

miniMAG

issue62

limited-time offer



Greeting

Good Day ,

How are you doing today. I know that, this message might come to you as surprise because We don't know each other nor have we ever met before. I am Barrister Andre Bonvin ,A solicitor at law, personal attorney to (Late Mr.Alex J.) ,who bears the same last name with you,who used to work with Shell Development Company in Benin.Here in after shall be referred to as my client.

On the 21st of April 2009,my client, his wife and their only daughter were involved in a ghastly car accident along Portnovovo express road.All occupants of the vehicle unfortunately lost their lives.Since then I have made several inquiries to locate any of my clients extended relatives, this has also proved unsuccessful. After these several unsuccessful attempts, In my disparate search for urgent assistance, I decided to track his last name over the foreign mission guestbook, to locate any member of his family hence I contacted you.

I have contacted you to assist in repatriating the fund valued at 6.5MillionUSD, left behind by my client before it get confiscated or declared nu-serviceable by the (BANK) here in Benin, where this huge amount were deposited. And now the bank has issued me a notice to provide the next of kin or have his account confiscated within the next Few weeks. Since I have been unsuccessful in locating the relatives for up to 10 years now, I seek the consent to present you as the next of kin to the deceased since you have the same last names, so that the proceeds of this account can be paid to you.

Therefore, on receipt of your positive response, we shall then discuss the sharing ratio and modalities for transfer. I have all necessary information and legal documents needed to back you up for the claim. All I require from you is your honest cooperation to enable us see this transaction through. I guarantee that this will be executed under legitimate arrangement that will protect you from any breach of the law. On your interest ,Let me hear from you Along with your direct Telephone Number For Easy Communications. Urgent response to this letter will be proudly appreciated. Note: This transaction must be kept confidential i.e Top Secret.
{barristerandre175@redacted.com}

Best Regards.

Barrister Andre Bonvin

Founder of Bonvin Legal Chambers Benin

AN INESCAPABLE TIDE

Katie Baker

“God! You’re beautiful,” said Emerson’s date for the sixtieth time. “How old are you even?”

Emerson lifted her perpetually demure face. The question annoyed her, but annoyance was not an expression she was allowed. Inner tantrums, yes. An unpleasant expression... never.

Emerson looked at her reflection in the window to her right. The globe-like restaurant lounge hung high above city lights scattered like diamonds across the velvet valley. The bar, the other tables, the chandeliers, and the candlelight blurred beneath the perfection of her face. Perfect depth of forehead, just a hint of widows peak near its luxuriant hairline, blue eyes that never lost their dewiness, lips that reposed into a mysterious half-smile, a chin just delicate enough that one wanted to reach out and tuck it between forefinger and thumb.

The faces reflected behind hers threw her glances. When she moved, conversation suspended itself— just a breath in the air.

“Don’t you know it’s not polite to ask questions like that? Especially of people like me,” Emerson said. Her perfectly modulated voice made this sound merry. Flirtations.

It had its intended effect. Emerson’s date threw his head back and

laughed. His hairy, bulbous Adam's apple bobbed up and down on his barrel neck.

Emerson watched him with disgust, but her lips continued to smile that small, mysterious smile.

The following morning, after the transaction was complete and her date was fast asleep, Emerson slipped out from beneath the mountain of blankets humped over his bulk. She walked into the gray-dark living room and sat on the couch across from the windows. A hint of electric shimmer moved behind the sheer curtains. Emerson watched the shimmer, smiling benignly as her gut churned inside her.

Her date's glass pipe sat in the middle of the glass coffee table, and his open grinder was half full. Emerson preferred something more potent, but she picked up the pipe, lit it, and finished the bowl. She sat for a while, watching the electric shimmer beyond the curtains as she waited for the drug to dull the contradiction inside her.

The edges of her world grew fuzzy and numb. She put down the pipe and crossed to the window, yanked back the curtains, and looked down at the world. The shimmer of electricity was a monochromatic swirl painted in whites and reds. Emerson stared at her reflection superimposed upon the snaking lines of vermillion tail lights.

She smiled at herself— she could do nothing else.

Genetic augmentation— tiny changes, enhancements to the body, and genetic code. Tiny things to take away the annoyances and hindrances of daily life. Pain, displeasure, anger. You could remake yourself into the image that suited you and whatever your profession required.

Emerson's profession was pleasure and happiness; what better to banish than misery and suffering?

Emerson reached up and touched her reflection on the cheek just below the eye and traced her finger down, following the path of tears that could not fall. She stared at her eternally happy face and then turned away.

She found the razor at the bottom of her bag. She sat with it a moment before leaning over. On the back of her ankle, she drew a small, bloody hash above a growing line of scarred hashes.

"You're so beautiful," said her date from above her, looking down at Emerson's dewy eyes. "How do you do it?" the woman asked.

“Do what?” Emerson said, tired of these questions again. She stared past the cascade of dark hair, which framed her date’s face, and watched the fan flip shadows across the ceiling.

“Stay so happy. So young. So enthusiastic.” The woman passed her fingers through Emerson’s hair. “I remember the first time I had you — twenty?— years ago.”

Emerson looked at her then and saw an old face— crow’s feet, sagging jowls, and paper-thin lips. Only the raven hair showed concern for time.

“They thought my face was nice like it was,” Emerson said.

“*They* did?” The sharp crack of envy.

“Aren’t you glad?” Emerson smiled, each pearly tooth revealed in utter abandon.

Her date, mesmerized by such glittering happiness, forgot her envy and grinned. “Of course.”

When her date finally slipped into sated sleep, Emerson rose, collected the razor from her bag, and added another bloody hash to the ladder of hashes on her ankle.

“When you’ve done this job as long as I’ve done it, do you even own part of yourself anymore?” Emerson asked her friend. “If you’re the commodity, you know?”

The chatter of the coffee shop hummed all around them, but they ignored the half-drunk coffee sitting on their table in cups like porcelain bowls.

“What do you mean?” asked her friend.

“The way people talk. Like they own me. ‘The first time I had you...’ Had— such a possessive term. ‘Fuck’ has fewer strings attached... It’s usually the women who say ‘had’ these days. Men aren’t nearly so delusional anymore. We beat it out of them.”

“But what do you mean? ‘Do you own any part of yourself anymore’?”

Emerson tried to look thoughtful, but her face took on a sultry shade instead. “Think of it— If they all have ‘had’ me— they’ve paid for my use— how much of me have they taken with them? Forty years

doing this. Forty.” Emerson remembered her bowl of coffee and took a dainty sip.

“Are you unhappy?” her friend asked, with a sharp look at Emerson’s face.

“Am I ever unhappy?”

Emerson left the coffee shop, turning down her friend’s offer of an umbrella. She walked the street bareheaded in the rain instead. The passing pedestrians, huddled beneath their umbrellas, turned their faces up in surprise and followed her with their eyes. She had garnered these glances for forty years and could look forward to forty more. And forty more after that.

Emerson raised her face to the sky — gray beyond the neon signs, a dreary backdrop to the genetically augmented faces looking out at her from video screens and billboards. Emerson stopped on the corner and



watched, hanging above her, an advertisement for GA. Now available to the masses!

“You TOO can halt time. Are you tired and miserable...?”

The lights flashed and caught the raindrops like thousands of falling diamonds. Emerson blinked as they cascaded into her eyes; she gathered the raindrops with her lashes and let them roll down her cheeks like the tears she gave away forty years ago.

Her apartment is windowless, except for the back bedroom that looked down on the alleyway. When Emerson lay in bed at night, she listened to the jingle of the Johns and Janes racing up and down the fire escape.

None of them were hers. With a face and body like hers, she didn't need backdoor money anymore. The sound was too much on nights like tonight, and Emerson slept on her couch.

She stared into the pitch black and imagined being able to frown, wrinkles breaking out, and tears forming in her eyes. Emerson imagined herself making angry faces, pulling her brows together, and flicking an annoyed glance at her clients. At all their stupid questions. At their comments about "having her." At their callous touches, their brisk assumptions of what attentions were acceptable to her. At what they presumed they had paid for.

But even in the dark, she felt it. The gentle, demure smile of surrender— the look of simpering pleasure, the sparkle in her eyes— this face that forty years ago she believed would help her pursue the career she wanted. Emerson squeezed her eyes shut and tried to force the tears out.

"Why did you do it?" her date asked after they finished their transaction.

They lay side by side in his bed and looked down through his open window to the river that pushed a swift, swollen current against its concrete banks. The streetlights traced slivers of fire atop the water, like golden filaments floating upon its jagged swell.

"Do what?" Emerson asked with profound inner exhaustion; however, her voice remained sultry, intimately interested.

"The GA." Her date motioned toward his face, which was unmarked and dark and sleek beneath its high cheekbones.

Emerson found that this sleekness didn't interest her anymore. He was just another face and body that had used her and paid.

"Aren't you scared you won't like it one day?" he said. "That it won't be right at some point if you ever decide to change."

"Do you want me to change?"

"No. No. Of course not..." His perfectly flexible face grew thoughtful. "But what if you want to someday? GA gives you a lot of somedays to change your mind."

Emerson felt time's accordion expand before her, and her stomach churned.

"Would you be able to change it... if you want?"

Emerson lifted herself onto her elbows as she felt her heart race and her stomach drop. "I need to find your bathroom." She scrambled out from underneath the covers, dashed down the hallway, and into the

bathroom. She shut and locked the door and sat on the edge of the tub in the half-light from the shower window.

Everything around her remained drained of color, matte gray. She itched the back of her ankle where all the little hash marks lined up like prisoners in a row. Getting up from the tub's edge, Emerson went to the vanity and opened the cupboard and drawers, beneath the sink, looking to see if her date owned a razor. She opened the linen closet but found nothing— no razor. Emerson's heart continued to race. She needed a release for this interminable feeling, this widening out of forever. She began to suck at her breath and stepped into the tub to open the window.

The sash flew up with a squeal of protest, and fetid alley air flowed into the room. Emerson gulped down huge breaths laced with rotting garbage and the fishy smell of river water. She climbed onto the sill and scooted onto the fire escape. She leaned back against the rusty metal and tried to calm her breath. She surveyed the alley and saw tiny gaps of golden light peeking out from around window blinds. They made the darkness seem darker. To her right, the river flowed in its concrete culvert. The water was a gray slip in a gray world, and the river flowed heavy, swollen from the recent rain.

Emerson clattered down the fire escape in her bare feet. She ignored the way the metal dug into the soles of her feet. Ignored the cold that wrapped around her naked skin and the scamper of rats' feet in the shadows.

The asphalt stung the bottoms of her feet, and she felt the cast-off grit from vehicle tires as she crossed the lane. The cement wall guarding the river was much taller when seen from the street, but there was a stairwell that led to the quays on the other side.

Emerson walked up and then down to the docks. The scarred old wooden planks felt splintery and rough on her feet. There was a constant seethe of sound from the swift running water. Some of the docks blinked with red and green lights, and a hush lay over everything, broken only by the slap of buoys against the pilings.

Her life felt like a river, constant and remorseless in its groove, rushing headlong into the darkness. She sat on the edge of the dock. The wood was rough against her skin, but she let her feet dangle toward the water. She lifted her perfect face, with its pinchable chin, up to the darkness above and closed her eyes. She let out a breath and then pushed herself forward.

Emerson dropped with a splash into the water and felt its chill close over her. It folded her body into its current. She smiled.



I am Mrs Becky Bell of Auburn, Washington who won the \$754,550,826 Million Powerball Jackpot on February 6, 2023. to show my appreciation to God Myself and my family are donating \$750,000 to 20 people,hence you are getting this email. Reply to this email for more information and how to receive the donation Thanks Mrs Becky Bell

Becky Bell

(no body text)

you are more likely to have this opportunity if you are competent

Jean K Jacque

Friday, May 19, 2023, Please, I have this opportunity deal for you, I hope this email is still valid? I would like to discuss with you privately about a business offer. Get back to me for more details.

Sincerely yours,

Mr JJ

It's Pride Month with special opportunity!

Jean K Jacque

Tuesday, June 6, 2023, Hello, I have this special business opportunity to share with you, I hope this email is still valid for a privately discussion?Get back to me for more details.

Sincerely yours,

Mr JJ

Please consider joining me for this opportunity that i am about to share with you!

Jean K Jacque

Wednesday, June 14, 2023, Hello, I have this special business opportunity to share with you, I hope this email is still valid for a privately discussion on this proposal?Get back to me for more details.

Sincerely yours,

Mr JJ



Zombie Flakes Cereal for When the World Ends and You Must Keep Going

Cecilia Kennedy

Nutrition Information:

50 calories

Total Fat: 0 grams

Cholesterol: 0 mg

Carbohydrates: 20 grams

Sugars: 10 grams

Protein: 1 gram

Ingredients: Preserved brain cells, scratched from skeletal remains, reaped from an apocalyptic harvest, formaldehyde, whispers of the secrets of the dead, last screams, and tears sifted from riverbeds, now deserts.

While most human brains have dried up, we've scraped together a wholesome alternative. If you're longing for warm bodies that covered the earth, we've processed superior genetic matter, crisped into crunchy flakes to fuel your morning and propel you forward with some semblance of hope amid the rot and decay.

My Dearest in the Lord:

Mrs. Elizabeth

My Dearest in the Lord:

Greetings in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. I'm Mrs.Elizabeth George the widow of late Mr. George , I'm 45 years old. I am a Christian convert, suffering from prolonged cancer of the breast,My husband died six years ago, and our long years of marriage was not blessed with children. My husband was very wealthy. After his death I inherited all his business and funds. My doctor has diagnosed and told me privately what i should expect, building my spirit for the inevitable . He says i may not last for more than six months, based on this i have taken the decision to share part of my funds and wealth in contribution to the development of the Church and society with major focus on the poor, needy and victims of Corona virus

I selected you after visiting the website having prayed over it, I am willing to donate the sum of \$10.500,000.00 USD for your work in developing the Church and to help the poor, needy,and less privileged among your congregations/society. Please note that this fund is deposited in a bank in the country where my husband worked, My lawyer will file the application for the transfer of this money in your designated name and information, after my applications and instructions. I now realize that wealth without life in Christ is vanity and non-sense. Always remember that. May the grace and blessings of God be and remain with you.I shall be awaiting for your response.through my: (elizabethgeorge1635@redacted.com}

Regards,

Mrs.Elizabeth George



Dude, Call Me Mr. Luddite...

Donovan Hall

Cause there's nothing, nothing at all
That I can tell you to make you believe
That what I have to say is true
That this is actually me, and not a machine

But don't you wish you could
taste the blood in these fingers
Typing these words into your eyes?
Or smell how close my face was to other side of this screen
Spittin' the tangy taste of my breath into your nose?

But it's not about me
Not my fingers or my breath?
It's about when you think you hear
Your mom's voice on the phone
But it's actually her digital clone

Is there a way to beat the machines?
To eat the machines?

finds

david tayo

Greetings, I hope this email reaches you well. You have not given me your answer concerning the details sent to you. Please respond back to me, it's urgent,

With best regards
David Tayo

Business enquiry

Madam Florence

Hello dear, am ms Florence from the U.K. Can you help me establish a good company in your country?

(no subject)

Lawfirm chamber

Hello I have an important discussion to discuss with you.
Greetings.

HELLO

Dorothea Helene

I am Dorothea Helene Reinhold (German),married to Late Eric Reinhold of blessed memory. I have a very important and confidential matter that i want to discuss with you,so kindly reply me for more details.



Attention

Mrs Chantel Hermans

ATTENTION

You have been compensated with the sum of 3.7 million Euro by the United Nation. The payment will be programmed into an ATM Visa Card,

And shall be sent to you from the Santander Bank of Spain. We need your Address, Passport and your whatsapp number.

THANKS

Mrs Chantel Hermans



url: minimag.space
subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com
twitter: @minimag_lit
substack: minimag.substack.com

“An Inescapable Tide” by Katie Baker
Website: seekingprose.com

“Zombie Flakes for When the World Ends, but You Must Keep Going”
by Cecilia Kennedy
Twitter: @ckennedyhola
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“Dude, Call me Mr. Luddite” by Donovan Hall
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(please don't email Barrister Andre)