again, it was familiar. The panic dripped out of her limbs and onto the floor. Her piss swirled with the red pooled there. She didn't even think to stop it, there was no thought, no screaming. There was nothing except the body in front of her. Lying on the table, half-embraced by the decaying flesh of the corpse, was herself. It was a perfect reflection, smeared with blood, but not dead. Its skin was flushed, the lips wet, all bizarre human signs of

vitality. Looking at this mimic was worse than the mirror. It felt crueler to be in absolute authority, outside of yourself and holding a blade. Maybe if it was dead, then she could guiltlessly cut away pieces of it. It was a gift from God. She could finally make herself beautiful. As if it knew her thoughts, the eyes scrunched shut, wrinkling the nose. It reminded her of rotting vegetables. The tremor in her fingers told her she should touch it. She clenched the blade, the other hand reaching for the face.

Somewhere the wires crossed in her brain. She had meant to be gentle. She dug into the mandible and brought the scalpel across its cheek, cutting fat away in chunks, until she saw the cheekbone. It was so pretty. She carved a white rabbit, red eyes and nose twitching as the blood gushed. She leaned in to examine her work; she could feel the heat of the blood that splattered across her glasses, into her eyes. The mimic screamed again. She kept slashing and stabbing—blind, blood dribbling into her mouth, the thing filling all her senses—until she saw nothing.

She stayed for a long time, long enough for the blood to cool on her face—both of her faces. She did not sop up the remains. With her hope that gnashing teeth of gutter rats would find it, that last remnant of her soul dribbled down the drain.



## internet rabbit hole

Joshua Wiebe

login: \_\_\_\_\_ >

pin: \_\_\_\_\_ >

google.ca >

big tongue >

is my tongue too large >

images for big tongue >

macroglossia

# A Sticky Sauté

Sophia Wasylinko

I'd reached the bus stop when I realized I'd forgotten my pointe shoes. How could I have left behind the most important part of my outfit? Before I could run back inside, Rodney had shoved the shoebox into my face. "Here."

Stunned, I managed to catch it just in time. "Uh, thanks?" But he'd already dashed away.

My little brother had been good lately. Too good, like he was biding his time before unleashing his wildest, most destructive scheme. Ever since he'd dubbed himself "the Grand Prankmaster" last year, he'd made it his mission to come up with the biggest, baddest pranks—and practice them on me.

They'd started out harmless at first: switching the calendar to the previous month, hiding my phone in different parts of the house, replacing my laptop wallpaper with a Smile Dog screenshot. But they'd gotten way out of hand, the last hoax involving live worms mixed in with my gummies. Not only would I never eat gummy worms again, I had serious trust issues.

I dreaded what Rod's next stunt would be.

Before my thoughts could spiral out of control, the bus had arrived. My misgivings faded away, replaced by excitement. It was my ballet camp's recital tonight, and not only was I one of the star performers in "Cinderella", I got my very own solo! It was a dream come true for an aspiring ballerina such as myself.

As we drove to the performing arts centre for morning practice, I mentally ran through my routine, trying to remember the places where I stumbled. I'd already practiced at home with my new shoes, a gift from Grandma when she'd heard that my pair was getting dingy. It would be my first time wearing them on the hardwood floor, and I couldn't wait. Exiting the bus, I resolved to focus on dancing. Rodney's shenanigans weren't my priority right now.

Once I'd entered the practice room with my fellow performers, I peeked inside the box. There didn't seem to be anything suspicious inside. Sighing with relief, I slipped off my right sneaker and slid my foot, encased in a Pinkie Pie sock, into the shoe.

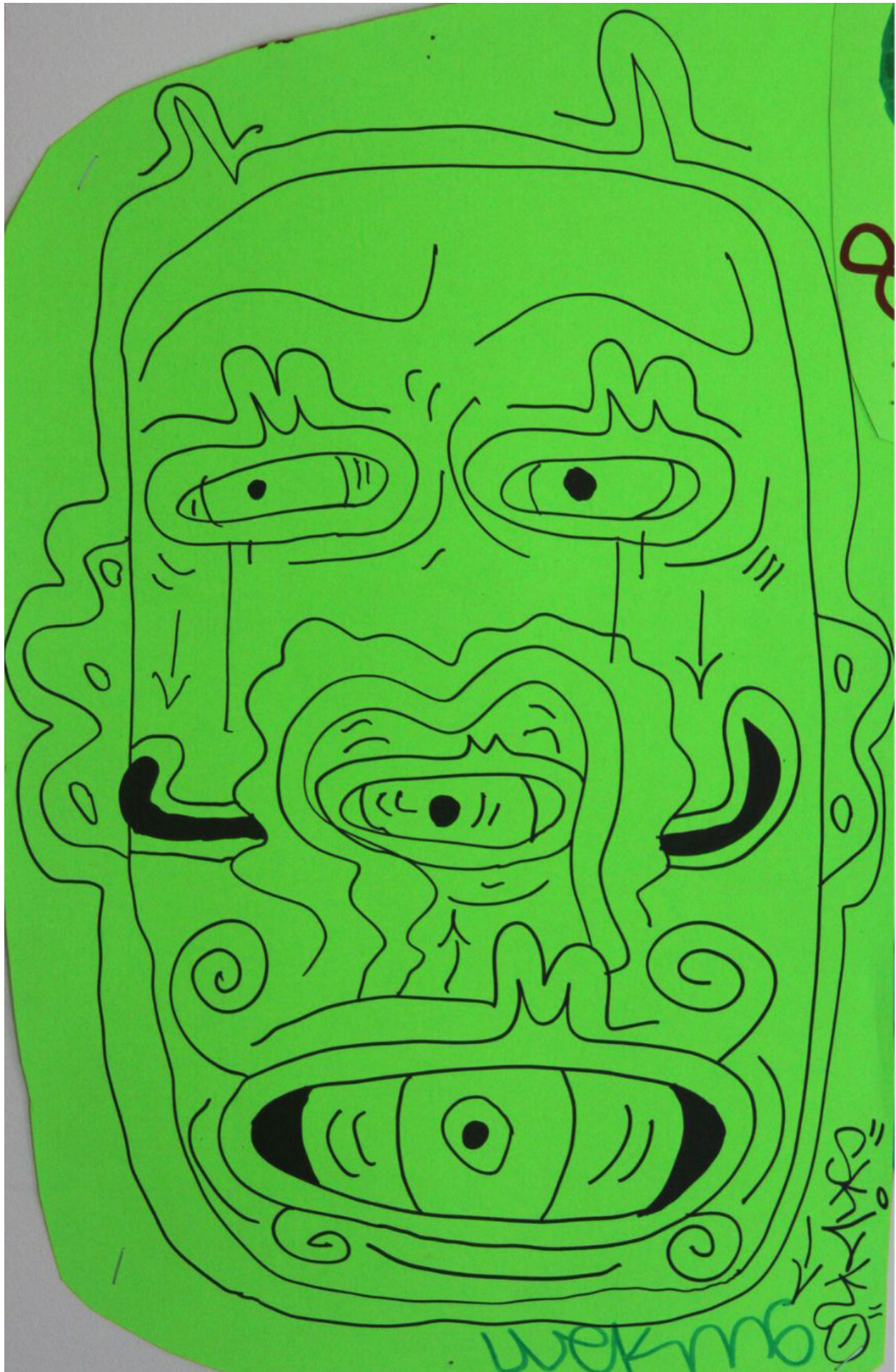
My toes touched something squishy and cold. Shrieking, I yanked my foot out and shook the shoe. Whatever was inside refused to come out. The other dancers turned to stare at me: some with concern, most in annoyance, a few with disgust. Cheeks burning, I held my breath and lowered my thumb and pointer finger into the shoe.

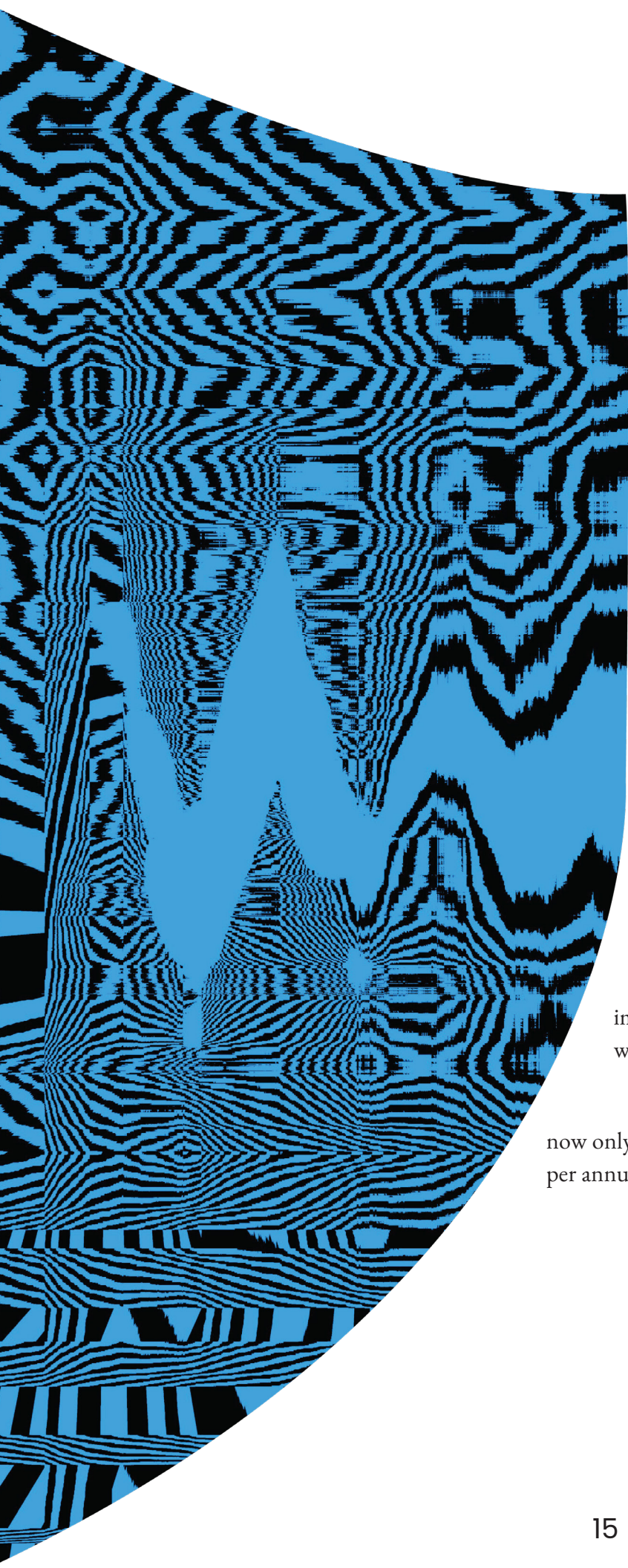
The suspicious substance felt cool and damp, as if it had been forgotten in the fridge, and was incredibly sticky, like Marshmallow Crème but a thousand times worse. Trying not to vomit, I pinched some of it off and pulled it out of my beautiful new footwear. What greeted me was a swirling mass of moss-green, chocolate-brown, silver-glitter goop.

At first, I had no idea what it could be. Then, I remembered the glimpses over Rod's shoulder of his tablet screen the night before: a YouTube tutorial that he'd quickly covered with his grimy hands before darting into a corner to resume watching. My embarrassment morphed into rage that I could have let my guard down so easily, that my little brother could have destroyed both my reputation AND my new shoe.

The dance instructor frowned. "Cassidy, are you okay?"

I flapped my hand, the slime stubbornly clinging to my fingers. The practice room rang with my wails. "RODNEY!"





## **adguard (4.7/5)**

Joshua Wiebe

there is an app for that  
get you an adblocker son

imagine the internet  
without advertising

now only 60 bucks  
per annum



## Contributors

### Isaiah Hogan

Known as spiderman to his friends, Isaiah has a deep love for all critters, especially those with eight legs. When he's not finding a spider to cuddle, Isaiah can be found, pen in hand, working on his graffiti tags and designs. On warm days, he gets out his skateboard and heads to the park to try new tricks and visit with his friends.

### Joshua Wiebe

A citizen of the internet and a mentally ill Albertan, Joshua Wiebe lives alone with his schizophrenia and a complete lack of a sense of the ordinary. He pursues a minimalistic approach to life via poetry, seeking to make/explore strong statements with as little context as possible.

### Kaylin Zech

Kaylin Zech is a proud Islander, wannabe poet, and Shakespearean actor. She is an endlessly curious consumer of all things decomposed and reanimated. Especially regarding creative works. She loves seeing a story told and retold with all the flavours of lived experience—and hopes to add her own insight into her work. Currently in her second year at VIU, she is studying both English and theatre in a roundabout hope of ending up at law school.

### Sonam Maki

Sonam Maki is a third-year art history and studio art student at Concordia University in Montreal, and she grew up in Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, BC. She is a multidisciplinary artist who prioritizes the exploration and mixing of materials and mediums, including painting, illustration, print media, photography, creative writing and more. Her focus fluctuates between the figurative, the abstract and the material. Right now, her work is majorly concerned with the relationships that people have with their social, cultural and natural environments. She's looking in to how these relationships express themselves through patterns, archetypes, symbols and behaviours. Her process is very open and intuitive, but she's looking more into research-based projects, and some current methods of her work include observational, historical and feminist approaches.

### Sophia Wasylinko

Sophia Wasylinko has been quietly tucked away in the corner of the GOOEY's office since its inception. Her last written piece was Issue 2's "Wet Lips, Demon Kiss," and she's edited submissions in Issues 1-3. She has yet to officially move back to Vancouver Island, but she's popped over there a few times, ostensibly for Creative Writing alumna purposes. (Rumor has it that it's for the salty sea air lacking in BC's Interior.) Sophia keeps her addiction to books active, and her bank account full, with her library page and library assistant jobs. She posts about books, writing, and the odd trip on her Bookstagram and does some real writing on the side. Her first novel will come out at some point within the next five years (maybe).