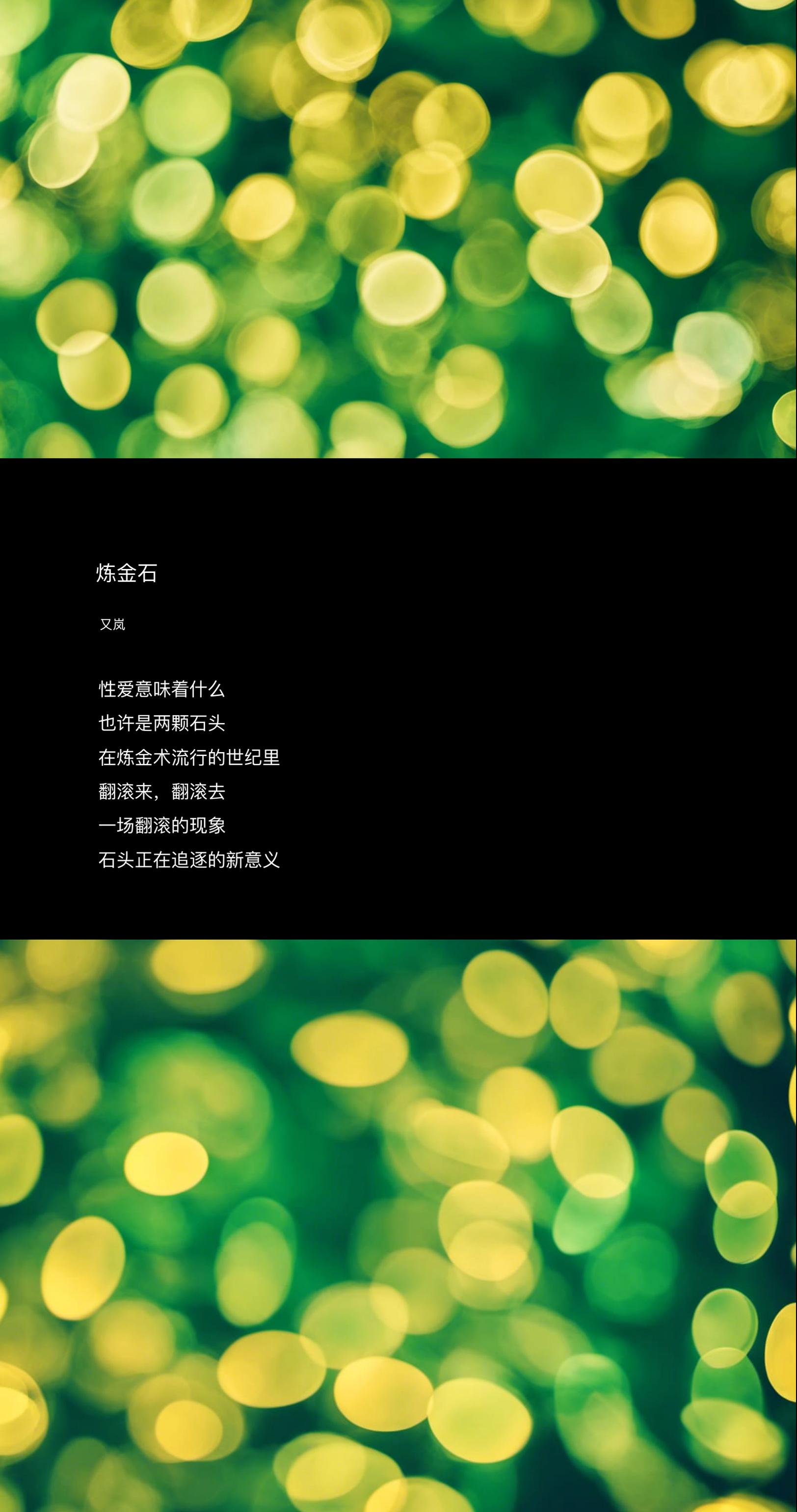


miniMAG

issue65

k, bye





炼金石

又岚

性爱意味着什么
也许是两颗石头
在炼金术流行的世纪里
翻滚来，翻滚去
一场翻滚的现象
石头正在追逐的新意义

ADMISSIONS JUSTICE

Bob Gielow

Dear Ms. Jackson,

I am Frederick Maddox and I am writing to learn more about Franklin & Marshall College's decision to not offer admission to my son, Thomas Maddox. I called and left a message with your Assistant, but wanted to write, as well. Tommy and I were most distressed to receive your April 1st letter indicating that Franklin & Marshall, "after careful consideration," was "unable to confidently offer" him admission. As you will find when reviewing his applicant file, Tommy is ranked number one in his class, scored 1490 on his SATs, and was awarded Pennsylvania's "Spirit of Community Award." Can we please schedule a fifteen-minute phone conversation to discuss F&M's decision? Thank you kindly.

Dear Mr. Maddox,

Thank you for your email dated April 2nd. I recognize your disappointment in learning that Thomas has not been offered admission to Franklin & Marshall College. Please understand that College policy prohibits me from describing the details of our admission decision on behalf of your son. I wish Thomas much future success.

Ms. Jackson,

I am confused and, frankly, disappointed that Franklin & Marshall College does not allow you to discuss Tommy's admission decision. Having graduated from F&M in 1987, I thought that you might offer Tommy some feedback on why he was not good enough to attend my alma mater. Does F&M not care about their alumni? I cannot wish you much future success.

Fred,

Franklin and Marshall College, of course, cares about our graduates. Although we cannot guarantee alumni that their children will be accepted, we do promise to make sure that applications from legacy children are given very careful consideration from the Admission Committee. I am sorry to have reached the conclusion that we could not comfortably accept Tom.

Belinda,

Instead of writing back and forth like this, can we please schedule a phone conversation?! I'd like to hear from you why "F'in Marshall" is too stupid to accept someone as talented as my son. Also, what do you mean by the word "comfortably" in your last message?

Freddie,

I am not surprised that our exchange has escalated. I am also not surprised that you do not remember me. You were known as a hot-head way back when you and your pre-adolescent friends made a habit of sneaking up behind the neighborhood girls to snap their bras, give them wedgies, and more. My maiden name is Thompkins and went by "Lindy." As you will find when you review your file of memories, I lived three doors down from you and was the victim of your "pranks" on multiple occasions. Given the behavior you exhibited back then, I will never feel confident or comfortable, offering either you or your family, any form of care, consideration ... or even 15 minutes of my time.

Dear Ms. Jackson,

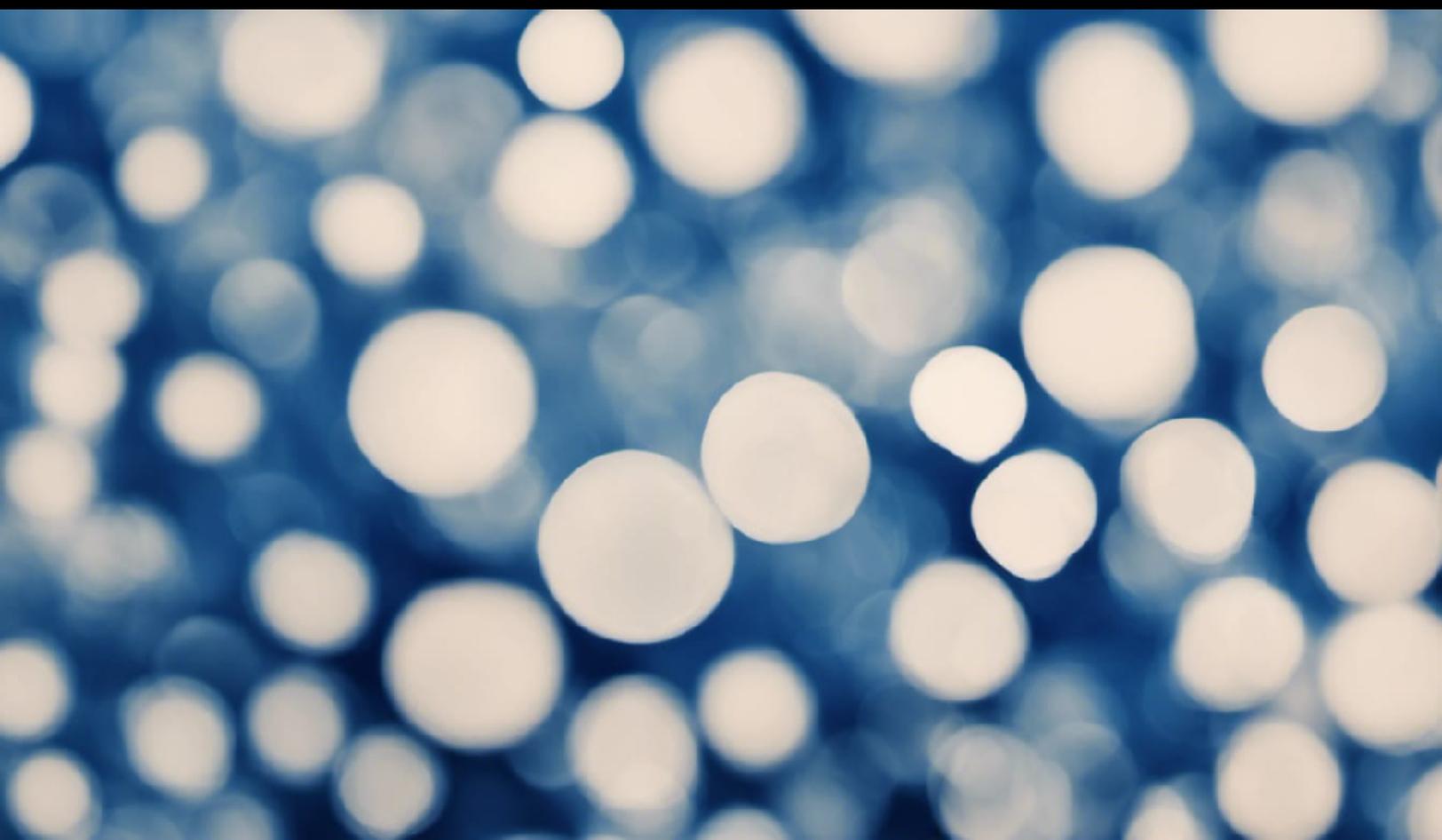
I am so, so sorry for my behavior back then. There are no excuses for what my friends and I were doing. I am truly embarrassed that we were behaving in that way. Please, I hope that you will somehow find it in your heart to forgive me.

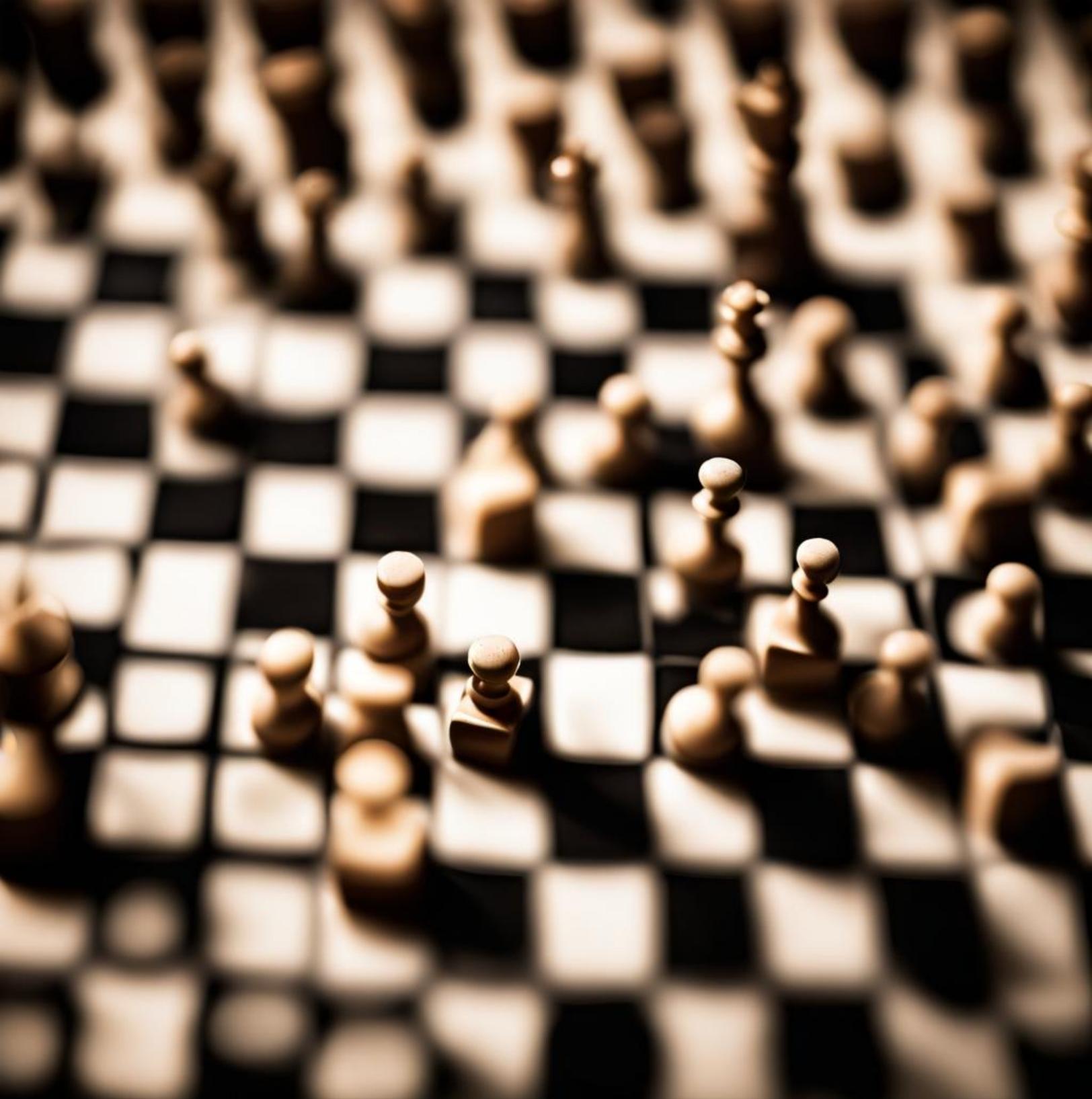
Mr. Maddox,

On behalf of Franklin and Marshall College's Dean of Admissions, I am writing to let you know that while your apology has been accepted by Ms. Maddox, she is no longer comfortable communicating with you. Describing her memories of previous interactions with you and your childhood friends as being "significantly traumatizing," Ms. Maddox has asked that I intervene. I am Dr. Bradley Scallese, F+M's Chief Academic Officer. Our President, Inga Gilderson, supports this decision. Please direct any of your future communications regarding F+M's application process to me.

Although the College's decision to deny admission to Tommy is final, I am happy to speak with you about the standards we follow when evaluating freshmen applications for admission. Please note that we do take into consideration any available information regarding the character of an applicant's parents.

Please let me know if you'd like to speak over the phone, on a Zoom call, or in person and I will ask my assistant to schedule a time for us to talk.





You were never one for tragedies

Christina Ellison

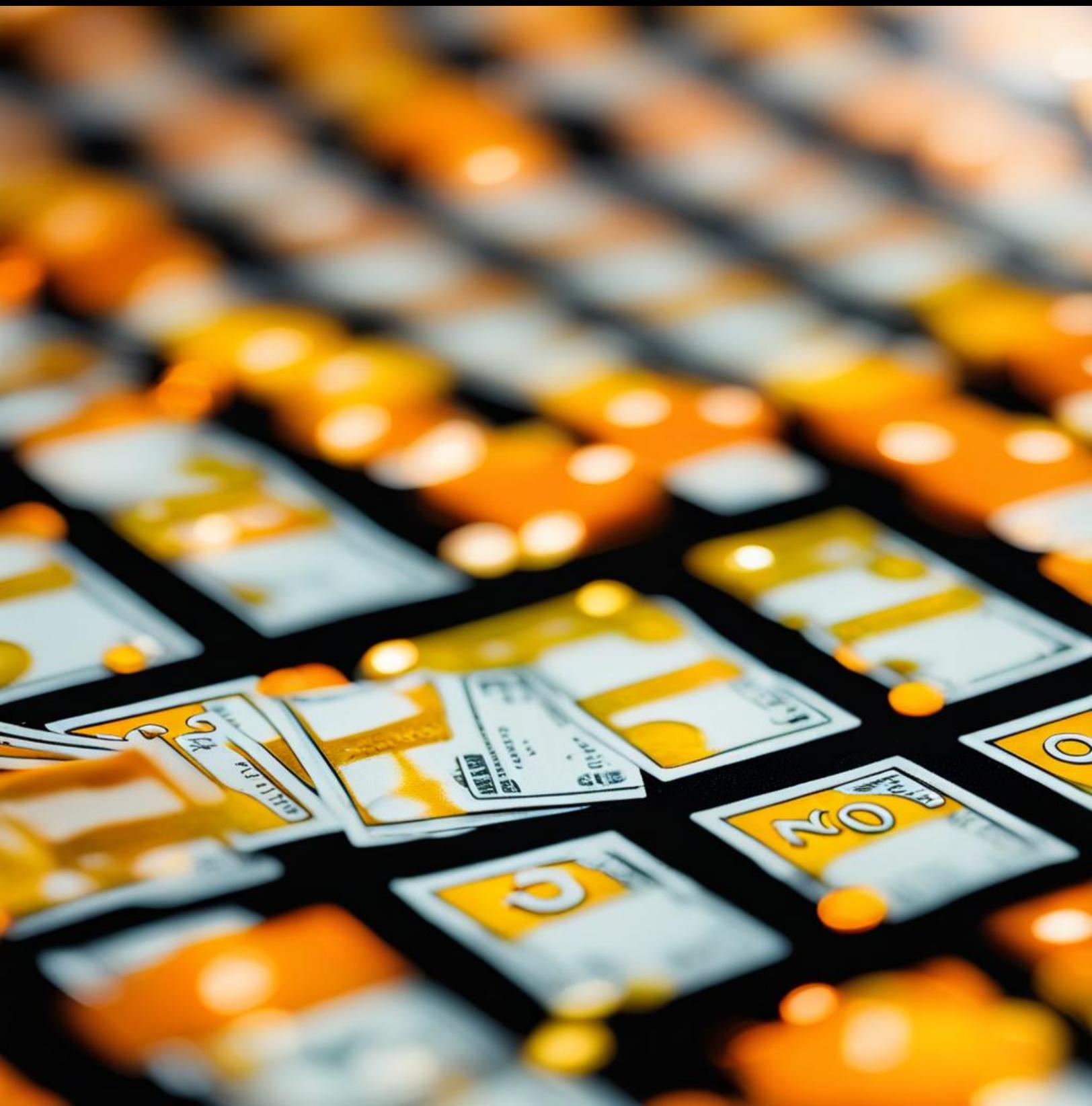
so you stop the movie
thirty minutes before the ending,
never read the final chapter,
leave the play at Act IV.

That's why you always ask me
to play chess, to be in control
of a game that finishes unfinished,
the king captured but not killed,
the battle won at the point of defeat
and not a moment later.

Games People Play

Bernard Pearson

He did not pass Go or collect two hundred pound,
But went straight to jail, When she played around
She was his Angel, his Mayfair and his Park Lane
So he took a chance, but he won't do so again
For she took all his money, his house as well
and went off with that top hat with all those hotels.
She impressed the old dog with her Community chest
who said it was her Electric Company that he liked the best
She turned on the water works when he said this was not nice,
As he threw double six with the last throw of his dice.



The Last of the noir detectives

Grozny

The last of the noir detectives
Spent his life on one case, on one trail
And his critics said it consumed him, ruined him
But their words drowned under the soft whispers of a night rain on his
window
But that rain never nurtured
And so all his leads died on the vine.

The last of the noir detectives
Spent his life away in coffee shops and dive bars, as he sought to emulate
the lifestyle of his ancestors, the world he was meant to sleuth through no
longer existing.
His drink of choice wasn't a whiskey double, it was Dark and Stormy.
He hated the taste; he couldn't feel the warmth of the liquor, only the
bitterness of cheap rum.
And the bartenders no longer spoke of rumors and the strange behavior of
their clients for a 50
They knew nothing, knew of no murders or disappearances, and felt no
kinship with him.

The last of the noir detectives
Was born one summer evening, when the smog was so thick they couldn't
see the stars
And so his birth had no portents, no omens
And when his girlfriends, who became so numerous as to meld into one
transient, shifting face without love, a relationship that had a vacancy like
the motels he so often hid away in,
Read the markings in his palms, tried to discern the meaning behind his
signs, they found nothing
And he lived life the same; absent of meaning, an empty slate.

The last of the noir detectives
Carried a .38 snubnose like those before him
With the hammer bobbed, and the trigger guard cut off
So that as he took it out of his trench coat
And put it under his chin,
It wouldn't catch on any clothing.



SO HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT CONVICTED FELONS?

Alan Berger

Are you open

Or a mouse

Are you a thinker

Or do you have a square wheelhouse?

What's next?

I was going to tell you while we were having sex

How do you feel about dating a felon?

Because my dear, I am one

But don't fret my maybe pet

It wasn't for the big three

Sex, violence, or being a druggie

And I might add

Although being a felon

It's been a long time since I've been rebelling

I was a thief

That is how I rolled

But no one missed a meal

After I stole

Call it stupidity

Call it dumb

Please don't run

Once I had good credit

But I never bought a gun

I was in love once
With number two
Not one

So here we are and there you have it
I know it ain't pretty
Anyway I spin it

So here we are and there you have it
I know it ain't pretty
Anyway I spin it

So is this your stop?
Which of course is fine
I was hoping for something somewhat further
On down the line

And how was your day?
What's that?
You now like me even better anyway?
Well, if that's the case
I don't mean to be a prick
But I have to say goodbye
I think you're sick





Relative

Delphine Gauthier-Georgakopoulos

When Caroline heard of his passing, she felt nothing but tranquil oblivion. She mm-hmmed along with her interlocutor's half-hearted tears. After what felt like an adequate amount of spurious commiseration on both sides, she replaced the receiver, and strolled to the kitchen to make coffee. As she swallowed the bitter darkness, relief flooded her whole being in the knowledge that Peter wouldn't hurt another soul.

Or so she thought.

But Peter—the overlord of manipulation—left a wave of despair and devastation in his wake. Belated emotional starvation.

But Peter—an arrogant yet inept businessman—left an ocean of debts to the next generation. Impending pecuniary strangulation.

On the morning of his funeral, Caroline wandered to the living room, a warm cup of coffee in hand. She did not light a candle as was her habit when death came knocking close to her heart. She sat on the sofa, gazing out the window, and heaved an indebted sigh, for one less evil roamed on the high. Peter's malevolence would decompose into the putrid void he always had been.



ALL PREFECTS MUST DIE

L.A. Labuschagne

1989, True Bay City, Esperanzan Empire, South Africa.

Given that he was currently embroiled in larceny, debauchery, and gross alcoholism, Lazarus Masterson vaguely considered that perhaps the School did speak the truth when they denounced his people. Then again, it was the same men who so unreasonably deprived him and his friends of their due pleasures. Therefore, perhaps his doings were no more theft or perversion than they were the reclamation of that to which he had the greatest claim.

Another thought occurred to the boy as he scaled the powdery bark and fragile limbs of the fever tree that was a jaundiced tower beside a quiet corner of the main building. Regardless of the initial injustice committed against him, he could be in the wrong for current doings, given that he could very well be caught and therefore act only as kindling for the extant prejudices burning against his Qualishi brethren, those red-eyed soldiers and heretic enemies of the Esperanzan Empire.

But he cared not for them. Reaching the precipice of the final branch,

his palms, knees, and bare feet shiny yellow with the bark's chalk pastel, Masterson steeled himself for the imminent leap. The Qualishi had done nothing for their kinsman, the inimical nomads that they were. Loyal to nothing but their desert, their foreign god, and their own pockets, they had abandoned their son at birth. It was Esperanzans who took him in.

Now Masterson had friends, his dormmates, to care for and family, his aloof father, to appease. So, he leapt for them, flying with adroit daring. For a rare second, he was not a boy but a primal, profane, scarlet-sighted simian soaring from the arbor of liberty into the hierarchical lattice of institutionalized, indoctrinating education. Below him, he glimpsed the boy locked in that second world, ignorant of him, amiss to acting to spite their sufferings, herding through laid-out corridors of open air and closed thought. All of them wore his uniform but none of them wore a uniform guilt as his was with the real gold of fever dust, vibrant purpose.

Flights, however, had to land and his thoughts of justice, parity and revolution were quickly shattered. Indeed, the Confiscation Room's light was on. Perfectly, nobody was there. However, the window itself was as it had always been, shut. It became quickly shattered too.



As he had staked this room and venture out when it was overcast, the perpetually on light emanating from within had blinded him to the accumulation of dust against the window that would have otherwise

warned him of its uncooperative state. Today was likewise dark, be it with a brewing storm or nomadic ire. The window was invisible, but not impermeable.

Through the window with a crash of stunning, shredding pain and deafening cacophony he burst, shoulder-first. But even that was superior to missing the leap and tumbling to his humiliating demise. That death would not well reflect well upon anyone, his kindred Qualishi, his cold parent, or his compatriot freshmen. Indeed, the window shards did not reflect well upon him either. Viciously, they reflected his blood, and they demanded all his willpower not to cry out at the shock of innumerable lacerations, as truthfully light as they were across his back, right arm and shoulder.

Fortunately, just as he was wrong in his assumptions, so were those alerted to his thunderous landing. The Confiscation Room was a secret, open but hidden, nonetheless. The door to it was wallpapered over and flush to the corridor, its only handle a shallow inset. As such, the few people who noticed and cared went other ways in search of likely a cricket ball. Masterson could enact his revenge uninhibited. Having clambered up, he took from his shoulders a backpack and started to loot.

With precision alacrity and inspirational speed, the crimson, golden son did justice to that oppressive, wondrous room. Although his original rubbish scarcely could be found, it hardly mattered now. A cornucopia of contraband, shelves upon shelves and cabinets duplicitous populated the Confiscation Room. Within abounded every banned object, substance, or publication that had fallen under the scrutiny of an obedient prefect or honest master. It was a wondrous place for a teenaged boy. Avenging generations of wrong students, Masterson's raid seized enough liquor, pornography, and cigarettes to last him and his friends for months.

And when nearly finished, Masterson changed into the spare uniform he had packed along, partly to make space for more stuff and partly so he could return to his dorm without raising suspicious over his filthy clothes. Biting his lip as he did not to cry out as the tatters of the cheap fabric dragged over his shallow, clotting cuts and aching, tender bruises, he bundled the ruined shirt away once finished. Having then completed his hardest task, the boy congratulated himself with a brandy.

To confound whoever invariably stole it next, he then relieved his bladder into its dregs.

A fumbling and fiddling with the lock kicked Masterson out of his prideful respite. Immediately, he realized that the incoming teacher would doubtlessly discover the true source of the crash. Perhaps then the window of the Confiscation Room would be barred and, alongside it, any future incursions. Or, worse yet, the man would spot the invader.

Hurriedly, Masterson swiped from a nearby crate a shiraz bottle. Covering it with his ragged shirt for fear of further injuries, he then crushed it with a cricket ball. Thereafter, he discarded the stained shirt but left carnage where it was, in the center of a corona of crimson shards.

Nothing was suspect. A stray six could have blasted into the window, sailing through the red wine precariously positioned upon its sill. Hence the mess. Masterson's dark face was a crescent moon for escape, and it remained that way all the while as he shod himself, redid his blazer and tie, and slipped unseen past the heavysset thief, through the unlocked false door, and back into the School proper, a forgettable youth but for his scarlet-eyed ancestry, forgivably lost in the byzantine workings of the True Bay School.





Kiss

Abel Johnson Thundil

The man leans,
And the girl bends backward to receive his kiss;
A kiss that is forever barred
By the autumn breeze
That whistles between those stony lips
A tune that the lovers long
To hear from each other...
The man leans,
And the girl bends back.
But the lips remain cold,
Failing to be warmed by a gush of blood
That should run in the lips of the other...
Forever pale!
Forever pale!
No rose or tender song
Blooms amid that airy canyon
Where white stones stare at each other,
Unable to collide
To make fire
Or love...



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

“炼金石” by 又岚
Insta: @youlan_art
微信 Official Account: 又岚

“Admissions Justice” by Bob Gielow
Twitter: @bob_gielow
Insta: @gielowbob
Threads: @gielowbob

“Games People Play” by Bernard Pearson
Twitter: BernardPearso19
Website: www.abookatberntime.uk

“You were never one for tragedies” by Christina Ellison
Twitter: @tinabinarose

“The Last of the noir detectives” by Grozny
Website: <https://grozny1992.itch.io/>
Bandcamp: <https://grozny1992.bandcamp.com>

“SO HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT CONVICTED FELONS?”
by Alan Berger

“Relative” by Delphine Gauthier-Georgakopoulos
Twitter: @DelGeo14
Website: <https://delphinegg.weebly.com/>
FB: @DelGeo14

“All Prefects Must Die” by L.A. Labuschagne
Youtube: [Answers in Tarot](#)
Book: [SAGA: dreamlander](#)
Substack: [L.A. Labuschagne](#)

“Kiss” by Abel Johnson Thundil
Book: [Wilted: Poems of Modern Tragedy](#)