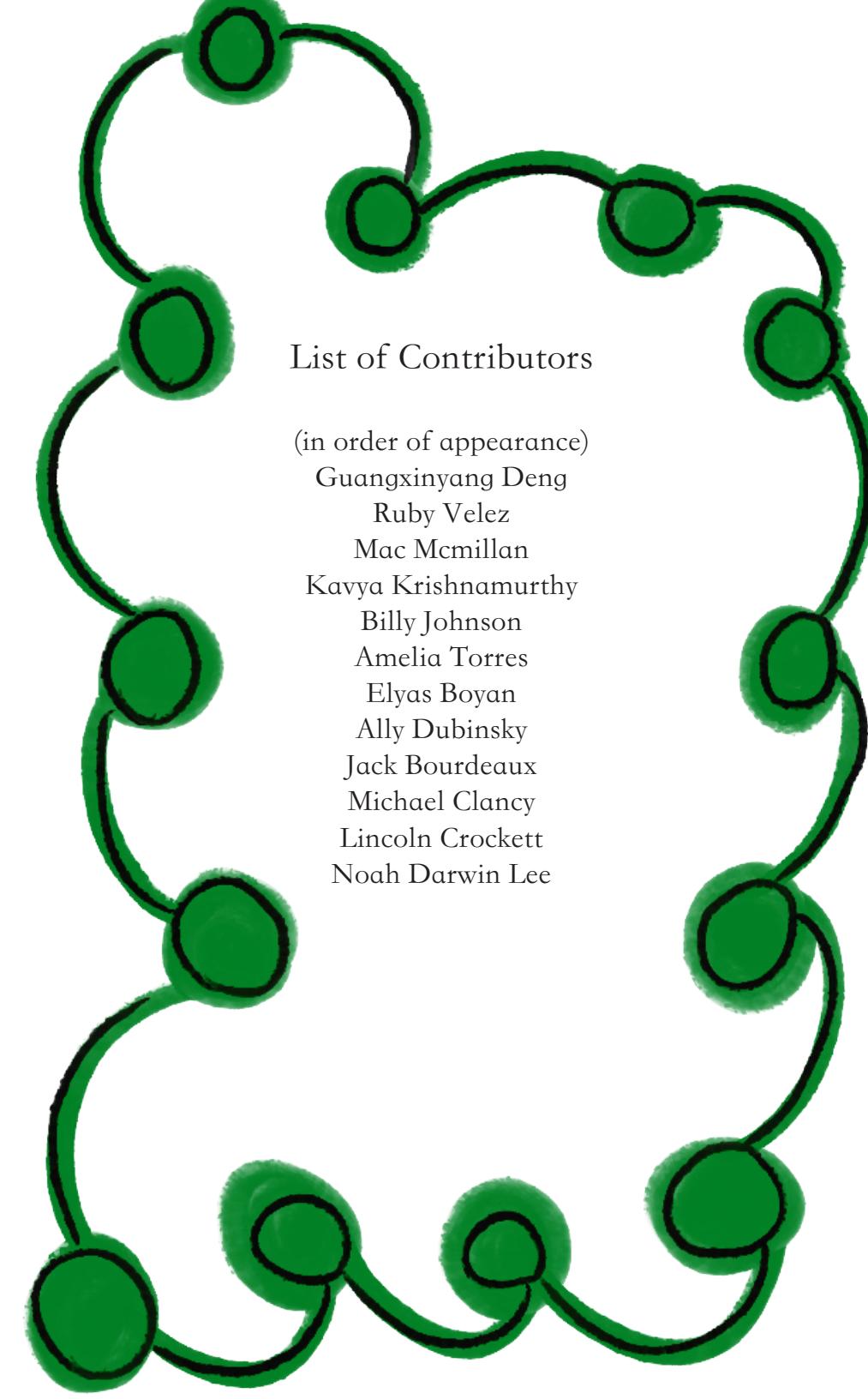


Hunky Dory

Volume I



Hunkky Dory, Volume 1.



List of Contributors

(in order of appearance)

Guangxinyang Deng

Ruby Velez

Mac Mcmillan

Kavya Krishnamurthy

Billy Johnson

Amelia Torres

Elyas Boyan

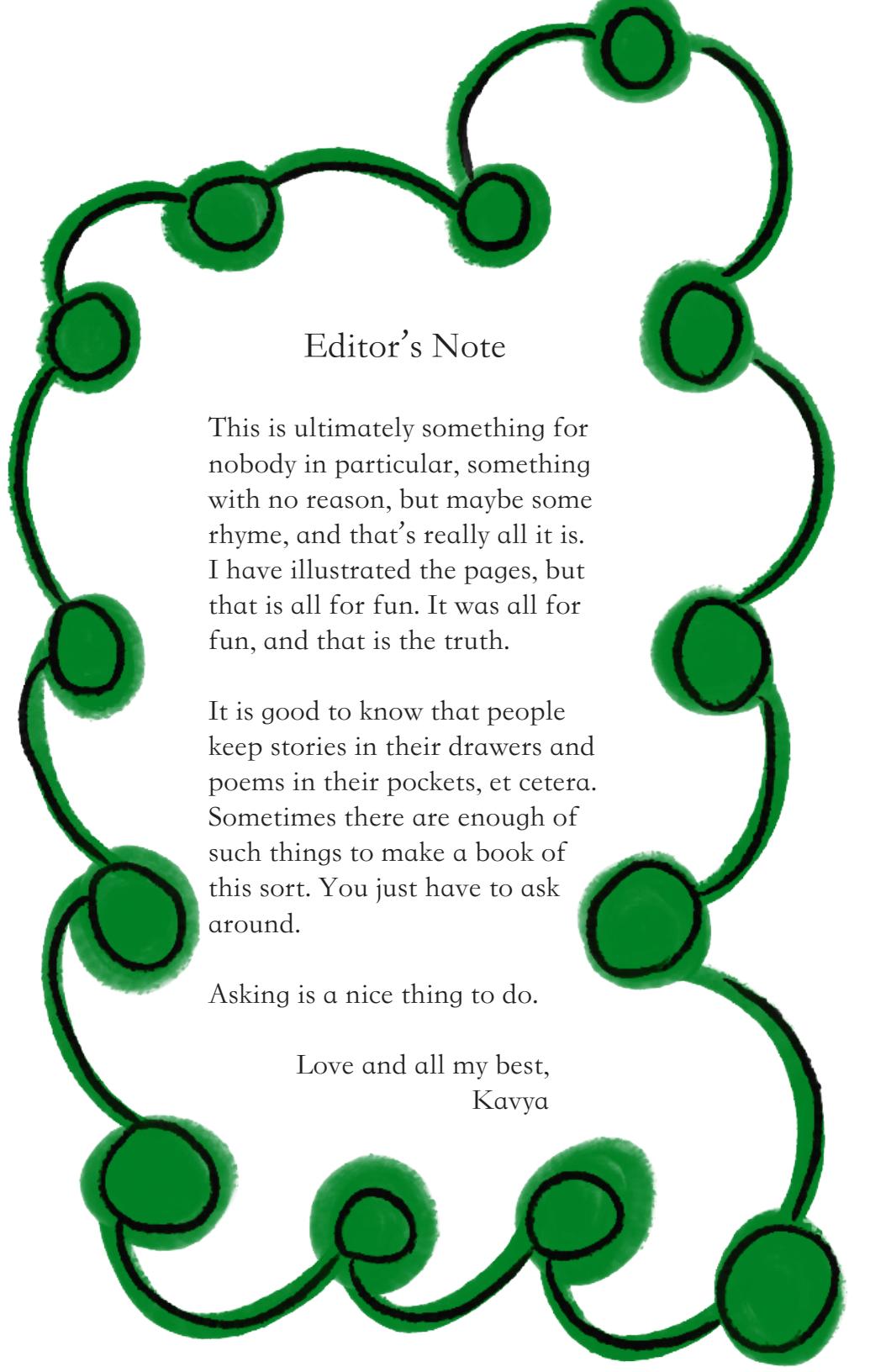
Ally Dubinsky

Jack Bourdeaux

Michael Clancy

Lincoln Crockett

Noah Darwin Lee



Editor's Note

This is ultimately something for nobody in particular, something with no reason, but maybe some rhyme, and that's really all it is. I have illustrated the pages, but that is all for fun. It was all for fun, and that is the truth.

It is good to know that people keep stories in their drawers and poems in their pockets, et cetera. Sometimes there are enough of such things to make a book of this sort. You just have to ask around.

Asking is a nice thing to do.

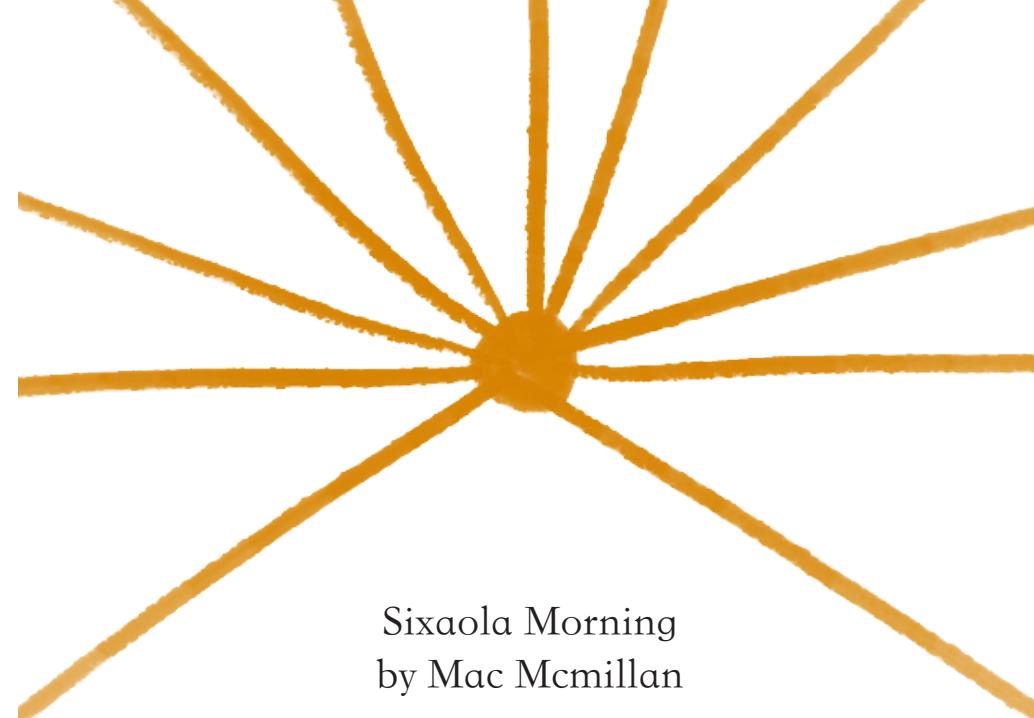
Love and all my best,
Kavya

My Secret
by Guangxinyang Deng

When I piss, the world starts to disintegrate.

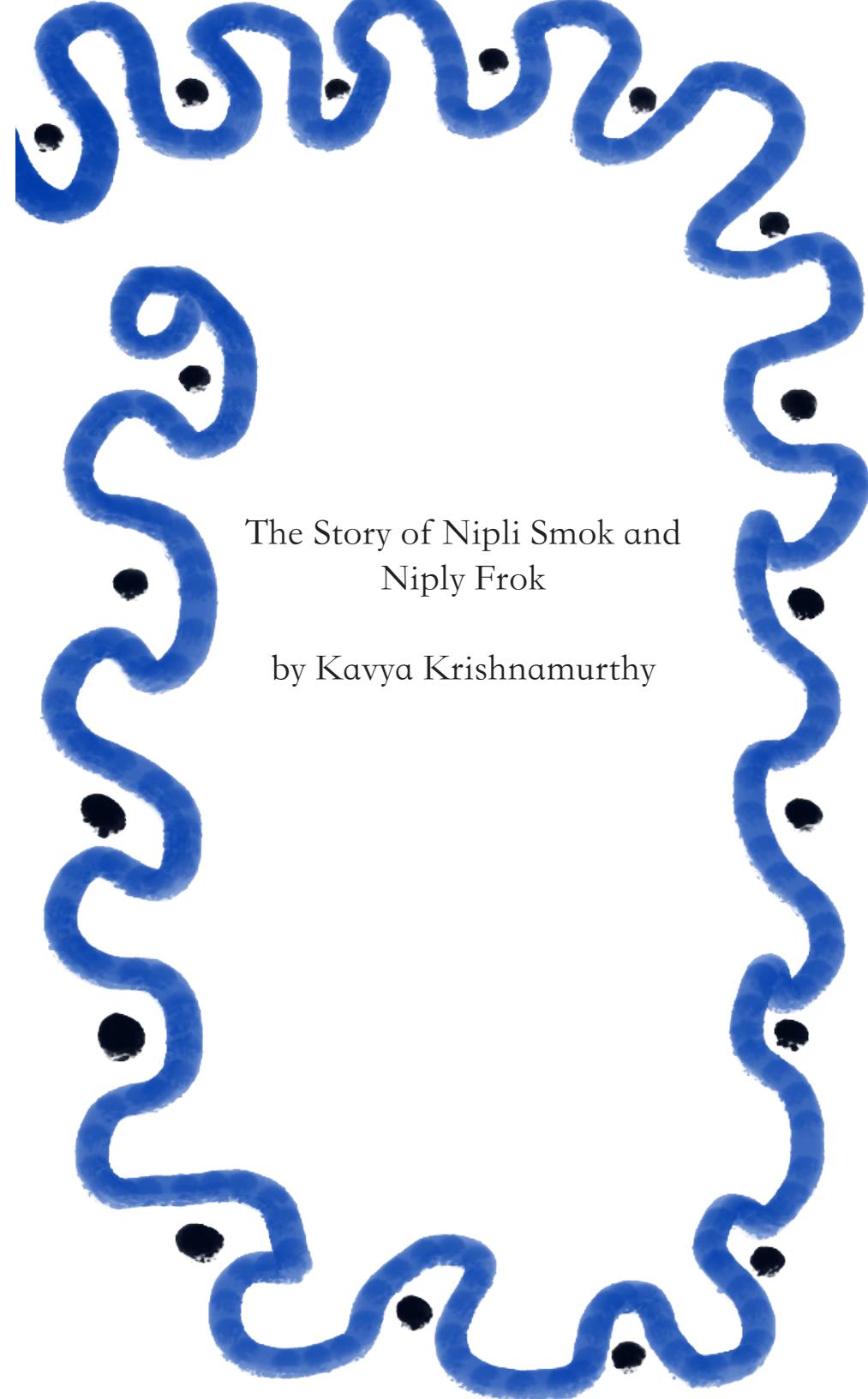
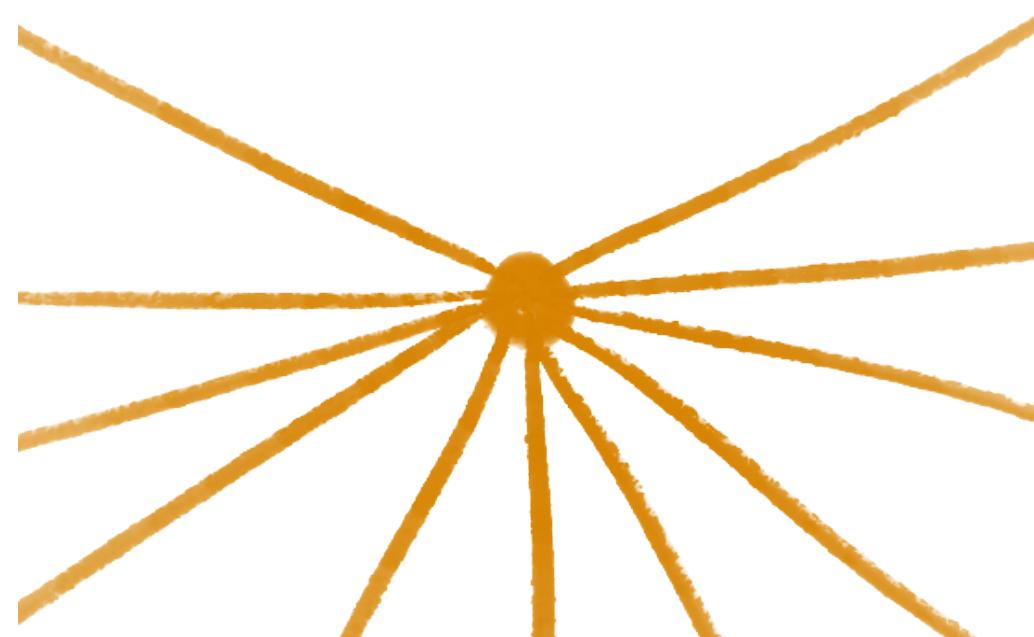


by Ruby Velez



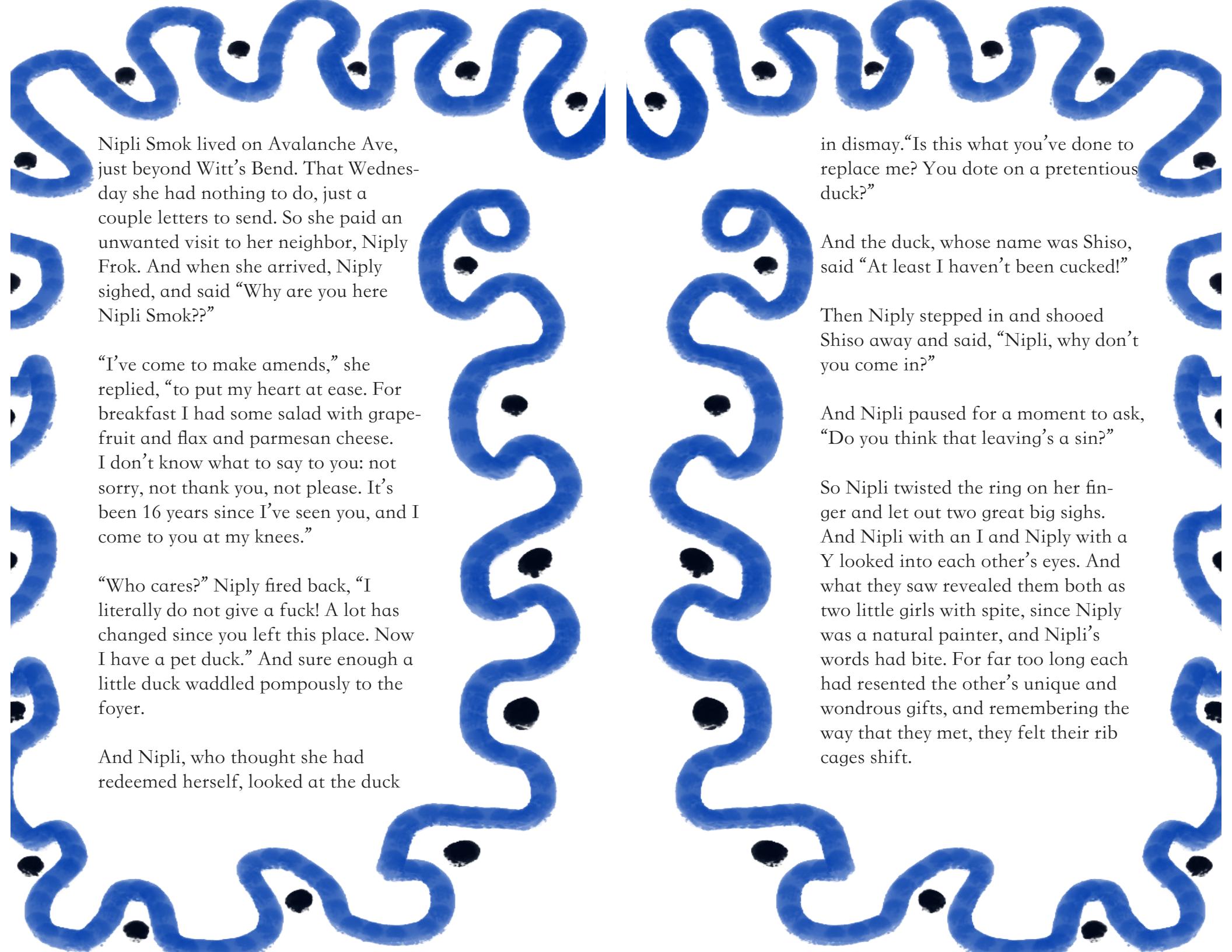
Sixaola Morning
by Mac Mcmillan

in the wan light hours
a rivalry began to flower
a beast from the gods
hopped through my clogs
there was a frog in the shower!



The Story of Nipli Smok and
Niply Frok

by Kavya Krishnamurthy



Nipli Smok lived on Avalanche Ave, just beyond Witt's Bend. That Wednesday she had nothing to do, just a couple letters to send. So she paid an unwanted visit to her neighbor, Niply Frok. And when she arrived, Niply sighed, and said "Why are you here Nipli Smok??"

"I've come to make amends," she replied, "to put my heart at ease. For breakfast I had some salad with grapefruit and flax and parmesan cheese. I don't know what to say to you: not sorry, not thank you, not please. It's been 16 years since I've seen you, and I come to you at my knees."

"Who cares?" Niply fired back, "I literally do not give a fuck! A lot has changed since you left this place. Now I have a pet duck." And sure enough a little duck waddled pompously to the foyer.

And Nipli, who thought she had redeemed herself, looked at the duck

in dismay. "Is this what you've done to replace me? You dote on a pretentious duck?"

And the duck, whose name was Shiso, said "At least I haven't been cucked!"

Then Niply stepped in and shooed Shiso away and said, "Nipli, why don't you come in?"

And Nipli paused for a moment to ask, "Do you think that leaving's a sin?"

So Nipli twisted the ring on her finger and let out two great big sighs. And Nipli with an I and Niply with a Y looked into each other's eyes. And what they saw revealed them both as two little girls with spite, since Niply was a natural painter, and Nipli's words had bite. For far too long each had resented the other's unique and wondrous gifts, and remembering the way that they met, they felt their rib cages shift.



For a long time ago in a land by the sea, Niply was painting a rock, and Nipli liked the shades of blue and said, "Hi I'm Nipli Smok."

And Niply said, "My names Niply too but I spell mine with a Y."

And Nipli said, "That's a suitable spelling for someone who can't paint the sky."

This puzzled Niply who became intrigued by the riddle this stranger had told, and Nipli charmed by sincerity proposed they be friends until old. But Niply was hurt by her new friend's assertion that she couldn't paint the great blue above, and a storm was abrew and it lay down a rift in the midst of the two breasted love. Now Nipli was puzzled why her friend looked at her with such a bitter line in her mouth, and feeling rejected she packed all her things and she moved 17 houses south.

But with each passing year she moved

one house closer to her long lost beloved old friend. Each day she wrote letters asking "What happened?" but nothing ever got sent. But now on this day in the middle of the week, the two finally make amends. And Niply asked, "When you said I couldn't paint, what meaning did you intend?"

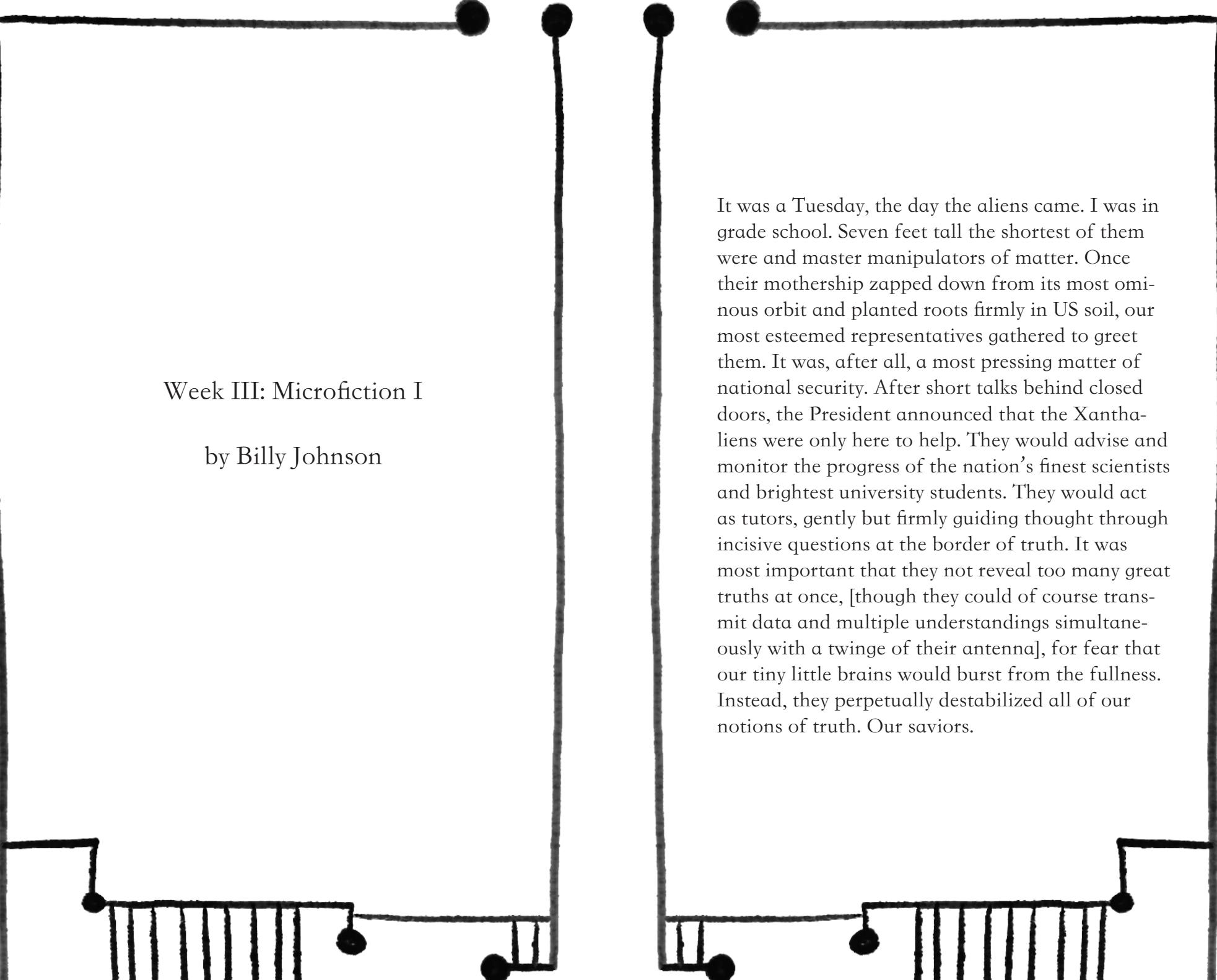
And Nipli laughed and said, "Niply, the sky? I only said that because I wanted to rhyme."

And Niply said, "Well your aesthetic sense has cost us a great deal of time."

And Nipli said, "So has yours."

And together they smiled and Nipli quoted the late great poet Pikki Non: "The past is full but the future is fuller of things we can build dreams on." So they lived side by side on that sweet snowy bosom that lies just beyond Witt's End. And together they painted the sea where they met, and the rock, and the sky.

The End.



Week III: Microfiction I

by Billy Johnson

It was a Tuesday, the day the aliens came. I was in grade school. Seven feet tall the shortest of them were and master manipulators of matter. Once their mothership zapped down from its most ominous orbit and planted roots firmly in US soil, our most esteemed representatives gathered to greet them. It was, after all, a most pressing matter of national security. After short talks behind closed doors, the President announced that the Xanthaliens were only here to help. They would advise and monitor the progress of the nation's finest scientists and brightest university students. They would act as tutors, gently but firmly guiding thought through incisive questions at the border of truth. It was most important that they not reveal too many great truths at once, [though they could of course transmit data and multiple understandings simultaneously with a twinge of their antenna], for fear that our tiny little brains would burst from the fullness. Instead, they perpetually destabilized all of our notions of truth. Our saviors.

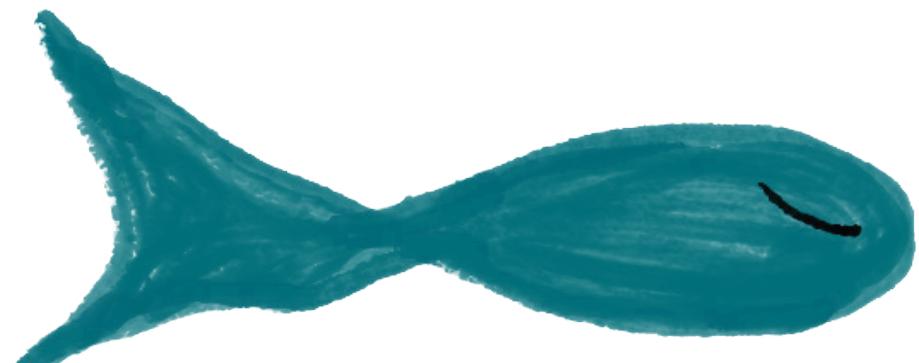
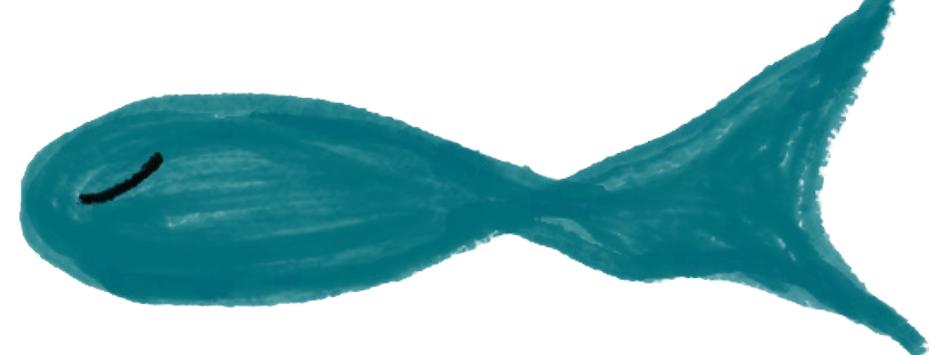
Twenty years since the Arrival, our society has been split in two. Most of us are in what we colloquially refer to as gradgradgradgrad school, diligently developing our knowledge without respite. We divide our time evenly between guided discussion and silent thought. They say if we study nonstop for ss8.2STU [subsequent 8.2 Standard Time Units] the final 6.8×10^{42} universal particals, their positions and velocities, will be revealed to us! The slightest distraction, though, and we'll be compelled to start over. Thank the stars that the Truthbearers perform for us a ritual incantation which cures us of hunger sleep and excrement. This way, we're blessed with the freedom to perpetually think!

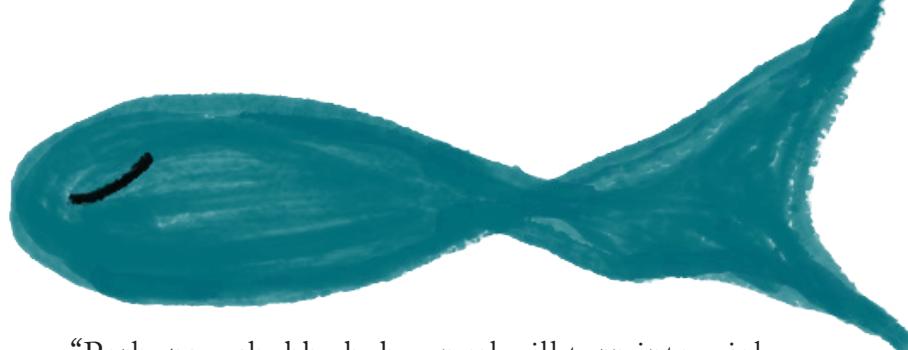
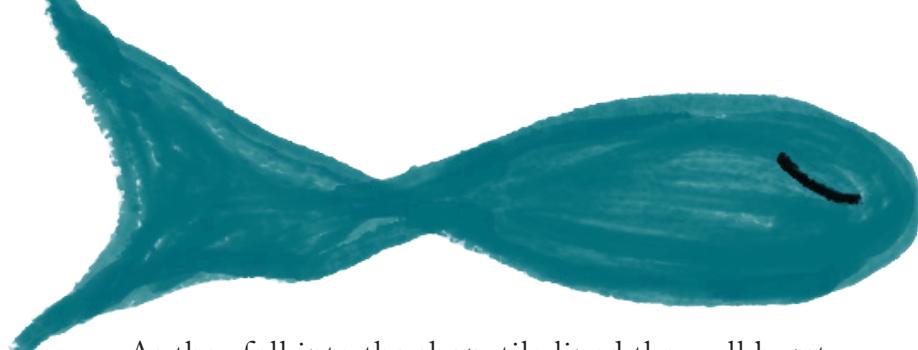
There are still a few, though, who scuttle around barren stone deserts and wooded mountains collecting the scraps of the past to fashion pillars, totems around which they gather as they tell themselves stories of alternate futures, huddled together around burning bushes to keep warm. At night, their fires die down and their songs go quiet. You can sometimes catch them gazing at the stars on their way to sleep. What a waste of time.

Don't they know the truth is ours to make?

Going on a Tree Hunt

by Amelia Torres





As they fell into the shop, tile lined the wall bursting with fish.

“One mango please!” they shouted.

Suddenly, they were slurping a strawberry juice box.

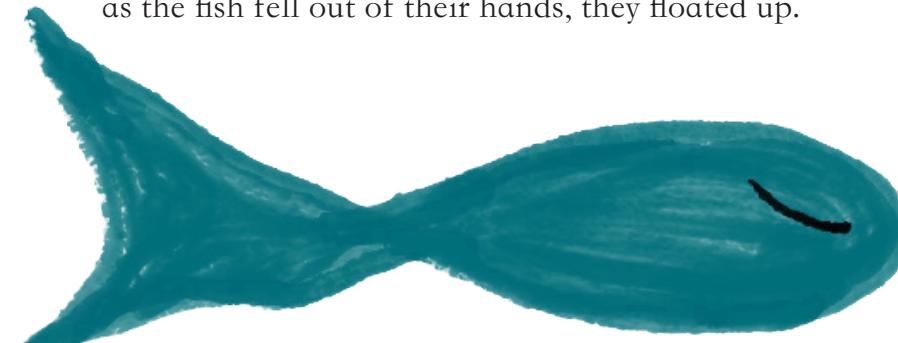
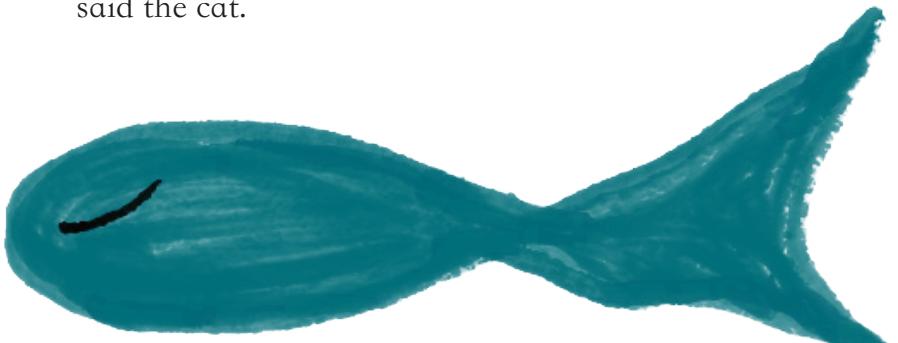
“But I want to go home,” they whispered as they threw the juice box to the floor.

A cat pounced onto the juice box and it disappeared.

“My dear, did you not lose what you were searching for?” the cat said as it calmly walked on the walls, trying to snatch the fish from the walls.

After 3 moments of silence, a fish formed from the wall with water splashing out around it. They lunged for the fish, arriving moments before the cat.

“A deal then for my flapping gubbering friend,” said the cat.



“Perhaps a chubby baby angel will turn into a joker,” they said.

The two stood parallel across the room. A showdown, each with weapons drawn. They had the fish. The cat had a typewriter. They knew they were no match for this writing cat, so they climbed so far up an orange tree they couldn’t see anything but the blue sky.

“I think it might be time,” said the fish.

Silence.

“I never know when it is the right time. It seems like it has all slipped past me. Smoothing me out like a rock in a river. I thought I had to jump out to exist before I was smoothed to oblivion. Now I am stuck in a tree. The wind blowing me out of shape. It was a change to be the same,” said the fish.

They dropped the fish and heard a splat. As soon as the fish fell out of their hands, they floated up.

Chocolate

by Elyas
(Lyrics by Kavya)

Andante ♩ = 80

The musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal line begins with a series of eighth-note chords. The lyrics start at measure 4: "The eye in my window was cracked. And de". Measures 7 and 10 continue the lyrics: "mo cracy was un der at tack. And syn tax was so ur, and" and "sold by the ho ur. And syn tax was so ur, and sold by the hour. And". The final measure, starting at 13, concludes with "cho colate was cold and black. And cho colate was cold and black." The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout the piece.

Carla's in Heaven

by Ally Dubinsky

mania and roses something to look forward to

something to look forward to

telephone dials nine three seven

oops

Hi,

Is this Carla?

Yes,

This is Ms Carla. Who is this?

Hi Carla. This is Peter I am calling to invite you to Heaven

HEAVEN????????

i must be dreaming

No, Carla, you are awake

this is real

Carla,

i have to ask you a few questions before we continue:

Have you ever sat on a hill?

Yes, many times

Do you like purple?

not really i prefer green

Has Matter ever forsaken you?

one time. Last year on a trip with my husband

Welcome Carla.

you are free to ascend to Heaven

WELCOME CARLA

Heaven is delighted to meet you

Heaven has a few rules before you speak:

do not speak

ever

Heaven will remove your soul

if you speak

Please, Carla,

do not speak

Heaven hates earthly voices

Heaven only hears the sounds of Angels

Carla dear,

you are not an angel

In fact Carla you are quite sinister

Carla,

We looked in your files

and found that you

are guilty of
individuality

Carla,

in heaven we do NOT accept vain characters like you

Heaven is sorry Carla

but your presence is unwanted

we will descend you this evening
Carla?

PETER????

Oh, hi Carla

PETER WHAT IS WRONG

i have been humiliat
all because of

My life has never been the sa
Every night, I go to sleep replaying
Heaven's belittling spirit has
I wake up, open my eyes, and d
Peter, you have conned me.

I refuse to believe that was I
Take me to the real I

WITH YOU

ed by Heaven,
f you.
ame.

Heaven's words in my head.
leaked into my heart, forever:
read my existence.

Heaven.

Heaven, Peter.

Carla,

I-

I am sorry that you feel this way.

Carla, your feelings matter to me.

I am distraught by your experience in Heaven.

Carla, i want to help you.

I will be hosting a pre-Heaven get together this evening. W Would you like to join?

Peter,

How can I trust you?
you have betrayed me.

Carla,

there will be blueberry muffins.

Peter!

Why couldn't you begin by saying that

I'm in!

See you tonight Carla.

(Ch. 1: carla gets a invited to heaven)

(Ch. 2: heaven went manic)

(Ch. 3: carla sees peter on the street)

Raccoon Cycle

by Jack Bourdeaux

1.

Raccoon dead
Severed head
Blood was spilled
Veins unfilled
Clamoring
Hammering
Killed with zeal
Lovely meal

2.

Like Christ, he was betrayed,
his cotton feet
deafening in the night.
Like Christ, it was the state,
the leather boot
crushing down from above.
Like Christ, the old man cried,
“Mother, mother,
why have you forsaken me?”

3.

When I was a boy, the forest was safe—
you could walk from your house
to the stream or the lake.

When I was a boy, the forest was green—
you could look outside to a beautiful scene.
But now the trees reek of rot and ale—
the beauty of life, like love gone stale.
But now the shadow of the valley of death
has come, and taken, and nothing is left.

4.

Say the raccoon's a hot tar stain
Flesh of the road and the car tire
Family of four is now orphaned
Father was murdered in cold blood

Our thoughts and our prayers to the planet
Sorry for all that we've done here
But remember raccoons it was your fault
You shouldn't have stepped into traffic

“Pull the stick out of your cunt”

Ryan starts up the fence and I follow the fuck
head, tired boots, soles caked in shit
slipping on the chain-link, that motherfucker
with another brilliant idea, and me bursting with piss.
But he says “Come on man, boost me.” So I send him over, tits

up. I look down on him like a girl through her tits
the way they think you like it, and he stares back from my cunt,
spits blood on the steel and laughing up from the piss
water and slag, calls: “hurry the fuck
up.” I fall hard, roll over. My shoulder crunches like a motherfucker,
and he laughs again and throws me a grin full of shit.

I lift my head and look out, the range of shit
sprawling before us. Trains still in the yard below, like dog tits
the towers rise in the distance and the motherfucker
reaching into his jacket produces a brown bag. “Sweeter than cunt
juice,” he offers it. I know he doesn’t fuck
but I don’t say that instead I say “thanks” and I pull from the bottle of brown piss

which runs burning down my throat as we sit piss
soaked in the rain and he, close to me now in the shit

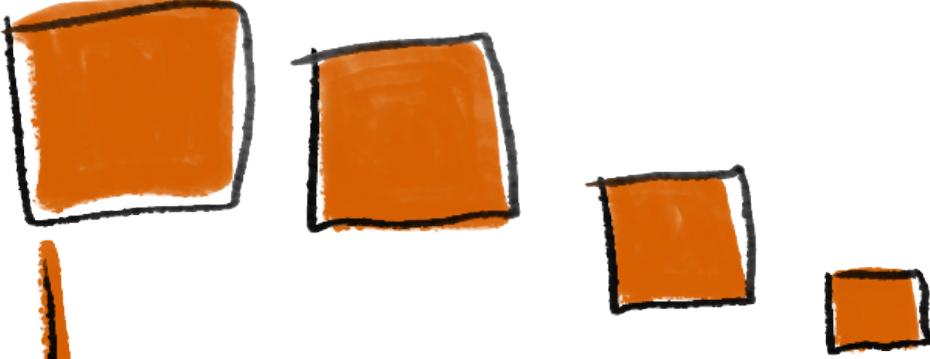
puaaue mutters tuck it all man ruck the worla ruck
Her right in the tits.”

And like that the stick falls out of my cunt,
and I smile and hand him the bottle and the motherfucker

drinks quietly and it feels good to be a loser, motherfucker
it feels good, and you can piss
on it but we have dug a little victory from the cunt
of the world which gives you nothing but shit.
From your first milky taste of tits
they fuck

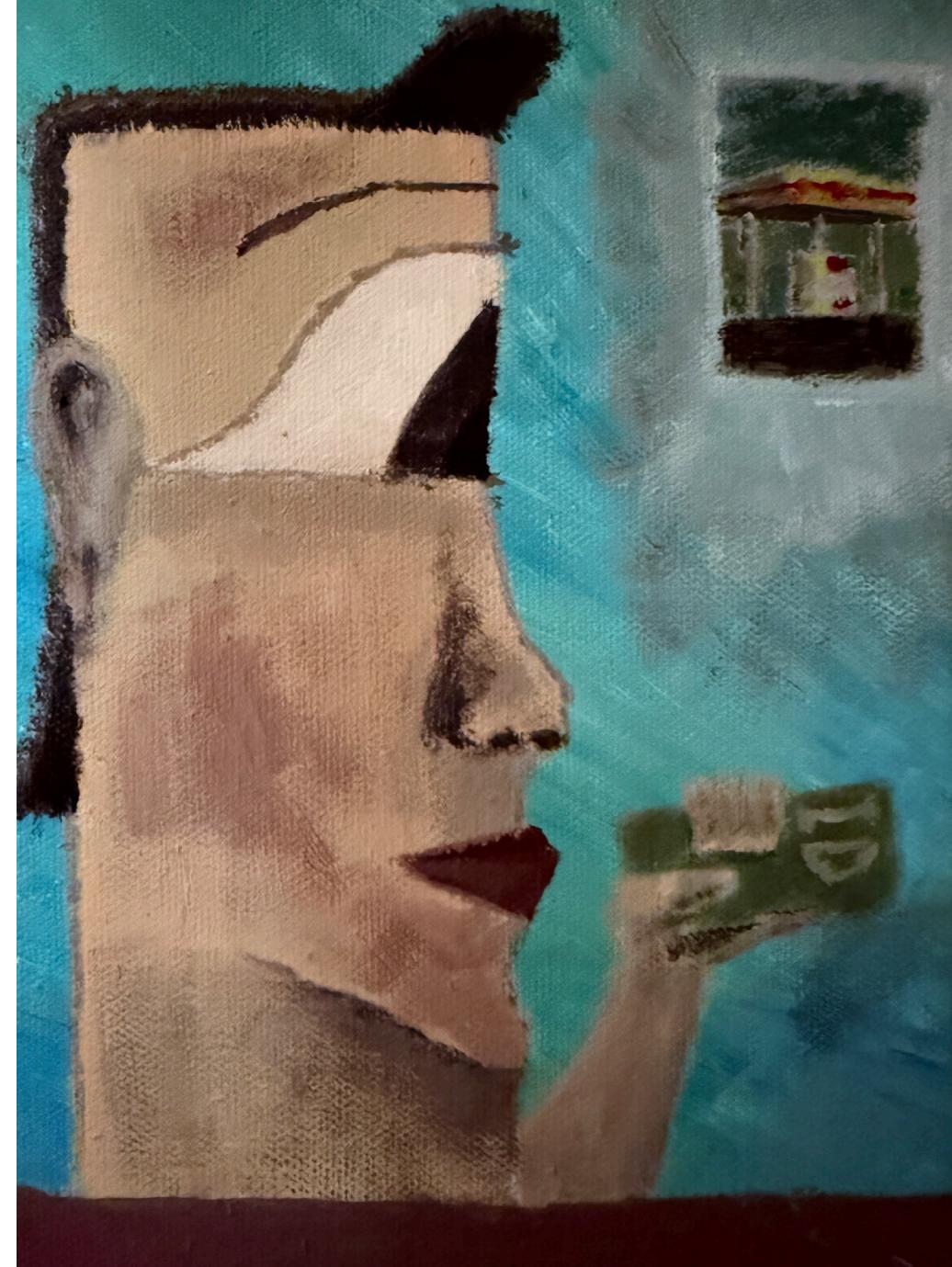
you, and I think if I’d let Ryan he’d fuck
me, but I don’t care. So I let the motherfucker
lean a little closer and I listen to the tits
chirping softly behind us until, really bursting now, I have no choice but to piss.
And then, rising out of the shit
to where the railyard’s cunt

gapes open. With every motherfucker in the dog tits, every cunt
below me; with that fuck on the tracks, and the cocksucker watching from the shit
brown iron, off the edge of the world I piss.

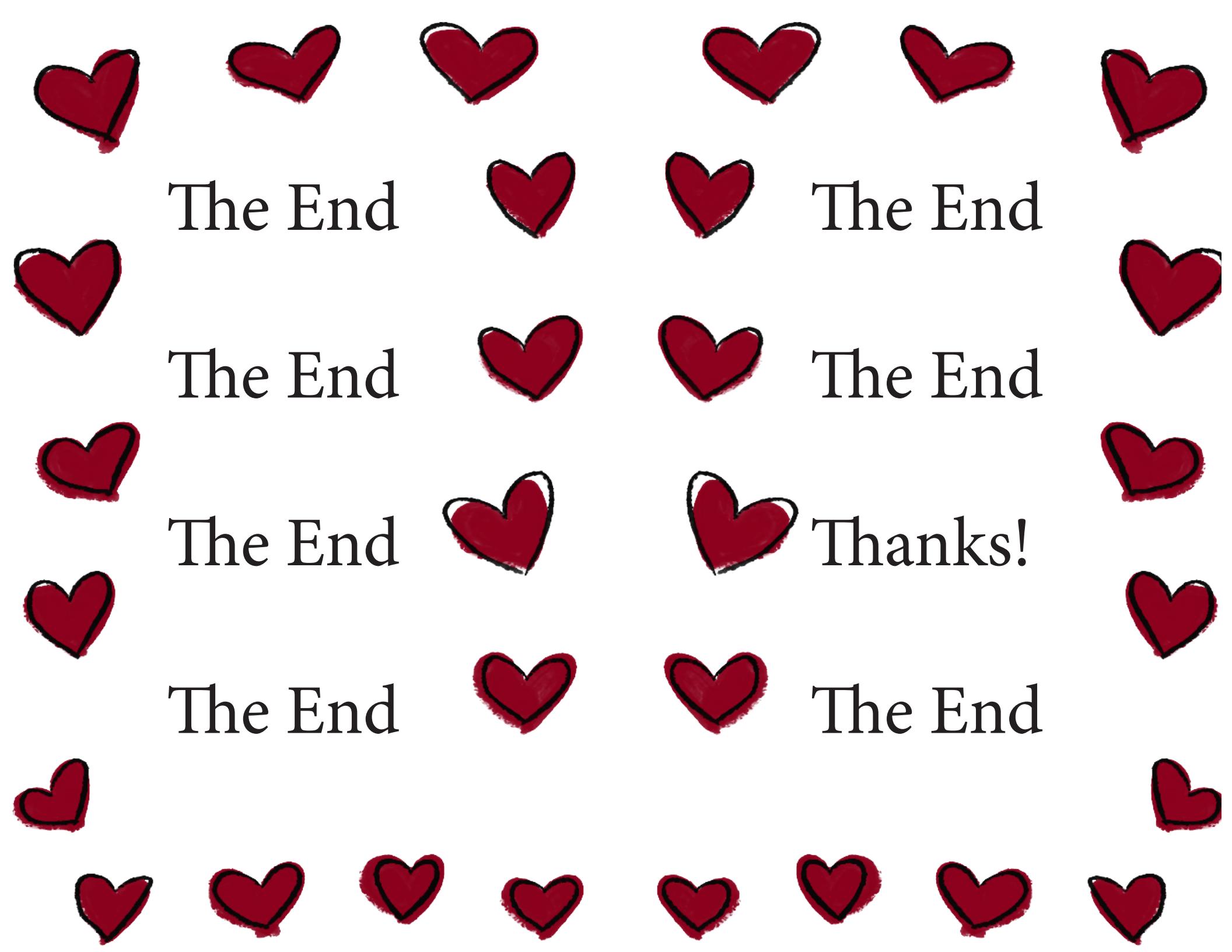


Soft Hair
by Lincoln Crockett

My hair is so soft
It's so nice to touch
Touch touch touch touch touch
It's greasy again



Asking for a Friend
by Noah Darwin Lee



The End

The End

The End

The End

The End

Thanks!

The End

The End

