

(Untitled) by Micah Kinard

“Don’t be afraid, she won’t need much more.”

*drip*drip*

“Please, I grow faint.”

“Be brave, my sweet, we have but one shot at this”

“H... how much longer, my... prince?”

“2 ounces per second, she needs 70 so just a few more and we’ll be back to our magical night.”

“Wasn’t the ceremony beautiful?”

“It was absolutely perfect, my dove”

“Do you l..like my... dress?”

“I’ve never seen a more pure white, you are the angel’s envy”

“Ppure ffor you... and you... alo...”

“Annalise!? My heart, can you hear me??”

*drip*drip*

“Annalise! My... Rose Blossom!”

drip

“...Thank Krahl ...my pleasantry resevoir only goes so deep and you had me scraping the dregs.”

Tallion tosses his time piece aside, “Now for a more efficient method, up you go!”

He hoists his bride upside-down above the sarcophagus where shackles quickly accept her ankles.

As she dangles unconscious, he opens her throat and bathes the corpse below in a red wash.

“Rose Blossom?” A voice laughs braking the silence.

“Jesus!” He spins around to nothing behind.

“Oh let’s leave HIM out of this”

“...Sister, how wonderful to have you back” Tallion slouches on the edge of the coffin, back to the dripping bride.

“I detect sarcasm” his sisters voice rings again.

“Then your ‘detector’ is working”

“Shall we get on with this our am I to get comfortable in here?”

“Just tell me the next step, Khalia”

“Come now, brother, you’re fourth awakening, you should know this by now... plus it’s carved there on the edge”

“Right, the curse, I’m NOT reading it out loud”

“Pleeeeeease? It’s been so long”

“Fiiiiine... Only in the light of the Blood Sister’s Night

Can Kahlia Sanguinai be revived,

To awaken her soul, body, and mind

Bathe her in bloods thrice intertwined.

First, drip dry a virgin bride to awaken her soul in your mind.

Next, get a drop from a witches crotch, if tried and tried, her body will writhe.

Last, give her wine to channel her mind, 13 pints of Bat Wing Prime.

If all is in line, Khalia will rise to carry the mantle of House Sanguinai.

“Ah! It never gets old”

“I assure you it does”

“Off to the witch twice tried!”

“She’s not going to be happy”

“What’s new, oh it’s SO good to be back brother, I’ve missed you”

“I’ve missed you too, sister.”

They step into the night.

*drip*drip*

Symon Belligan’s Intergalactic Pancake Mix by Ben Orthey

- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup of astral pancake powder

Thank you for choosing Symon Belligan’s Intergalactic Pancake Mix as the calorie source to uphold the fragile machine of your body! Follow these simple instructions to huck out 3 small golden-iridescent disks of delight and terror!

First, whisk your wet ingredients into a bowl. Add astral pancake powder. Stir until batter is smooth but thick. At this point the batter may begin bubbling, emitting sounds and syllables reminiscent of ancient latin. Please disregard these noises; do not attempt to translate.

Begin cooking the first pancake on the stove at medium heat. Close your eyes and alight your inner gaze upon the shadowy realm of Shogranath. This is the deity that shall bestow your first blessing. Show him your courage and this pancake will be infused with the energy of PRIDE, and the aroma of LAVENDER. Show him your fear and this pancake will be cursed with the energy of GUILT, and the aroma of SUBWAY SANDWICHES. DO NOT turn your back on Shogranath until he sends you back to the mortal plane.

As you return to your body, remove the first pancake from the heat and begin cooking the second pancake. This pancake will begin its business by absorbing your charisma for assessment. You may feel that your soul is being torn from your body in a moment of absolute primal shock. Some report a light tingling on the roof of the mouth. Whatever symptom you face here, it's best not to dwell on it. Instead, close your eyes and alight your gaze upon the ruined realm of Aga'heva, the dark martyr. This is the deity that shall bestow your second blessing. There is no gambit you can make but pray she looks on the content of your character favorably. If so, the pancake will be infused with the energy of JOY, and the aroma of POMEGRANATE. If she finds you wanting, however, the pancake will be cursed with the energy of DR. PHIL, and the aroma of NIGHT SWEAT.

Two days have passed since you glimpsed the material plane. Open your eyes. Remove second pancake from heat.

Cook third pancake normally, flipping halfway through. This regular pancake requires no additional rites and will not be infused with any magical properties, but it's really really good.

Serve with butter and maple syrup. Enjoy your blessings; mourn your curses.

The perfect recipe for a terrible party by Izzy

When done correctly, this dish will result in a night filled with trauma, and the loss of a close friend and a boyfriend.

When attempting to create this dish one must be sure that all of the ingredients are ripe and in season. When I attempted it, everything was extremely fresh. It was June of 2020, the dawn of a racial awakening for America.

Cook time: 3 hours, plus years of tension to marinate.

Ingredients:

- One narcissistic and explosive roommate, who is desperately trying to impress her super-

visor with not-so-subtle performative activism

- Her supervisor, a sweet and graceful black woman who will remain poised and peaceful throughout the evening
- Your possessive boyfriend that is quick to get angry
- His high school “buddies”, which unfortunately fit most stereotypes of white-cis-men
- A few other bystanders
- Plenty of alcohol, varying types

Directions:

In one decently sized DC townhouse, combine your toxic boyfriend, his ignorant white friends, your manipulative roommate, her supervisor, and a few other bystanders to taste.

Begin by serving a liberal about of alcohol, and notice where snide comments and knowing looks present themselves. Allow the tension to simmer for 45 minutes to an hour, just enough until fragrant.

When racial tensions begin a rolling boil, this may be indicated by the phrase: “But taking down statues is erasing history”, you know it is time to engage in an argument with your volatile boyfriend.

Remove yourself and your boyfriend from the pot and allow that argument to fester. You’ll know this step is complete when your roommate comes in, demands you return to the party immediately and orders you to remove your “racist” friends.

At this point, after about an hour and half over heat, your roommate should be yelling and saying terrible things, bringing you to tears. Set these tears aside for later, you’ll need them as a topping. Your boyfriend will aggressively step in to your defense, which will swiftly be met with the phrase, “get out of my house”.

Taste test the flavor in the pot for yourself. You should notice that it has hints of racial anxiety but that the flavor is overall and respectful and reads more as “conversational” and “educational”. When asked, the supervisor says she doesn’t mind the white boys, and specifically states that she doesn’t want them to leave.

Now the chaotic mixture should have been cooking for about 2 hours, and by this point the supervisor and a few bystanders will make their way out, elegantly leaving their flavor behind and giving everyone, even the “racist” friends a hug.

Make a valiant attempt to remove the white boys from the pot, perhaps order them an Uber on your phone. And then head back upstairs to your bedroom to avoid getting burned.

Complete this recipe with a chaotic and violent expression from your roommate. Angry that the Uber isn’t there fast enough, allow her, in raw form, to barge into your room, screaming

all the while, and physically assault your boyfriend. Proceed by kicking both of them out, and bolting yourself in your bedroom alone. Sprinkle those left over tears on top.

Serve this dish cold the next morning.

Chicken Soup in Time of Nuclear Apocalypse by Anna Marie

One: find the farm close to sunset. A farm is good—maybe something here for you, Jacob, and Elinor to eat. Your children, five and seven, are bone thin and every time you look at them, the crack in your heart deepens.

Two: Find the abandoned well and reel up a bucket of water. Filter twice to get out the poison.

Three: Find the overgrown garden. Tangled, dying vines promise potatoes beneath. Start digging. Jacob joins you, and you have to tell him, repeatedly, not to put the green ones in his mouth because they will make him sick, something you learned at your grandmother's farm in happier times.

Four: set the potatoes boiling. Find scraggly kale, not quite dead yet. Rip to shreds and add to the pot.

Five: The children are growing too fast on not enough food. They need meat. Check the hen-house and spy a chicken, unsuspecting, pecking bugs. Sneak up and wring her neck, making sure the children are away playing as you slice the carcass open and rip out the guts. Life is cruel but they don't need to know that yet.

Six: smash the window of the abandoned farmhouse. Find salt and pepper shakers, draped in cobwebs. Season soup to taste.

Seven: serve into travel bowls. Give Elinor some of yours because she looked at you so pitifully, give Jacob some to be fair. Feel your stomach rumble as you watch your children sleep and know they need this more than you.

(Untitled) by Michael

Silently, he crept into the house, where the newborn slept, cradled at rest. Gently lifting it from the bed; turning, he fled the house, a thief in the night.

Three innocent lives, did he steal this unholy night, hastily bundling each in a rough, woolen sack.

Slinking home, he grinned, his plan coming to fruition.

His implements awaited, glinting in the fire light; knives, dull blades, and boiling pot. Gently setting down his bundle, nothing stirred, no sounds, just as planned.

One by one, he dropped each, body whole into the pot. Watching their lives fade, he began to salivate, staring, transfixed into the boiling torrent.

He reached his gnarled hand in, raising the tiny corpse from the water, turning it over, inspecting as water slowly dripped, hissing on the coals below. With a sudden, sharp motion, he slammed the corpse to the ground, cracking its blistered flesh. Slowly, methodically he peeled away the flesh, revealing the white, boiled meat beneath.

Taking blade in hand, did he mutilate the corpse, severing the body in half.

Only then did he set each piece of the corpse aside, again reaching in the pot, repeating his tortuous acts on this, and finally the third.

He peered down, the fleshy remains subtly glistening in the light, he grinned, looking about, this work was not yet complete.

Now in need of a devilish emplant, a dull metal shard will suffice, he thrust it into the heart of each, slowly twisting, finally with a squelching sound the heart loosed from its cavity.

He then laid the skinless, white fleshy carcasses, neatly side by side.

He buried the hearts in flower seeds, yellow as sinew, salt white as bone, and a milky concoction all his own that jiggled and smelled of soured milk, lastly throwing on top a flower-less weed, a jest of a memorial. Taking pestle in hand, he smote into these once vibrant hearts, vigorously pummeling as sweat formed on his brow. With a last thrust deep into the bowl, the concoction was complete.

With bowl in hand he approached the lying corpses.

He nimbly smeared his yellow, mushy poultice, filling the cavity where once a heart did lie. His work was done.

The man stood, and looked upon his gruesome work, a hunger in his eye, a devilish grin upon his face, he licked his lips as he stared down at his... deviled eggs.

(Untitled) by Maegan

A flicker of flame made Heirdisa wish she could burn. Fragments of skin crumbling to the floor, the essence of withered health as death slowly approached. Like 1000 breaths beating upon her neck, it grabbed her... the desire, the ambition. How she longed to embrace mortality.

“Heirdisa!” Called father.

“The time approaches. We must depart.”

Heirdisa lifted her body from a wooden bench and lowered herself down until her torso hit the floor. She walked on her fists.

She repeated the will of her father. "Chin down, hair back, smile not."

The town's folk were coming for the rest of her. Ready to "Destroy the monstrosity!"

Her legs were severed when she was last captured. She did not feel pain.

Protected by darkness, a father's love, and the witch's call, she vanished from her captors and awoke in her father's home. Four years had passed and she was still hunted.

Breathing deeply, taking in the last essence of home before shutting the door, she raised herself to a standing position.

The necklace worked!

The witch hadn't lied. All she needed to do to embrace its power was to breathe upon it and face it towards the sun.

Her legs looked real, however they were as unnatural as she. She traced the necklace along her collar bone, drawing a small amount of blood, she did not notice. Pain was forbidden and had escaped her the moment she was formed, from both ash and earth.

Scorned and hated was the princess of witchery, the priestess of death. Her body, wrapped in skin and magic, was from the form of 1000 of her youth. Her father bought them and destroyed them.

The witch's call:

1000 bossels of flesh

47 quibets of earth

12 Bolgire hearts

1 bone of the loved

1 mouth to drink

The old hag screamed and raised her staff. The ground sprouted a piercing tone. She plunged her hand into a black cloud and whirled the mixture into a green flame beneath. When the last bossel of flesh hit the flame, it turned red and bellowed a mimicked breath.

The witch gathered the mixture in hand and pressed it to father's lips.

He inhaled, seizing her demonic spell. From smoke and ashes she rose, unable to die, unable to burn, unable to morn, unable to feel. But he had her. His precious Heirdisa, Queen of the Ashes.

Evening Rhythms by Rachel

We begin together; synchronized. I at the sink, you at the stove.
Olive oil simmers, crackling. Add honey, garlic, ginger, clove.
I await hot water. We hand wash, no dishwasher - stacked plates and pots.
Predictably eager, childlike, I reach but "Don't touch." It's too hot.
Steam swirls, mélanged flavors symphonize, pink chicken whitens, spices burn.
Snapping, splintering, fragrance released - string beans perspire - "Remember, stir."
We have evening rhythms: food, wine, couch. The ceremonial incense,
marriage of kitchen and candle. Full, comforted, here is our cadence.

(Untitled) by "Frunzy Smatchet"

A ribbon flows along the gentle mile
That winds its way through forest lands of green
Where subtle summer meadow scents beguile
The lucky sojourner into the scene
On such a day the recipe of hope
Contains an endless sky of cloudless blue
Would fraternize the lonely misanthrope
And turn the limbic on make all things new
Would change a thorny bramble to a rose
Convert a bread to cake and milk to cream
A perfect moment caught may so compose
And set a malcontented soul to dream
But anchored not a soul may fly away
Were we but fools engaged in foolish play