

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.

Reality Slap

by Mary Lewys

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?

Tally ho, hoist the colors and all that rot.

Don't Look
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<http://www.dontlookzine.com>


Creators, Editors and Head Crazyes
Jack Lee & Mary Lewys

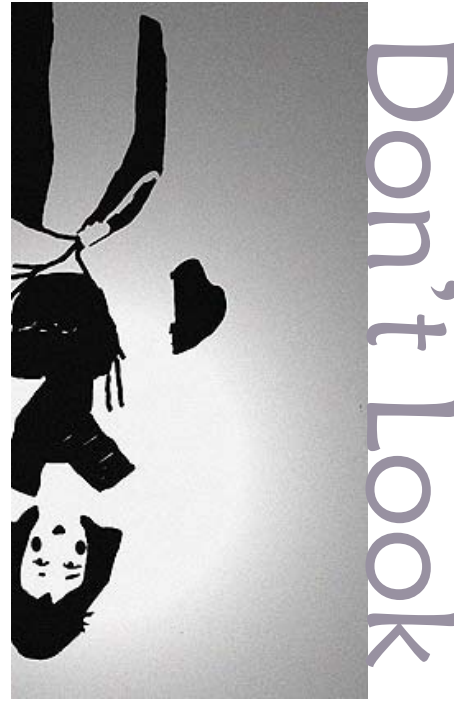
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Submission guidelines:
<http://www.dontlookzine.com>
Contact: dontlook@dontlookzine.com
Submissions: submissions@dontlookzine.com

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Blind

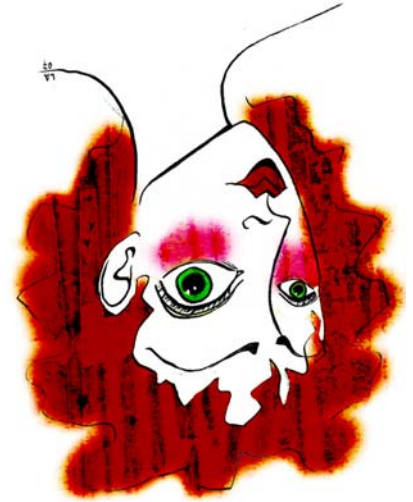
by Jack Lee

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 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.



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. Blurred *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/marylewys>