



miniMAG

issue70
play portend

PINKIES

Orlik Zarion

Nobody bothered to teach me how to act when people are crying.

That's why I'm bitter.

I'm sitting here in the van, the only one who isn't crying over what the little girl said before she ran off. I'm not confused. I'm upset that my life is dragging on like this.

I'm the best person to call when there's trouble because I'm barely even a person.

Soon I'll need to start the van. It's too hot to sit in here without air conditioning.

Everyone except me is crying about what she said and I can't wait for them to stop so we can get on with our shift.

Becky crosses into my vision in front of the van. Her jumpsuit is folded down at the waist with the arms tied together. Her skin is covered in shimmering sweat, starting to burn near her cheeks. She's crying too.

Down the street from us there's a row of pods we're supposed to be cleaning right now. They need to get done before we can take our first break.

I know there's nothing I can say to get these people moving.

Becky is behind the van now. In a moment she's going to open the doors.

When people say they want to die,
they really mean they want to get
what they want unlike
everyone else.

There's a crack in the windshield that looks like a bird's foot, and it reaches toward the passenger window where there's a gash in the glass from when those kids lost all patience with the city and took it out on us.

People call us pinkies on account of our jumpsuits.

There's so much equipment in the back of the van that I can't hardly see Mike and Freddy amid the tubes, wires, and black-coated metal.

Mike is breathing like a kid.

Freddy's totally hidden so I'm imagining him with his hands over his eyes.

A high pitched squeak pierces through the silent humidity as the doors swing open.

The sun's reflecting off a building behind us. I blink and the light leaves a purple-green stain in my vision.

"I'm quitting," says Becky. "After tonight."

Mike and Freddy move slightly but nobody responds.

"None of this is worth it," she says.

Behind her, the CPS guy is jogging toward us with a look on his face that tells me he forgot one question.

Becky catches my eye-line and turns around.

The CPS guy is sweating like crazy, and I can tell by his eyes that he's also soft.

Why is everyone new this season?

The CPS guy starts to say something, but I can't hear him over the street sweeper unit that has now officially caught up with us.

Becky yells a reply.

The air has been disturbed by the sweeper unit.

Freddy's head appears behind a stack of hoses.

"I hate life," he says.

"I'm going to put the air on," I say.

The CPS guy turns and heads back the way he came.

Becky wipes her forehead and hoists herself into the van.

I wait a full ten seconds before I start the engine.

Dialing in the AC, I notice that the splotch in my vision is still there.

Tonight we will clean 16 blocks
of pods.

At least that little girl doesn't have
to work.





Mind-blind

Lucy Rumble

*Close your eyes:
imagine the world
in our colours.*

But the darkness of
shattered dreams
taints my memories.

on just numbers

Alex Prestia

jennifer anniston isn't waiting in central perk.
there aren't other thirty-year-olds.
there's me and everyone else who's thirty,
but there aren't other thirty-year-olds.
the cast of new girl moved on.

that group of twenty-three-year-olds
pregaming in an apartment with an empty
living room and nothing on the walls
does not include me and my friends
from when we were young, dumb,
and still bar-hopping college towns
(but just the edgy bars
on the farside of campus).

if it mattered, then your date-
of-birth would be tattooed
on your face. like on tinder
where it does matter. but
tinder is for being a demon.
except demons aren't sup-
posed to age. so i'm stuck
at my age and when i'm forty
it won't be different
people around. it will be the same
group of forty-year-olds
and i shudder to think
of fifty-year-old millennial me.

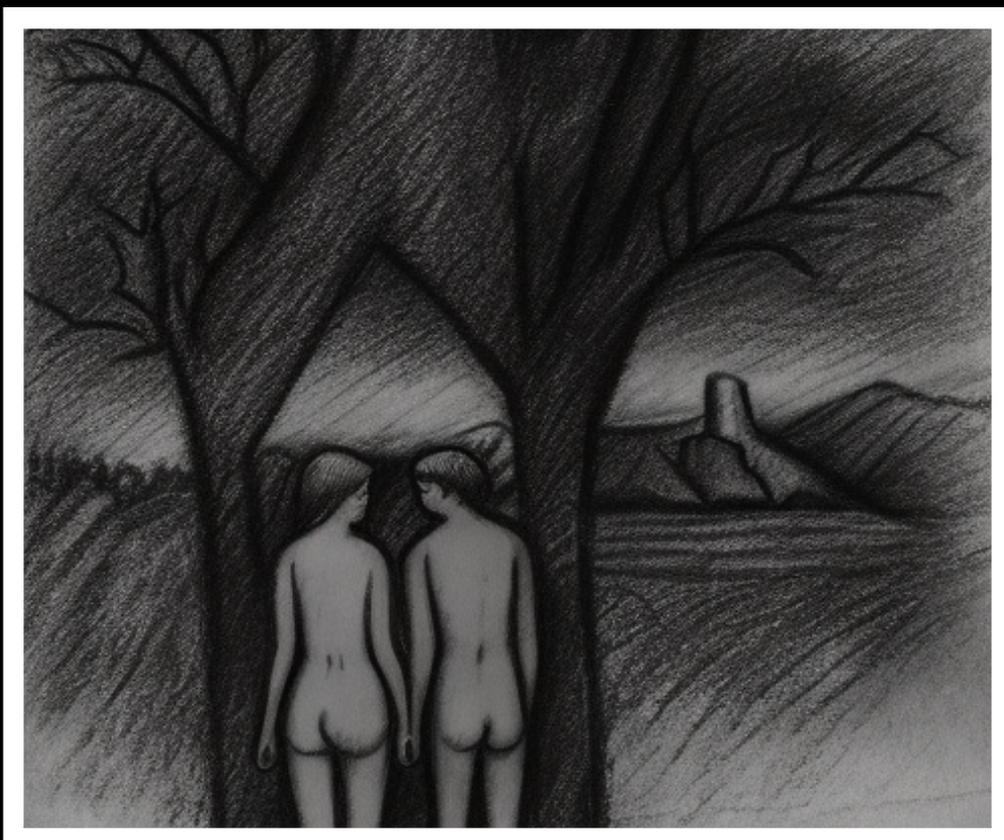
me, soon, boat, current,
back, back, borne, back.

Those Invisible White Flowers Bloom Somewhere

Kushal Poddar

The electronics shack
opens up ahead of the others.
The keeper grins and says,
"You can smell the festival."
"Months to go." I remind him.
He shows me a half empty
glass on his desk.
I shrug. I am just a passerby.

That evening a wind rushes
a whiff down my consciousness
towards the glade of desire.
I sit on a bench. The crows
crowd the sky. Behind my eyelids
glimpses of a shop half filled with
the coils of decorative neon stars
light up every blink. I tell a stranger,
"It is almost the festival."
"Months to go." He reminds.





The Ballad of Bippy and Cole

Alex Prestia

Cara Tarot

(Cara exclusively uses the Rider-Waite Tarot Deck for her readings)

Theme Card: The Lovers

Adam and Eve stand divided in the Garden of Eden. The apple tree and serpent behind Eve. Above, the top half of the card is filled by an angel radiating fiery light. Eve is looking at the infernal angel. Adam only sees Eve.

“Chat you know what time it is right? It’s Bippy Wednesday!!! Hey Bippy! Oh em geee it’s always so good to see you baby! And next week we’re doing it live from You Con! Hi roomie!!! It’s been like a year since we’ve seen each other for real right? Oh my god I’m so excited. So for today’ reading, Bيبيب, I’m going to be doing a travel read for you. Let’s see what You Con will be like. We’re starting with the theme card and, like wow, so wow, it’s The Lovers! Right off the bat. There’s just so much energy coming off this card. Like, Bippy, this could be it, someone special, for you, at You Con. I’m so excited girl! Yaaaaasssssss.”

Eve sees it. She sees it. I wish I didn’t see it, too. Adam’s chill in the garden. I bet Eve loves that about him. I bet she hates it, too.

Love Card: III of Swords

A massive red heart suspended in front of rainclouds. Three swords skewer the heart. It’s very on-the-nose, so far as tarot cards go.

“Ok, perfect, so its like 3 swords and they’re all like piercing this heart. That’s your love Bippy, and for this trip you have to keep all three swords in your heart. Sword 1 is me, duh, cause we’re going to be roomies and hanging together all the time at You Con! Sword 2 is our mystery man. I bet he’s hot: real sword energy. Like mostly the swords are about battles and stuff and that totally makes sense cause when

you're in love, Bippy, I bet you're like slashing and tough. So I loooooovve this card for you. And then Sword 3 is, obvii, you: Self-love. Chat knows what I'm talking about. We're all heavy on that self-love here. Self-love first, always. Everybody listening give yourself a big hug right now."

Pierced thrice. Pewdipie, Amouranth, Dream. Scandal; don't die. Scandal; don't die. Scandal; stream forever. The veil pierced thrice. A pierced heart sees. I don't want to see.

Career Card: The Tower

A tower looming atop a mountain. All grey. A lightning bolt strikes the top of the tower. An inferno spills out of each window. A crown fit to the top of the tower is dislodged and freefalls. Two royals jump from the blazing windows.

"I feel like this is serving a really powerful aesthetic right now. Dark Bippy vibes for real. And like solid, the tower is so so solid. So whatever is coming, yeah, it's going to be stable like a rock or like a tower and it's going to feel like you're thunderstruck with a thousand little bolts of energy or watts or whatever it's called. Like I went to Tijuana for senior week and I was, like for real, so smashed the whole time and making out with all these guys but there was like this one, during this like foam party, he was just different. Like I felt something magic there. It just hit different. So, that's totally what it's going to be like for you, Bippy."

The tower is burning. Jump to doom or perish in flame. The tower is burning. Decisions need to be made. My tower is burning.

Health Card: The Devil

Two nude demons stand chained in front of a winged, goat legged, Baphomet headed Satan. His left hand holds a fiery rod towards the ground. His right hand does the Star Trek salute. The chained demons have tails and horns, one male, one female. The tip of the female demon's tail looks like a bushel of apples.

“So, like, the career card and love card for this kind of reading are usually pretty obvious, but I think health is often a warning card. Like, a what could stand in your way kind of vibe. Know what I mean, Bippy? So just make sure that you’re practicing plenty of self-care. Stay hydrated. For me the big thing I’m into right now are these facial masks and, ohmygod, this is perfect timing because I’m actually dropping my new line of skincare products later this week. Bippy you have to try my new...”

Eve deserves this. She brought Puddle with her. This is what she deserves. Atleast Puddle came down with her. Atleast the horns on her head match her complexion. And the tail is pretty cute. She’s right there, chained to it. Chained to The Devil.

Homelife Card: X of Cups

A family, a home, a large plot of land, two children dancing. Husband and wife facing away from audience, arms around each others’ backs. Each has an arm outstretched towards their acreage, their blue sky. In blue sky a rainbow. In rainbow ten golden cups. Bucolic.

“Oh my god yay yay yay. This is literally the best card ever. Look how happy and good everyone is. Things are going to be so good, Bippy. So so good. Like, seriously, look how happy they look, and then there’s the little kids, and then there’s the rainbow. Ohmygawd if you meet another YouTuber there and start dating you know what, right? Couple content!!! Oh wow, I’m like actually jealous right now cause of how good your cards are. Bippy, You Con is going to be so so fun. I can’t wait to see you girl. Awh! I could like scream I’m so excited now!”

There are no screens there....

62% of my life.





url: minimag.space
subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com
substack: minimag.substack.com
twitter: @minimag_lit
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Insta: @lucyrumble.writes
Website: https://lucy.smlr.uk

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by Kushal Poddar
Twitter: @Kushalpoet
Insta: @kushalthe poet
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“The Ballad of Bippy and Cole: Cara Tarot” and editing by Alex Prestia