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BATTERY PACK

Making Love In The TV

Colin Hill

THE STRANGEST thing happened today as I sat watching the telly: your face appeared and you smiled at me and you asked me to come in and join you. "Come in", you said, "the screen is warm". So I crawled in through the back of the set, and instead of the ten o'clock news the whole country saw us making love in the TV.

COLSIBABES.BLOGSPOT.CO.UK

Polling Day

Jennifer Albon Burns

THE BOY WHO bullied me at school is a politician now. We cross paths every now and again, on the long train ride to the office. His trustworthy expression emerges on a turned page, hands frozen mid-sentence. A sincere, wrinkled gesture. I recall the day they shoved my face into the lavatory, characteristically determined, the violent spray of hatred. On polling days, oddly enough, I can't bring myself to vote.

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Mess

Lucy Yates

THE WHITE CRUST crunches as her shoes sink in. Dazzling blankness stretches to the empty horizon. Her breath catches in her chest. She walks on, her heart beating faster. Jagged peaks rear up, the tops burnt brown. It's hours before she rounds the foothills, shadows sloping over the crumbly, white drifts. Ahead suddenly a plain covered by giant red boulders. She squints into the dusk. Raspberries, just as she'd thought.

LEYATES.CO.UK

Kitchenmirror

Andrew Jack Foster

EVERYTHING WAS ordinary until the teabag screamed. The sound was cracked and ragged, a thick gasping that didn't stop until I jerked it up out of the boiling water. I stared. The thing twisted on its string, convulsing, choking. Of their own accord, my lips parted. I reached down with two fingers extended. The boiling water twitched the breath from my lungs as I pushed the teabag back below the surface.

@SQUADCAKEBOX

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HE WONDERED where everyone had got to. He was hungry. During his long backyard vigil he'd been aware of some commotion: sirens had wailed for days and distant fires had illuminated the night sky. But all was quiet now, the noise replaced by an ever-worsening stench of decay. Still, he waited in his kennel, faith unwavering. His people would come soon. They'd bring food and their love, and they would unite him.

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Vigil

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Fifty Thin Men

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FIFTY THIN MEN march home. Five thousand went out. We run into the streets, grab. They hug back - bandaged eyes, or unbound, bloody. My man's gone. I knew now they cry when kissed, in joy these boys: we played kiss chase. Now they cry when kissed, in joy and terror.

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