My hand shook precariously as I tried to write out my name on the sign-in sheet in the lobby of 250 West 49th street. I couldn't believe that I was about to meet one of the men behind biggest magazine in horror, Tony Timpone.

Much less believable was that I, a student from Orange County, CA, was in New York solely for the purpose of having an opportunity to interview this man for a school paper I was doing in my Journalism class. Moments after branding my name, or as close to "Tyler Dean" as I could get—I think it ended looking like "Kyle Dral"—I found the elevator that would take me to the heart of our beloved magazine.

After a longer-than-seemed-possible ride, I got off on the third floor and made my way to the correct suite, finding myself facing a plain wooden door with the FANGORIA skull emblem staring back at me. Now, Tony doesn't know this, but I stood on the other side of that door for a good three minutes. But three minutes is all it took for me to pull myself together as I suddenly and without hesitation, grabbed the door handle and let myself in.

I don't really know what I expected to find when I strolled into the FANGORIA office. In my wildest of preconceptions, I expected to find a sort of horror asylum where the floors are marble, everyone's wearing a suit and glass shelves displaying various horror paraphernalia abound. However, I have a ridiculous imagination, and this was just another example supporting that fact. What I found instead of my ridiculous inclinations was what anyone, but me, would have probably expected. I walked into the waiting room to find that the walls had been painted to make it look like blood was dripping down its sides. To my left was a black couch emblazoned with the signature FANGORIA logo. The room also had several magazines encased in frames, one being an older issue of FANGORIA back when it was briefly referred to as FANTASTICA. However, the centerpiece of the room was a giant painting that Clive Barker had done for FANGORIA's 30th anniversary Collector's Edition, with two copies of the aforementioned magazine encased on either side. Below that, to my delight, was a glass shelf!

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