

SPEC*U*LA*TIVE 66

66 words. Endless possibilities.

Issue 3



Table of Contents

| | |
|--|-------|
| • The Lavotte Girl <i>Frankie Rollins</i> | 3 |
| • Half-Empty <i>Ethan Hedman</i> | 4 |
| • Here Something <i>Lisa Levine</i> | 5 |
| • Incoherent, Familiarity <i>Kimberly Wine</i> | 6 |
| • True Love <i>Karen Helsop</i> | 7 |
| • Canon-Fourrage <i>Jay Passer</i> | 8 |
| • The Kettle Tanner <i>James Menard</i> | 9 |
| • Pin Pricks and Sleeping Pills <i>Will Gilmer</i> | 10 |
| • The Engagement <i>Jay Passer</i> | 11 |
| • Tricking Treats <i>Kerry E.B. Black</i> | 12 |
| • Zombie Games <i>Eddie D. Moore</i> | 13 |
| • Then, Escape <i>Paul Alex Gray</i> | 14 |
| • Contributor Bios..... | 15-17 |
| • Photo Credits..... | 18 |

The Lavotte Girl

Frankie Rollins

When Doctor Porchiat was tarred and feathered, I fell to my knees. In front of those flames and that flickering light, his feathers were shocking! I went into his office, saw that poor girl naked and split to the stone like a peach. I covered her, packed his leather bag, and followed the mob's softening cries. I lifted the blackened, feathered man. Together, we flew away.



Half-Empty

Ethan Hedman

The wasteland is an unforgiving desert without end, and water is its greatest treasure. A full canteen can sustain a wanderer's body and hopes just long enough for them to scrounge up more.

Look, here. This canteen was nearly full. Blood was shed for this, but some of the water was spilled during the fight. I can't help but wonder, which loss was the greater tragedy?




Here Something

Lisa Levine

Each, we fumbled headlamp click sequence until correctness transformed our cave room into the darkest, most silent earthly space, except (maybe) dying of the light. Awkward one by one, eyes open, our bodies disappeared.

"This is my favorite - " I said.

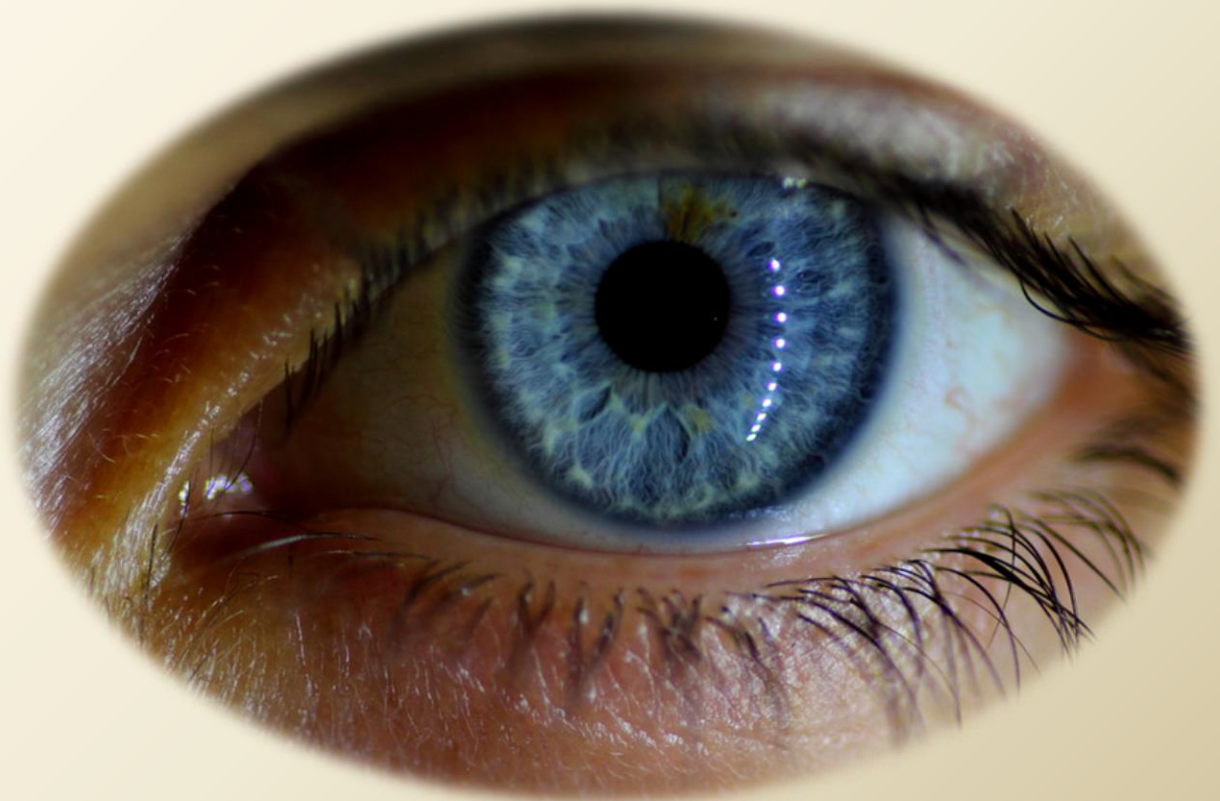
For all it swallowed, darkness reveled nothing more than a holy, ultimate release. All I knew - here, *surprise(!)*, the universe. *Here something new.*



Incoherent, Familiarity

Kimberly Wine

We smoked too many cigarettes. You drank more than I did. You said you were always drunk. I believed and didn't believe. I never interrogated too deeply. I trusted those small moments together and your eyes. Pale blue-eyes perpetually laughing at some private cosmic joke, showed me a truth beyond what words can say or hold. Sadness seemed a thing we understood and sought to escape.





True Love

Karen Heslop

You've moved on. Maybe I should have touched you like I used to. That night, your eyelids fluttered as soft snores slipped from parted lips. His jarring grunts punctured the still night. I reached into his chest and twisted. His eyes widened as I clung to his heart despite grasping hands. Finally he collapsed. It's you and me again. 'Til death do us part? Screw that.



CANON-FOURRAGE

Jay Passer

There's a paper cut on the thumb of Cyclops
and the house plants are speaking French.
Cobblestones rendered to dust, rolled
makeshift cigarettes. Horsemeat for head,
hammers for kneecaps, pistons in place of a
pawn-shop heart, puppets carved from chaos.
Milk rains from on high, one drop at a
time, like Hiroshima. Myself, mute as a
slab of cold roast beef slapped on chipped
white chargers.



The Kettle

Tanner James Menard

Her roseate breasts were moistened by the fog of her lips pressing on the window. The snow outside was stiff and horizontal on the frozen bed of earth. In the kitchen, the kettle steamed eagerly.

This is why she stayed home. The ice of the world made her heart frigid. Inside, the pot was warm and at the turn of a knob the whistles were quieted.

Pin Pricks and Sleeping Pills

Will Gilmer

Patient Name: Aurora

Diagnosis: Insomnia with Self Mutilation

Description: Received patient with hands tightly wrapped by ER nurse. Patient chiefly concerned with insomnia. Patient described recent changes to home environment, namely a separation between herself and her husband, Prince Phillip. When asked why she had been repeatedly stabbing herself in the hands, patient claimed "Well, it worked once before." Sedation recommended, followed by true love's kiss.



The Engagement

Jay Passer

Waiting for old bones to anticipate, transparent as sheaths of skin, certain inevitable unions. For example, under the rug and creaking floorboards, crusty gyrations of Earth, hungrily awaiting. I note growing demands for reverse karma. Existence reduced to incidentals, mealy, sinister, unconscious, diligent, a shift in power to insect royalty. Add smatterings of sweet somnolence, liquid nitrogen, a dose of underworld noir, and it's *party time*.

Tricking Treats

Kerry E.B. Black

Connie left the offering as she did every year, and they partook. She hid behind insulated curtains to watch them devour and move on, picking bits from sharp teeth with long-nailed precision, to smile sweetly for the neighbors. Neighbors and parents never realized without her, these darlings would revert to base instinct and demonhood. Her offering saved them again.

Connie closed the curtain until next Halloween.



Zombie Games

Eddie D. Moore

I slipped inside the house, and a moment later, a rotter shook the door on the opposite wall. A gaming table sat prominently in the center of the room. I fired a shot through the door as I sat down. I grinned when a bloodshot eye appeared behind the bullet hole, and I rolled the D20. One. I laughed and shot the bastard in the eye.





Then , Escape

Paul Alex Gray

Come, he says. There's a way out.

Quickly he leaps, feet crashing into metal with a sharp crack. He clambers up the fuselage, stumbling but not falling.

A noise rumbles beneath me. Sand spills from the wreckage in streaming whispers.

Don't, I cry.

He shakes his fist.

Want me? Come get me!

We gaze up as the sky tears open, a blazing fire flooding the night.

Con*trib*u*tors

Kerry E.B. Black

Kerry E.B. Black has long loved words and entices them to create tales both fanciful and true. Hailing from a small suburb situated along a fog-enshrouded river outside of a City of Steel and Bridges, Kerry incorporates Yankee sensibilities and a strong work ethic into every project. Some of her works have crept into anthologies and she writes for www.Halloweenforevermore.com, www.GamesOmniverse.com, and is a proud participant of the www.OneYearofLetters.com project. Kerry welcomes you to follow her on social media. Twitter @BlackKerryblick and www.facebook.com/authorKerryE.B.Black

Paul Alex Gray

Paul Alex Gray enjoys writing speculative fiction that cuts a jagged line to a magical real world. His work has been published in *Spelk*, *365 Tomorrows*, *Between Worlds* and others. Growing up in Australia, Paul traveled the world and now lives in Canada with his wife and two children. Paul spends his days working for an artificial intelligence company that's teaching machines how to think. He spends his nights dreaming up stories. Follow him on Twitter @paulalexgray or visit www.paulalexgray.com

Will Gilmer

Will Gilmer is a writer and poet with a penchant (attention span) for short form and abstract styles. He lives in Michigan with his lovingly acquired family, obligatory cat, and odd curios. Available or forthcoming in Transmudane Press' "After the Happily Ever After" anthology, *Firefly Magazine*, *200ccs*, and *Empyreome*. Follow him @willwritethings.

Ethan Hedman

Ethan Hedman is a speculative fiction writer from Cutler Bay, Florida who has been jotting things down in private notebooks for years and is now beginning to share his stories with the world.

Karen Heslop

Karen Heslop writes from Kingston, Jamaica. Her short stories have been published or are upcoming in a Devolution Z anthology, 101 Words Magazine, Untied Shoelaces of the Mind, The Flash Fiction Press, Speculative 66, The Nine Tales Series, Cemetery Moon, The Blotter Mag, Phantaxis Magazine, Bloodbond Magazine and Bards and Sages Quarterly.

Lisa Levine

Lisa Levine's fiction roots anchor to LAT 32.2546522 LONG - 110.9447027, where she earned her MFA from the University of Arizona. Her work has been published by Furious Gazelle, Bird's Thumb and CutBank, and her short story "Shelter" garnered a 2015 Pushcart nomination. She writes eco-adventure and hyperrealistic fiction. Follow her blog at <http://cargocollective.com/alluvialdispositions>

Tanner Menard

Tanner Menard is a poet and composer whose current work reflects his mixed Indigenous and Acadian ancestry. His ancestry includes descendants of the Acadian settlers as well as multiple indigenous lineages such as Atakapa/Ishak and Mi'kmaq as well as other tribes that he has yet to concretely identify. His current foray into the world of performance art and literature reflect his desire to tell the story of his DNA in a multidimensional, hybrid/indigenous/Metis twenty first century language.

As a composer, Menard has been published and anthologized in the US, Canada, Europe and Japan on labels and net labels such as Full Spectrum Records, Rural Colours, Tokyo Droning, Install, Slow Flow Rec, H.L.M., Archaic Horizon, Kafua Records and Milieu Music. He has collaborated with artists the world over and was known for his Remix of Robert Rich's sleep concert concept. Additionally, his contemporary classical music has been performed and recorded internationally in venues such as Symphony Hall in Chicago at Universities such as Arizona State University, the University of Michigan, Auburn University, the University of Wisconsin Whitewater and California State University Stanislaus. Menard served as visiting artists at Arizona State University and California State University Stanislaus and has shared stages with composers such as John Corigliano, Michael Daugherty and Daniel Bernard Roumain.
tannermenard-blog.tumblr.com/
[@Tanner_Menard](https://www.tumblr.com/@Tanner_Menard)

Eddie D. Moore

Eddie D. Moore travels extensively for work, and he spends much of that time listening to audio books. The rest of the time is spent dreaming of stories to write and he spends the weekends writing them. His stories have been published by Jouth Webzine, The Flash Fiction Press, Every Day Fiction, Theme of Absence, Flash Fiction Magazine, and Adventure Worlds. Find more on his blog: eddiedmoore.wordpress.com

Jay Passer

Jay Passer's work has appeared in print and online since 1988. He is the author of several chapbooks, the most recent being *Flashbacks*, a selection included in an anthology out of Wales, *Four American Poets*. Passer lives and works in San Francisco, the city of his birth.

Frankie Rollins

Frankie Rollins is the author of a collection of short fiction, *The Sin Eater & Other Stories* (Queen's Ferry Press, 2013). Rollins has published work in *Fairy Tale Review*, *Sonora Review*, *Conjunctions*, *The New England Review*, and *The Cincinnati Review*, among others. She lives in the Wild West.

@frankie_rollins www.elizabethfrankierollins.com

Kimberly Wine

Kimberly Wine reads way too much W.B. Yeats and Cormac McCarthy, loves post-structuralism and generic transgression, and sometimes writes flash fiction and poetry. Follow her on twitter: @KimberlyWine

Photo Credits

- Cover Photo By Jason Palmieri
- Page 3 Moggs Oceanlane via Flickr
- Page 4 Moyan Brenn via Flickr
- Page 5 Tor-Inge Wold via Flickr
- Page 6 Simone via Flickr
- Page 7 Sarah via Flickr
- Page 8 EMZ Nocedo via Flickr
- Page 9 Alan Williams via Flickr
- Page 10 Flickr CCO
- Page 11 Robert Couse Baker via Flickr
- Page 12 Flickr CCO
- Page 13 Eightball via DeviantArt
- Page 14 Public Domain Pictures CCO

*** Unattributed photos in this issue are from Pixabay and are CC0 Public Domain, Free for commercial use with no attribution required.

XI . VI . MMXVI