

[illegible]

VENUS HAS A PSEUDOTUMOR

Tamim Louise

It's summer and I'm having a manic episode in Upstate New York. He is waiting for me to come back. I am up there because I haven't left New York in a year, because I want to float in a pool and microdose mushrooms and I go into an antique store and find a pill case, it's a flamingo feeding its baby and I cry because my mom is in it.

He has roommates so he comes to mine with a very big backpack and pulls out a magic wand. It dies quickly so he pulls out and uses a riding crop and I don't remember very much of it, I only know it definitely happened because I took a photo of the marks it left. It hurt and it burned and I could have told him to stop but I didn't because I was feeling something other than sadness and grief.

When he left we couldn't find his wallet and it seemed like a big deal to me. I thought we should look more but he said it didn't matter he didn't care so he left with his giant backpack and he was going to drive home and his license was in his lost wallet.

I found the wallet two days later. It was completely empty except for a debit card and ID. It was velcro and it had empty laminates in it like when you're a kid and you want responsibility so you are given a thing you use to hold stickers, coins, and pebbles.

He also forgot his riding crop I told him I have both and he says he will

come pick it up from me at my DJ set. I don't tell him that I am having a manic episode or that it's worse than it was that last time. I'm at the bar playing some fake cultured shit like Serge Gainsbourg, chugging frozen drinks and crying. My best friend was supposed to take me on the train because it seemed bad for me to be alone in public but he flaked on me last minute for some girl with gap teeth that broke up with him two weeks later. I called him when I got to the bar I was still crying and he told me he was sorry but he was right around the corner and he'd be by my side but he didn't show up until four hours later. Conrad showed up at the same time to get his things and he was so cold with me which how could he be like that after spitting in my mouth and telling me I was Venus. He impaled me on his 10 inches and now he barely made eye contact as I gave him his childrens' velcro wallet so I cried harder and got more drunk and he left and I was left there with Adam and the gap tooth girl and I don't even know why anyone pays me to DJ I started with Bright Eyes and ended with Nelly.

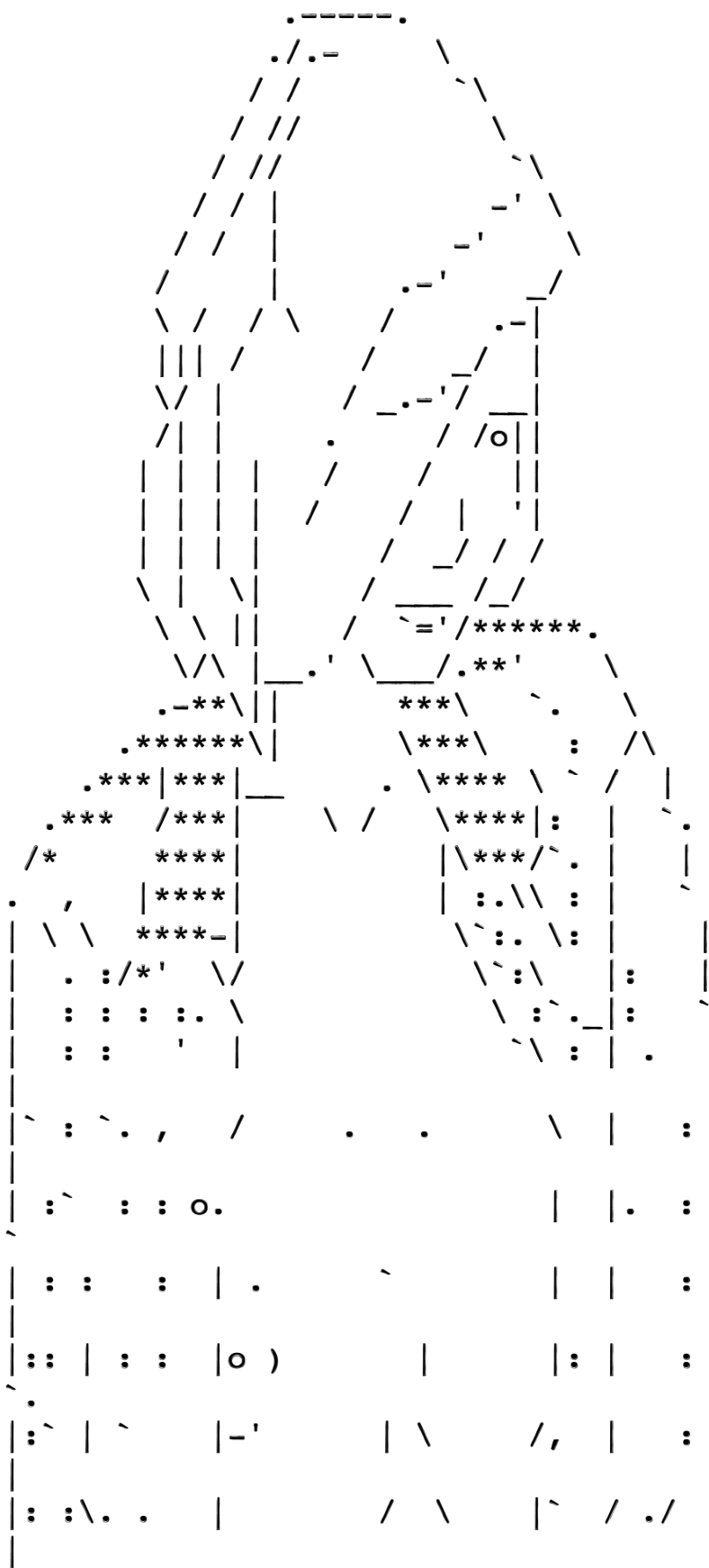
The manic episode won't end and I have this skull-splitting headache all the time that won't respond to the Advil. I lay in the dark in my apartment where I don't have AC just two loud fans and I think about my mom, how much pain was she in when her life became nothing but sickness, radiation, and hospitals. She was so strong. She never complained, she only cried once.

This headache is so stupid what could it be? I am weeping and I want my mother I want someone to take care of me. I'm tired of being alone and I'm sad and mad at her for leaving me, mad at myself for being mad at her so I turn my anger at god because he must have done this. I run my finger over the baby flamingo open the pill case and take a Klonopin.

Maybe the manic episode would have ended but the headaches keep it going and I started to think about my grief counselor Mr. Bean and how he said my nausea, those weeks of stomach sickness I had mistakenly thought were food poisoning, how it was all my body processing what I was too afraid to deal with mentally.

Finally, I go to a doctor because it hurts too much and what if the tumor, that monster that lay there silently in her genetic code for 54 years before taking her, was waiting for me too?

I go to all of them, an optometrist, an ophthalmologist, a neurologist, a nose, throat, and ear specialist. I am going to so many doctors it starts to feel like I am one of those car crash fetishists, steeped in anticipation waiting to experience an act of bodily violence whether it's inside myself or out.



One of these doctors chastises me for 15 minutes while I stare blankly at the wall, *fat people are more likely to suffer from all types of health issues. If I really want to be healthier I should lose some weight* this conversation used to hurt me but in my 25th year, the blades are no longer sharp enough to puncture me. I am somehow floating towards the shitty white painted walls I feel myself hovering close to it, not close enough to touch but close enough that there is static and I'm

thinking about going away to some wellness camp I don't know exists something in Utah where white women wear jeans and cowboy hats and ride around a ranch on horseback. Where they find healing in the placidity of Georgia O'Keeffe's landscapes and I'm thinking I have to do something like that because my imagined ailments are hurting me the way real ones would but I am brought back to that rickety exam room chair and the doctor in front of me with the thinning hair and judgmental tone when I hear the word “tumor.”

I stop him and ask him to repeat himself and he says I have a pseudotumor in my skull and I start crying because of tumor I don't care what comes before or after. I'm sobbing and pushing the words through a viscous mixture of snot and tears. I ask him “is it what got my mom?” and he looks confused because he didn't know her and he doesn't know what I'm talking about but finally sympathy and compassion show up on his face and his voice loses its blunt edges. He wants to give me time to deal with whatever psychological episode is, unfortunately, being played out in front of him but he also has to rush through to assure me that this isn't a big deal and it's not what killed my mom because it's nothing. I ask him *how could it be nothing isn't it something* and he tells me *yes it's something but built over nothing* I don't have a tumor I am okay but my body thinks I have one. The fluids in my brain aren't draining and the pain I've felt is real it's pressure that's built in my head but it's going to go away and I finally feel calm.

Conrad texts me his phone broke and he doesn't know if I had tried to get in touch with him but did I want to see him again? I won't tell him about the many deaths I've been through since we last saw each other — how I'd imagined myself in the Netherlands where I can skip the suffering of trying to battle a parasite. He says he's been thinking about me he wants to see his Venus and I want to forget the end so I tell him to come over with his bag.

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S 42nd Avenue

Jerome William Berglund

an orgy of efflorescence in every distinction,
 teaming riotously, draped in gowns
 of all the silken colors on the spectrum
 merrily careening, cavorting, pirouetting
 drunkenly to a waltz, a polka
 a chanson by Béranger
 in 6/8 time



DCN

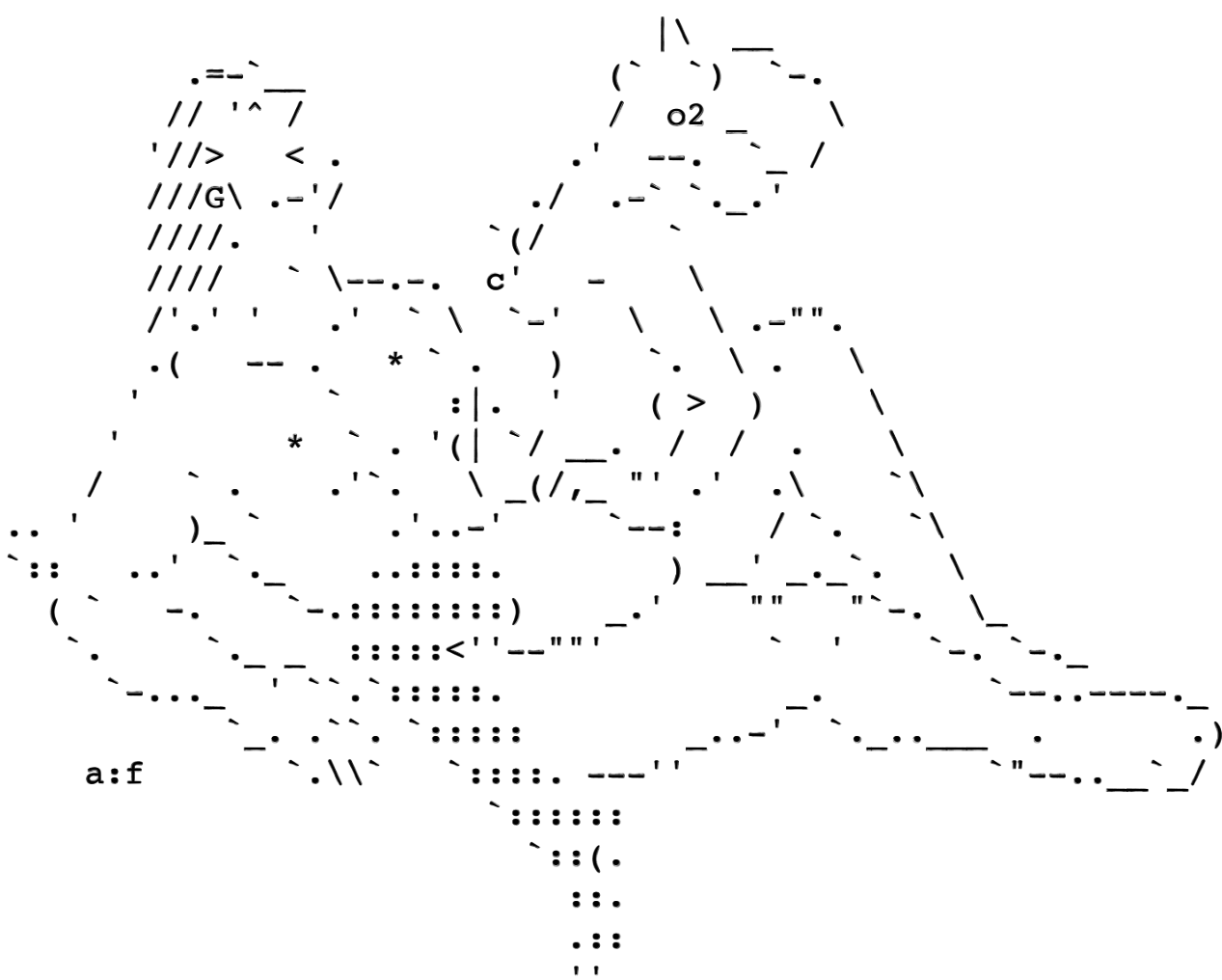
The Taste of You

D. C. Nobes

I anticipate
the taste of you on my tongue
mingled salt and sweet.

Feel me, fill you
 You're hot and cold for a reason
 It has nothing to do with the season
 Feel me ache for you.
 Sun still isn't shining,
 Yet I'm awake for you.
 Soaking in the depth of hope
 Wanting to numb the senses
 Just to cope
 Reminiscent of our body heat
 can provoke
 Thought of our lips touching
 Makes me choke

Marcelle



NO SHOT, ONE SHOT, TWO SHOT

Quentin Swarth

“I just feel like I really need to get downed, Jade, y’know?”

Jade took her left earbud out and stared at her roommate, Ashley.
“What was that? Did I hear that right?”

Ashley responded with a giggle, her folds jiggled with each snort that followed; Jade hid her frown behind her life size Hello Kitty pillow and awaited an answer.

(Ashley clapped after every word) “Bitch. I. NEED. to. get. dicked. down.”

“I thought you were a lesbian.”

Ashley had been through three girlfriends ever since her parents left her at the University of Science. Jade didn’t want to share a room with a whore, so she picked the fat girl. Due to Ashley’s grotesque physical appearance (three chins and fold after fold of fat), Jade thought she would have trouble getting laid. Turns out there were tons of lesbians that were just as horizontally challenged and horny as Ashley at the University of Science.

“I’ve always been bi, usually I don’t fuck men cause they ain’t shit.” Ashley said as she struggled to get up to go to the minifridge placed between the two beds of the dorm. “I hate straight girls too, well, straggots in general piss me off. That’s why we be such good friends!”.

When the pair first moved in Ashley told Jade she was, like, totally a lesbo and really had an appetite for pussy. Jade nodded and said she was bi to fit in. When you’re bi you can gain credit for being gay without being gay.

Jade denied Ashley a response and instead watched the five foot two, two hundred and sixty pound mass named Ashley grab a corn dog from their shared minifridge and place it into the microwave on top of the fridge. When nothing but the stick of the microwaved treat was left (approximately a minute and a half from leaving the mini fridge), Ashley chucked the stick behind her bed and began to scroll on her iPhone.

Just two more months and I'm out of this room Jade thought to herself. Ever since the first night in the dorm's common area Jade has been dreaming of never seeing Ashley again; Jade's just too shy to do anything about it. Why would she want to hurt Ashley's feelings?

Ashley has a system where she puts a sock on the door if she's fucking. When Ashley has a girlfriend, the sock is always there. *How does this bitch pass her classes? She's always fucking and sucking, well not sucking I guess. Licking? Sure.*

"I'm skipping class I'm finna get some dick in me."

Ashley waddles out of the room in a dress that looks about 2 sizes too small, and Jade begins her morning routine. She brushes her teeth and begins to paint her face with all sorts of different shapes and colors. After taking a big rip from her Strawberry Ice Cream flavored Puff bar, she puts her bright pink hair into pigtails and looks into the mirror. She takes off her oversized Dark Side of The Moon t-shirt and changes into an oversized Sublime t-shirt instead. As she browses her skirts, trying to decide which one goes best with her shirt choice, Ashley steps in again.

"Forgot my phone, I'm such a blonde!" She giggles

Jade wanted to remind her that she had re-dyed her hair blonde a week ago but decided on peace instead. Ashley identified as naturally blonde and refused to accept how silly it sounded. Jade slipped into a skirt, put on some black knee socks, and began to lace up her Doc Martens.

"You look so cute; I wish I had your confidence!"

If I have confidence, you must think you're the second coming of Christ. I wouldn't ever show my face in public if I carried that much lard. Fatass. "Thanks Ash, you look terrific too"

Ashley leaves and Jade is free at last. She takes another drag from her Puff Bar and packs her MacBook into her backpack. Time for class.

Most people could tell Jade's major by taking one look at her: Psychology. Although she is sure she has some sort of mental illness,

she decided to never get tested. She also decided she was autistic after the second week of her Intro to Psychology course taught by Dr. Grosskreutz (coincidentally, this is the class she is heading to).

After serving his two years in the U.S. Army, Kurt decided to pursue a career in psychology. He sits in the back of most classes and works diligently, but cannot convince himself to pay attention in Dr. Grosskreutz's class no matter how interesting the lecture may be. There's this girl, you see, that sits in the front of the class. She has bright pink hair and is as cute as a button. Kurt is enraptured with her beauty and whenever she's in sight he cannot stop thinking about their eventual life together.

Kurt thought that all the women in the army were skanks. They slept with every soldier. Kurt and his boys were convinced the women had a contest to see who could fuck the most men. Sure, the women he had fucked in the Army were fun and all, but he never felt a spark. Even without sleeping with her, Kurt is positive he feels a cosmic connection to that pink-haired girl. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday he thinks of how he will approach her. What should he say? What could he say? What could bridge the social divide between the two?

This Friday, Kurt sings along to the entirety of *El Paso* by Marty Robbins as he looks for a place to park his F-150. He turns the truck off, stuffs his keys into his pockets, and puts his PFG hat on.

He clicks the lock button on his keys until he hears the honk of his truck, informing him that she's locked and safe, then feels for his concealed carry. *Got it.* Kurt carries a 9mm Glock to school every day. He would never use the gun maliciously, of course, he just likes the way carrying makes him feel.

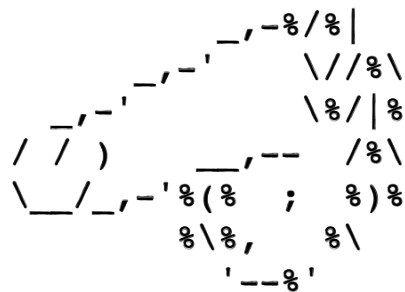
Kurt put his hands in his pockets and began his journey to class, hyping himself up the same way he does every day he has class with pink-hair. When he entered the classroom, he noticed an empty seat next to the pink-haired girl. She was doodling something with earbuds in and he wondered why the usual hog wasn't sitting next to her but decided to thank God for the opportunity instead. He took the seat.

"Hey, I'm Kurt."

"Huh?" He watched her take an earbud out and pause Cage the Elephant's *Cigarette Daydreams*.

“I’m Kurt, what’s your name, miss?”

“Oh. I’m Jade” She looks down and continues doodling pictures of Kuromi from Hello Kitty.



Throughout his forty years in the field of Psychiatry, Dr. Grosskreutz had built many strong relationships with many patients. Four years ago he was offered a job as a professor of Psychology at the University of Science and could not refuse the opportunity to impact so many young people’s lives. Within a year he had referred all his patients to other doctors and dedicated the rest of his life to his teaching career. He quickly gained a reputation around campus as being one of the most fun professors, especially since he made up the entire Psychology department. Every student took his Intro to Psychology course.

Every morning he would concoct a new gimmick to start class and introduce the lesson. Whenever the eating disorder unit comes around, he has a pizza party while lecturing them. He remembers recounting that day to his wife. What a hoot!

“Call me callous, Luanne, but I made every student eat one slice of pizza and told them it was good for them”

“Oh, you scoundrel!” Luanne would always playfully hit him while he recounted his shenanigans.

“I ate an entire pizza in front of them and forced myself to purge to introduce Bulimia!!! You should have seen their faces!”

That morning, the morning which would be the beginning of a new epoch for Kurt and Jade, Dr. Grosskreutz woke up feeling extra eccentric and decided to start his class of with a *bang*. He would be starting a unit on violent and anti-social personality types and what would be a better example than a school shooter?

He decided to pack a starter pistol in his briefcase.

Maybe it was the gun speaking, but Kurt felt extremely confident he could pick up any girl, even the special one sitting next to him.

“You a psych major too, Jade?” He asked, staring her down with great intrigue.

“Yeah” She struggled to keep eye contact with him, and her face turned red underneath the paint.

“Want to hang out after class? Maybe get a cup of joe?”

Well, I have nothing better to do... And he's alright looking I guess, “Sure, why not?”

Dr. Grosskreutz smiled at the happy couple before scowling towards the entire class. “I know you motherfuckers cheated on that last exam...” he spoke slowly and vindictively; every glance he shot was like a bullet straight through the torso.

Suddenly, he began to scream, “There’s no way you idiots passed this exam!” and he drew his starter pistol, and he shot a blank into the air. The classroom began to scream and panic, but not Kurt. Within the cacophony of the class, Kurt stayed calm and resorted to his training. As if he were a well-oiled machine whose only purpose was to eliminate threats, Kurt was able to draw his pistol, aim down the sights, and eliminate his target: Dr. Grosskreutz's left lung and his heart

Jade was paralyzed and looked at Kurt like a doe in headlights. He picked her up like a princess and carried her out of the building, “Pretty scary, huh?”

“I’m just glad you were there, Kurt” She snuggled into his chest with the intimacy of an engaged couple, “I think love you.”

“I love you too, Jade.”

Kurt went through an arduous legal battle but ended up coming out on top. Jade stuck by him the whole way, and as soon as information came out that Dr. Grosskreutz had not actually intended to kill his class she decided that she was attracted to Kurt regardless.

Luanne Grosskreutz agreed that her husband was asking for it and married the University of Science’s president a week after meeting him at her husband’s funeral.

Ashley died of a heart attack after hearing about Dr. Grosskreutz’s death.

In the end of it all, Kurt had to pay the school \$500 for bringing a gun on campus. Not a bad price for a goth girl, huh?

[illegible]

a woman's pleasure

D.C. Nobes

Cunnilingus is
a long word that simply means
a woman's pleasure.



Dracula’s Cock

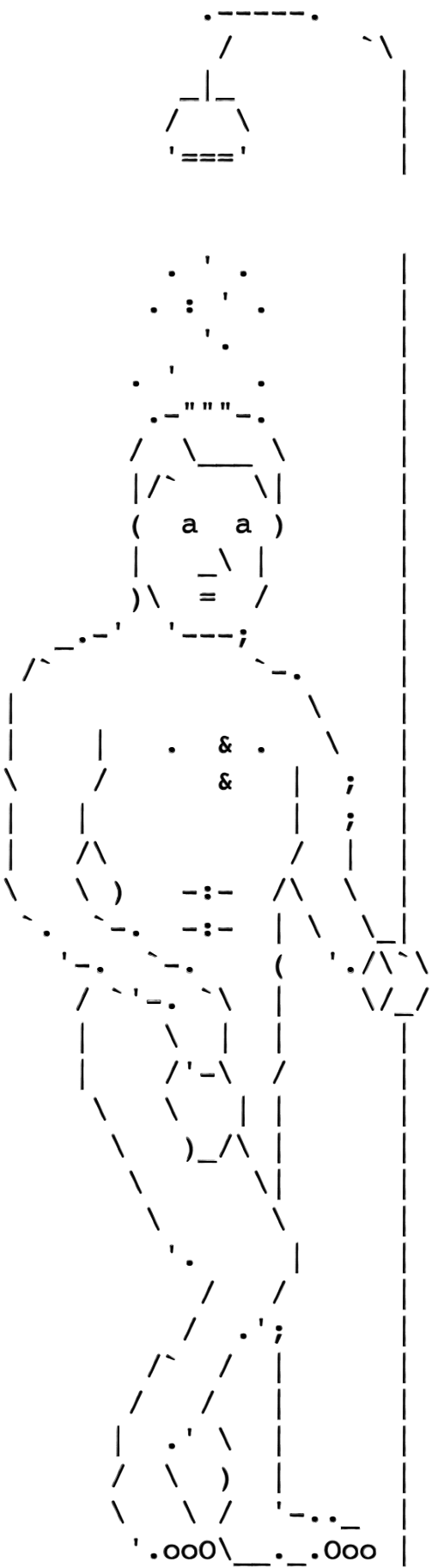
Evan Cozad

Frankenstein’s monster, Mario, and Jesus sit in a motel room when Dracula walks in with his cock in his hand.

He says, Guys, without blood in my body I can’t get an erection.

Frankenstein’s monster stands up next to him and places a hand on his shoulder in consolement. Dracula releases his grip on his vampiric cock letting it hang in the cool air by itself.

Then, Jesus looks at Dracula—at Mario too—and says, A lot of us can’t have sex...but at least we have each other.



MOBILE CABIN: 6

Alex Prestia

“Once in the blue, when there’s nothing to do, and the tension gets to thick for my sober mind to cut through,” - Feeling It, Jay-Z

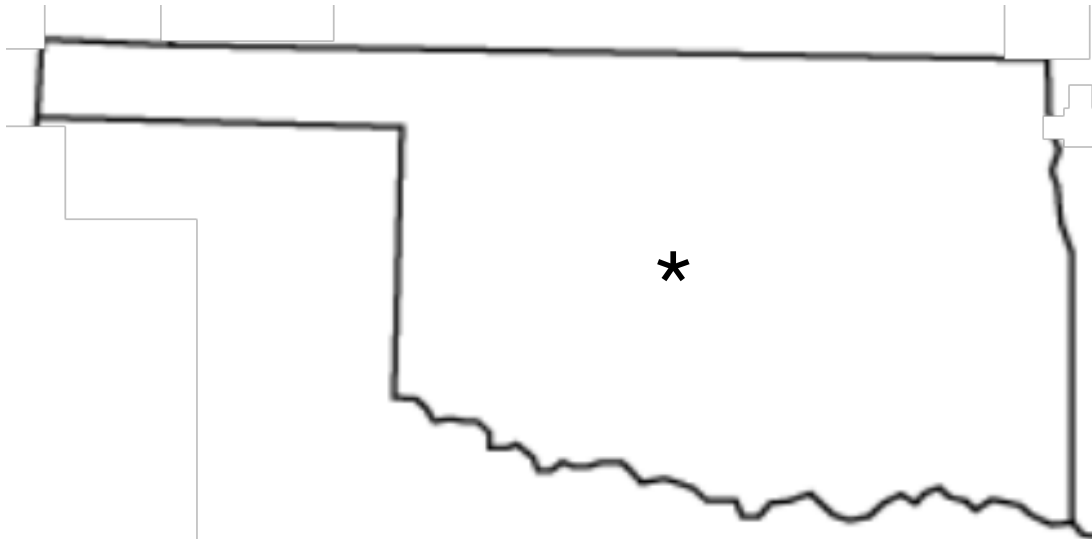
I don’t drink anymore. Weed neither. Occasionally I smoke these pretty chinese cigarettes, but it’s mostly for aesthetics.

It wasn’t a conscious choice. It happened. Around the same time I started eating only 1400 calories a day. It just happened. I feel light and airy. I’d really prefer to stop with coffee too, but I was on the road all day and it was around 1pm (Central Time? Mountain?) and I was antsy and hadn’t uploaded miniMAG, so of course I stopped at a Starbucks. Of course.

I’m a wisp, or a ghost, or something seeable but unable to be touched. I know this because the most gorgeous girl I’d seen in years came into the Starbucks and locked eyes with me. Her white shirt was tight and her brown eyes were bright. And I knew, if I was corporeal, that it could have happened, right there in the family bathroom. But I’m a happy wisp.

This morning I sent a tasteful nude to an ex in China. I prefer her response; she said she touched herself to the photo and it made her sad.

There’s a flask of gin -I don’t know which brand- in the back of my truck somewhere. The Louisiana wilderness is quiet and lonely tonight. I don’t want to touch or be touched. I think I’m going to try the gin.



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“Free the Nipple” (photo, page 6), “The Taste of You” (haiku), “Breast”
(photo, page 14), and “a woman’s pleasure” (haiku)
by D. C. Nobes
Twitter: @sebon521

“Feel me, fill you...” by Marcelle
Insta: @cellescenec

“No Shot, One Shot, Two Shot” by Quentin Swarth
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“Dracula’s Cock” by Evan Cozad
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