



BATTERY

PACK

VOLUME

IV

# How Hungry I Was

*Rachel O' Cleary*

I was alone, slumped on a bench in the metro. "Scoot." And there she was, with two cups of coffee and a bagel slathered with cream cheese. She handed me a coffee and split the bagel in half. I blinked at her. It was only coffee. Only a bagel. But that damned bagel. She didn't just buy me one, she gave me half of hers. "You looked hungry," she said. "I was starving," I answered.

@RACHELOCLEARY1

# Effects

*Elliot Harper*

The effects never lasted that long, but I took it anyway. I only did it to feel normal, to fit in, but for some reason, it never worked properly. Instead, I just had this terrible feeling that I'd done something wrong. Even that passed after a while, leaving a gaping hole. I had no other choice but to ignore it and carry on.

# Ode to a Canadian Coffee

*Lexie Angelo*

Oh, you jaunty little brew of delight

In your cable-knit sweater

paper cup

You are - ow, ow, burning me.  
Fuck.

# Morning Swim

*EB Richards*

She creeps from the cottage at dawn while he snores on his back. The horizon beyond the beach is a velvet smudge where sea meets sky. She stands at the lattice edge of the waves, looking back for a moment. The cold water shocks the breath from her, cradles her. She swims. Bristles of fur pierce skin, spine lengthens into tail, ears flatten against skull. The selkie dives down into the gold deep.

@EMILIABARBARA3

# Chili Con Carnage

*Howie Good*

A man in a charred shirt is being led down the street by soldiers in camo. He's barefoot, his hands bound with wire. People stand in family clusters all along the route to the hanging tree. You want to scream, but, of course, that can't happen. A sudden breeze riles the leaves. The next thing you know, parents are naming their kids after guns: Kalashnikov, Markov, Remington. The sun keeps showing up regardless.

GOOGLE: "HOWIE GOOD"

# The Kid

*Emma Jane Van Dinter*

The kid's watching me harvest honeysuckles: pulling them from the stem, puckering my lips, whistling in the nectar, scattering yellow petals. A baseball card clicks against bicycle spokes. He's leaving; I follow him home. "Can I come over?" I ask, already on the porch. His mother makes us lunch. Sitting in the backyard, we unstick Wonder Bread, ham, and mayo from the tops of our mouths, and watch rust shed off the monkey bars.



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