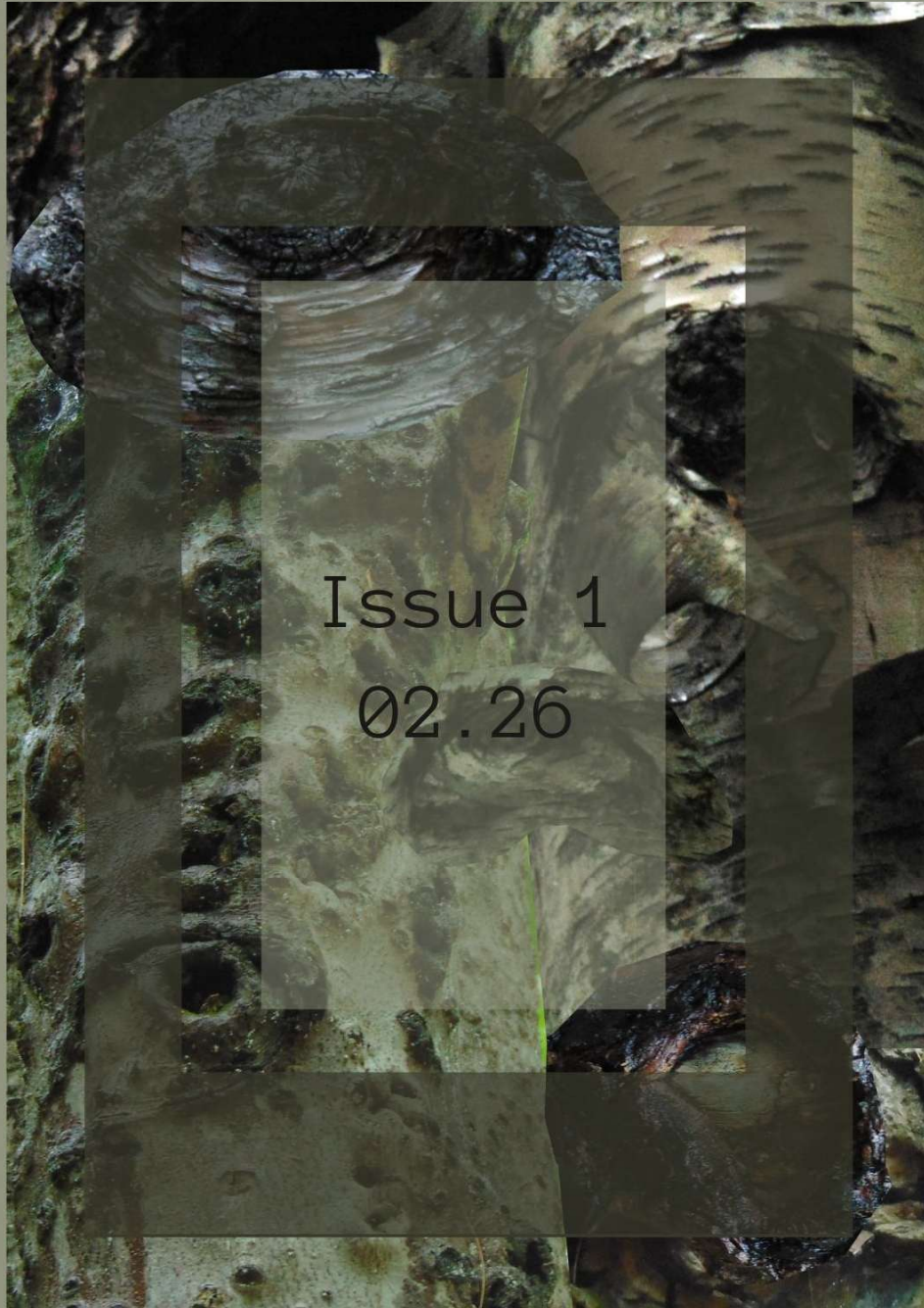


“Hello out there”



On :Garrison Hill

*Ew, what're you weird or something?*

*But what even is this thing?*

On: Garrison Hill is a New Hampshire based literary and arts magazine devoted to collecting your scraps of bizarre, off-kilter, rough, niche, good, bad, and Dirty Dovah. We want your thoughts On: Everything. Your words are precious and strange, your art is necessary, your home is the Northeast half of Nowhere. Send us your fiction too weird to fit anywhere else, your poems with an ungodly amount of half-rhyme, your ballpoint pen drawings on the back of a CVS receipt. We want catharsis and art from human hands because generation is not creation, because art is human, and because hoarding is fun. The goal of this mag is to capture every angle of seacoast New England, not just the Land's End spread. We want you: local artists, local art.

*Why?*

Making things is good for you. Art isn't for one kind of person, for one purpose, in one place.

In short: make shit. And make shit shittily. You have the power to do that.

*How are you living up to that?*

Our website was coded and built in Github by someone who has no coding experience at all. The cover art for this edition was created from photos taken by an amateur photographer with considerably few graphic design skills.

*What a disaster!*

And god am I proud of it.

# What 're you looking at?

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# Zarmond

## Fiction by Sean McKenney

Zarmond sat comfortable in his chair, all 11 eyes leisurely scanning the paper. It was a dreary Glurxday afternoon, and he was reading the sports section. The Blackhole Polo sectionals had wrapped up, killing the fewest number of contestants in years.

“Hm”, huffed Zarmond, “I should have taken the under”.

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door.

“Huh?”

He rose slowly from his chair, rubbing a temple with a tentacle.

“Who would be knocking on doors on rainy Glurxday?”

Zarmond opened the door and groaned.

It was an Altruism Droid from the Intergalactic Union.

“A splendid day to you, Zarmond!” Despite being made of star-forged titanium, and being outfitted with tamper-proof self defense explosives, these droids were strangely bubbly.

“I’m an Altruism Droid from the Intergalactic Union, but you can call me..”

“Yes, yes, Aidee, I remember from last time.” Zarmond couldn’t believe it had already been 400 cycles of Boomaroo. He didn’t want to donate the *last* time, but his ex-wife insisted they sign up for a recurring gift. Zarmond wasn’t against charity, but it seemed like the Intergalactic Union was always trying to prop up some last cause. They *did* get that tote bag though.

His memory was interrupted by Aidee’s cheerful laughter.

“Magnificent! Would you like to hear about the developing civilizations we’re working to enhance this quarter?” It was an honest question, and Zarmond didn’t have the hearts to tell her no.

“Er, uh, look, Aidee, can I just give to whoever you were supporting last time?”

She sadly swiveled her head from side to side. “No, the Crispy Snowman Frostimus people did not survive on Volcanius Magmanus 400.”

“You’re kidding. What did them in?”

“War.”

“I– uh. Oh. I see.” Zarmond shifted uncomfortably, cracking one of his spines. “Alright, Aidee. Who are you guys working on this time?” The droid’s ventilation fan kicked on in excitement. “This is a very special initiative!”, she beamed. “Behold, the humans of Earth!”

Aidee projected an image of a woman comparing a Pepsi and a Diet Pepsi in a gas station. One of her shoes was untied.

“Wha– these guys?”, Zarmond groaned. “Last time you were here they had just figured out sheep. Shouldn’t they be idealized by now? Like us.”

Aidee smiled sadly. “Our models indicated they were on that path, until one human called Tim Berners-Lee..”

“That’s enough Aidee. I don’t need the history lesson. Listen, I love your attitude, but those guys are hopeless, ok? There’s a reason you have to keep starting over.”

The droid was undeterred. “Now wait just a phase, Mr. Zarmond. Donate 200 luxors for a free Intergalactic Union tote bag. And for 500 luxors, we’ll even name a developing human after you.” Aidee projected the image of a man smoking a cigarette with his hand stuck in a jar of peanut butter.

Zarmond was getting frustrated

“Aidee, come on. I don’t want my name on that.. thing. Can you name one decent achievement from these fools?”

“Rocket travel!” Aidee beamed the image.

“Short sighted”. “Organized religion!”

“How original.”

“Automatic car washes!”

“Pedantic.”

“Steely Dan!”

“Well that’s just- wait. Is there no picture of him?”

“Not exactly”, Giggled the droid. “They are music. Let me play you a sample.”

Ten minutes later, Aidee skipped joyfully away from the housing unit, on to the next one.

Zarmond didn’t know what he was going to do with a second tote bag, but he didn’t care. Steely Dan was incredible.

# A Conversation at Bob's Food Mart And Discount Liquors

Poem by Owen Eldridge

Today I trade my four wheels for two feet.

I'm too drunk to drive out on the street.

So for now I travel, on my own

Slow and steady till I'm home.

# A Successful Escape

## Poem by Owen Eldridge

Massachusetts. The humid stickiness of July means  
he's the only one in these woods. The high-tension power lines  
stand in foreboding pairs – outlining the sand gravel path forward.  
The child flicks their bike into a lower gear and rides forward,

hot sun gripping their neck. The path rolls upward and down again—  
the towers vigilantly follow the child's movement, winding carefully with him.  
Around the second turn, there is a dying deer, its left side marinates in  
blood and sand and its breathing is sharp and ragged in the heat.

The child keeps his distance at first, dismounting quietly as if making  
too much noise might scare the crippled beast away. He  
approaches slowly, sneakers scuffing sand aside, until the two punctures  
that managed to fell an adult deer slide into view.

This deer had won. That is to say, it would not be caught by the  
poacher—though the bullets shorten the victory. It had  
endured and escaped the lazy, shaky-handed, hunter who had the gall  
to track it out of season. But the boy couldn't see that now.



He stared until tears blurred his vision, the panicked squirming of the beast inspiring both sympathy and fear. Shifting down to his knees the boy grabs the water from his bag, and carefully pours some near the muzzle of the deer. It winces at first, but just as quickly accepts the offering. With his other hand, the boy touches its neck, remaining there until it ends.

# Way Up There

Poem by Owen Eldridge

There is a man on the moon  
He lives there year round  
He has no time for snow birds or tourists  
Not that there are many  
It's a busy life  
Dairy is hard to come by  
Without cows  
We ought to be grateful  
For our lunar cheesemonger