

Reality Slap
by Mary Lewys

Well. One year. One year ago, our very first issue became available for download, printing and distribution. One year ago, I invited you to be part of the viral experiment. Where has the year gone? It's been a learning year. It's been a year of enlightenment. It's been a year of three hundred and sixty-five days.

Heh.
Ready for another round? I am. I want another year. I want another three hundred and sixty-five days of finding wondrous delights in the submission mailbox and of discovering beautiful talents and brave artists willing to take a chance on a small, web publication. I want to print out, fold and place this little zine everywhere I can. Anyone else with me?

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Creators, Editors and Head Crazyes
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Please distribute this magazine. Print off copies. Leave it in your favorite coffee house, music shop, library, repair garage, waiting room or bookstore. Pass this far and wide and share with your friends and total strangers.

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Cut Here

Blind

by Jack Lee

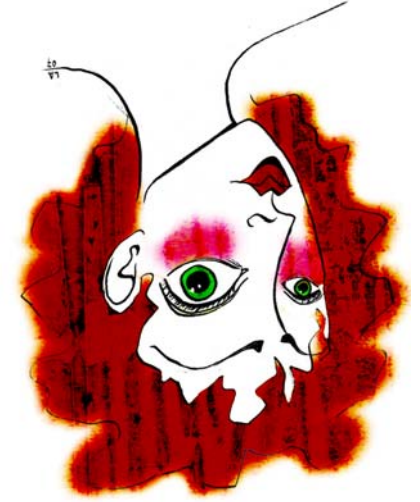
Once you told me I was blind to the world around me and then laughed when I threw a rock at you. You were always laughing at me like that, but I didn't mind. I never heard it. You said I was blind when I was really just deaf. The way you would look at me drowned out anything that you might have said.

My mother always said that I didn't have enough sense. I had assumed that she meant common sense. Thinking back, I suppose I



Don't Look

Slap Here



Bright Eyes
By Lynn Nass
<http://turbid-blue.org>

Six Word Stories

You've seen them around. I challenged writers to turn in a whole story in six words. This is it. I like!

Bloody pavement. Rain washes it clean.

- Paul Storrie
<http://www.storrieville.com>

I kissed. Blurted *those* words. End.

- Christine Stoddard
<http://www.associatedcontent.com/christinestoddard>

World domination with gum. Who knew?

- Wren Griffin, who needs a website

Oops. That wasn't the curb. Sorry!

- Mary Lewys
<http://www.dsidecreations.com/marylewis>

should have known better. Still, I never realized that it was my physical senses that were limited until my hearing came back and I lost my sight.

I stood in the doorway and listened to the whispered words and squeaking springs until I got tired and went to sit at the table. I didn't even notice you were there until you asked if I'd seen something. By then it was too late, though. I'd laid the dirty knife on the table and I couldn't see you because my eyes were closed.