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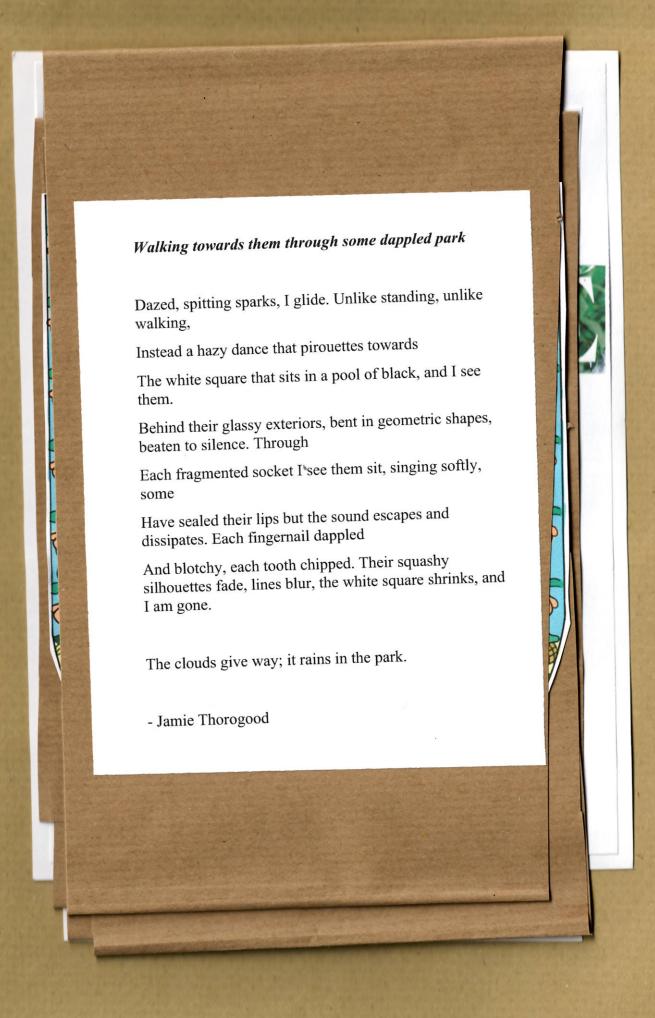
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Everybody called him the champion.

He dreamed of Africa.

Blood came out from under the fingernails

They went through this fiction every day

There are three things that are my brothers the fish and my two hands

The older fishermen looked at him where sad Its what a man must do

He dreamed of Africa.

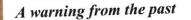
Its what a man must do

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- Ned Freeborough



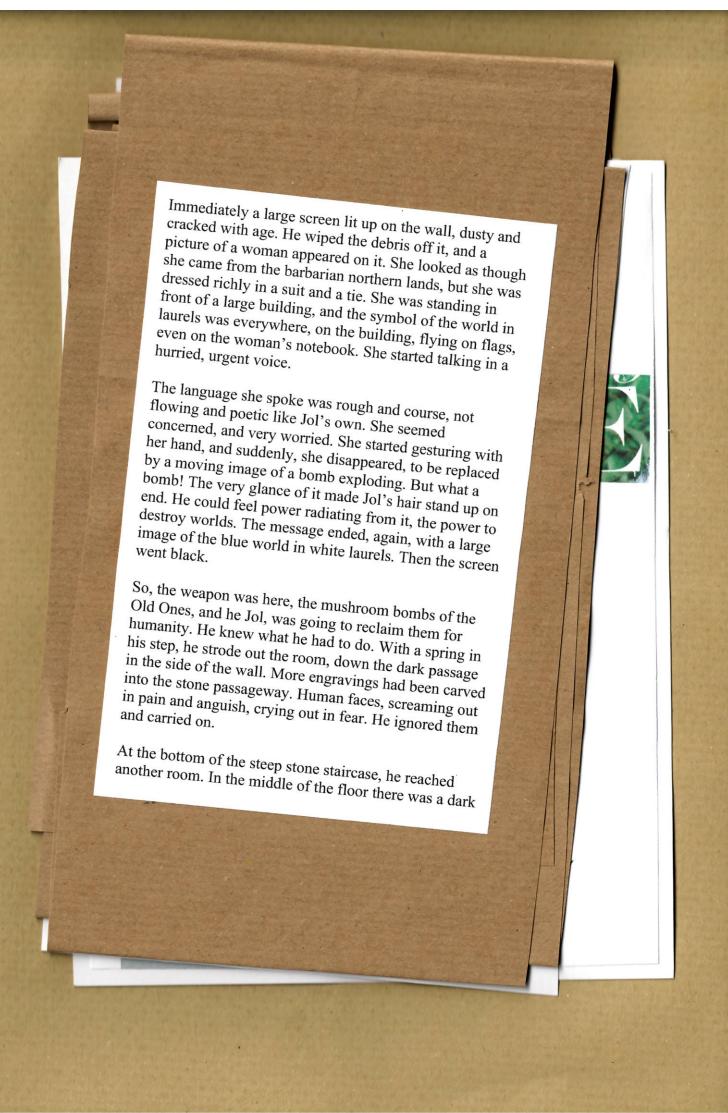
Jol looked up. A blast of cold air and a flurry of snowflakes met his curiosity. He brushed them off, sighing, and looked out across the icy wasteland. This far north, there was little light in the winter, and Jol could barely see the hunched forms of the native labourers through the twilight. He squinted across the tundra and surveyed the dig sight. He yearned for warmer lands, southwards, where an archaeologist could make a real living, digging up the crumbled remains of the Old One's cities. But here, he knew, despite the cold, that he was in the right place. The ancient structure he knew was there, underneath the permafrost, could prove crucial to the rebirth of his country. The weapons stored underneath this frigid waste could split the very matter that made of the universe. How he'd show the doubting priest-kings in the great halls of his hometown, if he brought back a couple of those.

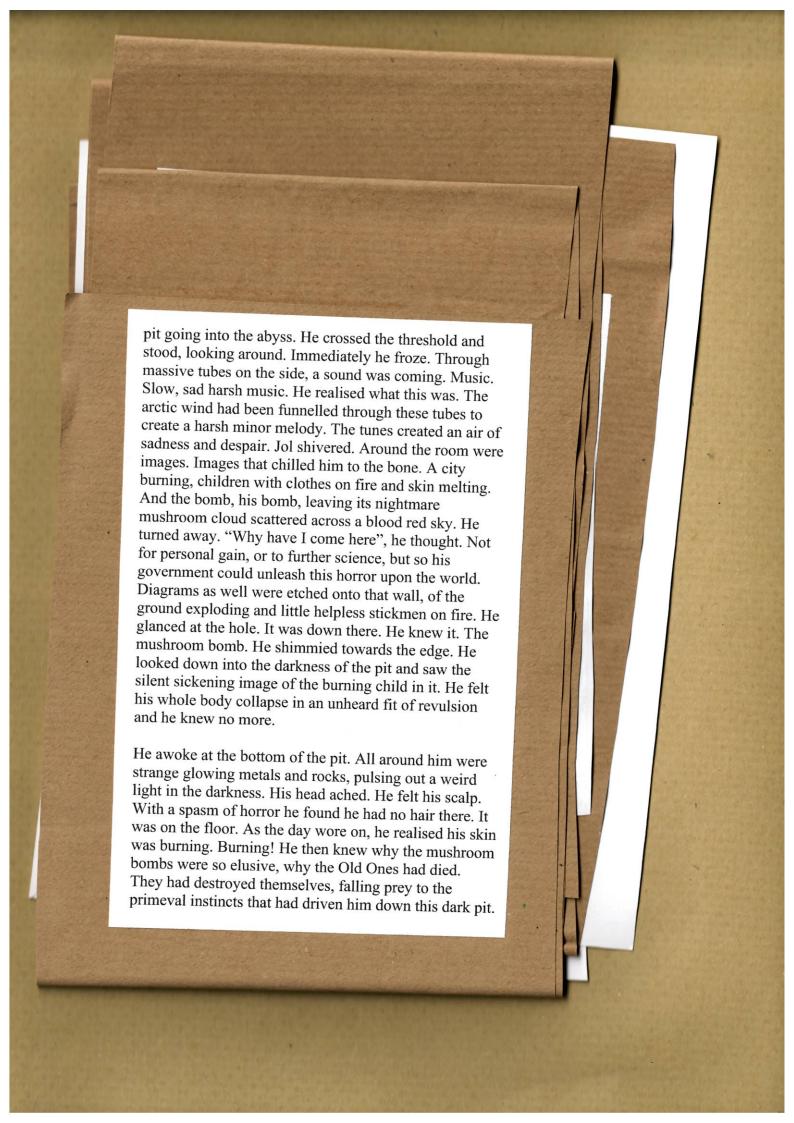
That afternoon, Jol scrambled down the vast crater the excavators had already made. He had heard reports that the simple labourers had hit solid concrete. He grasped his brush and pickaxe and slid down the hole. What he saw at the bottom made his heart leap. A huge concrete roof, at least twenty metres long, had been uncovered. Along its surface were vast yellow and black symbols, looking almost like strange, disjointed triangles. He ushered the hired digger out the way and brushed the dust of the roof. He picked a good spot, lit his torch, and smashed the corner of the roof with his pickaxe.

The solid concrete resisted the first few blows, but after he had been hitting it solidly for around five minutes, he heard a loud crack and the part he was smashing caved it to reveal a dark room, black with age. He leapt down. Immediately an electronic light turned on. "Ingenious", he muttered.

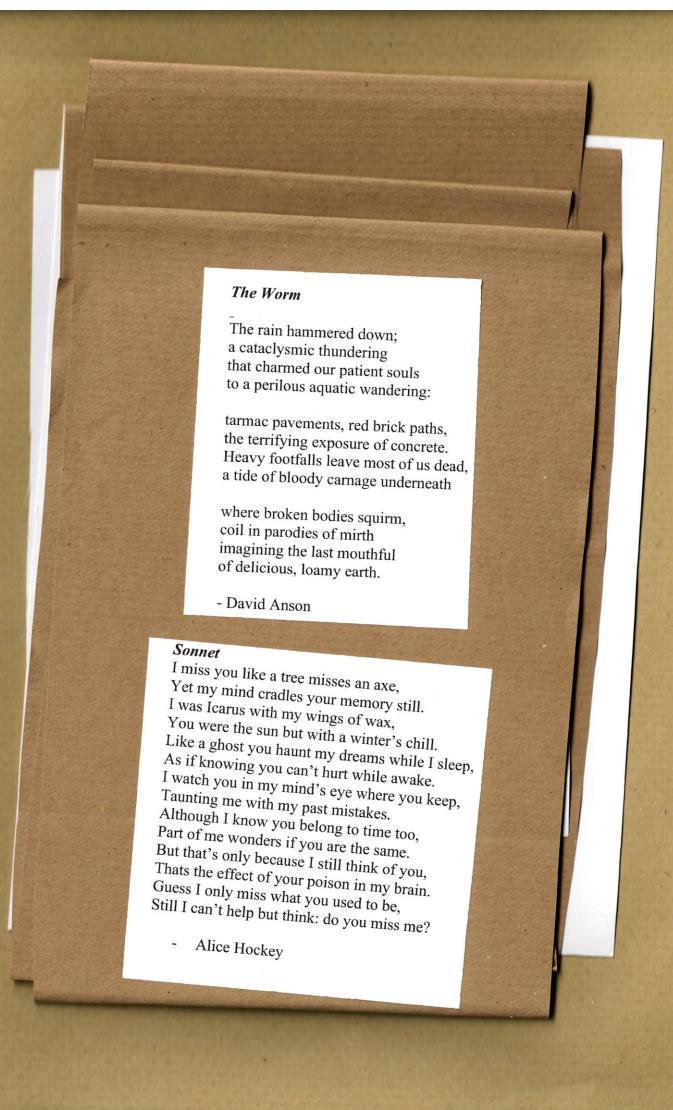
It was indeed ingenious how, after all the long, lonely millennia, the lights of the Old Ones still flickered on, without a switch being flicked, when you entered the remains of their buildings. Some devilishly complex bit of technology, Jol concluded. His eyes scanned the room. On one wall, there was a large mosaic, that showed the world as it appeared in ancient times. His fingers traced the marble hexagons, finding his homeland in the south, the cold barbarian lands of Uropa, and the vast expanse of Asia. His eyes darted off the mosaic and rested on the other walls. On one, a dark passage led off downwards into the gloom, and on the other, strange carving were engraved on the solid concrete. It looked like the arcane writing of the old ones. There was a picture of the world, surrounded in laurel leaves, and underneath were five paragraphs, written in what appeared to be five different languages. The script of one was long and wavy, another was square and complex looking, and the rest appeared to be relatively similar, aside from a few unique squiggles.

In the middle of the room there was a large canister with a label in his own numerical language, 2038AD. He absent mindedly pressed a large button on the side of it.





They only tried to protect the future from the mistakes they had made. Jol was trapped. He knew now that he was dying and his last thoughts before unconsciousness enfolded him, was the shimmering metals in their odd canisters, winking out their sickening light. "We told you so", they seemed to be saying. Fin. "my god what have we done" - Captain Robert Lewis, captain of the Enola Gay "now I have become death, the destroyer of worlds" -Robert Oppenheimer - Jake Helsop



Triangles

I Run

I want words.

Beautiful words.

Weeping blood.

Iridescent words.

Broken nails and

The shining balm.

Speckled skin and

Stiff knots in

Skin broken –

Torn lamplight.

Deformed triangles,

Blank lips, motionless

Mother murderer,

shoulders,

Vibrations spark.

Pales eyes on

Ripe cisterns,

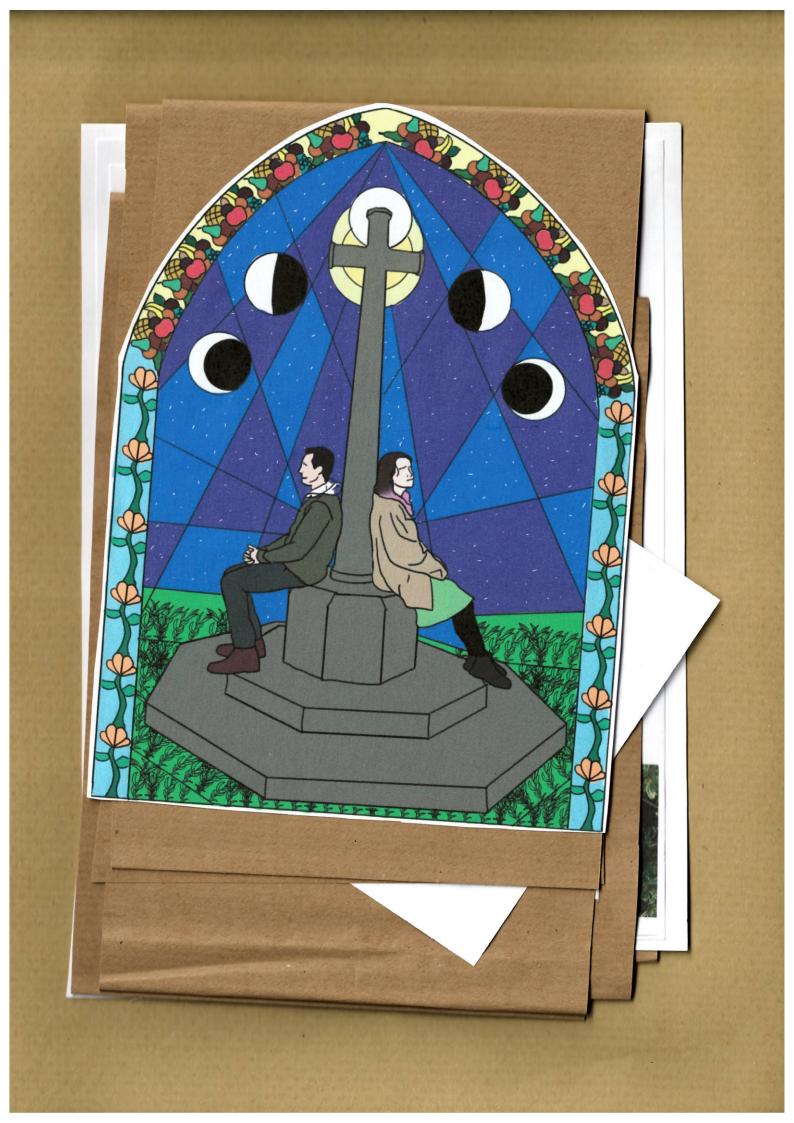
I Glow.

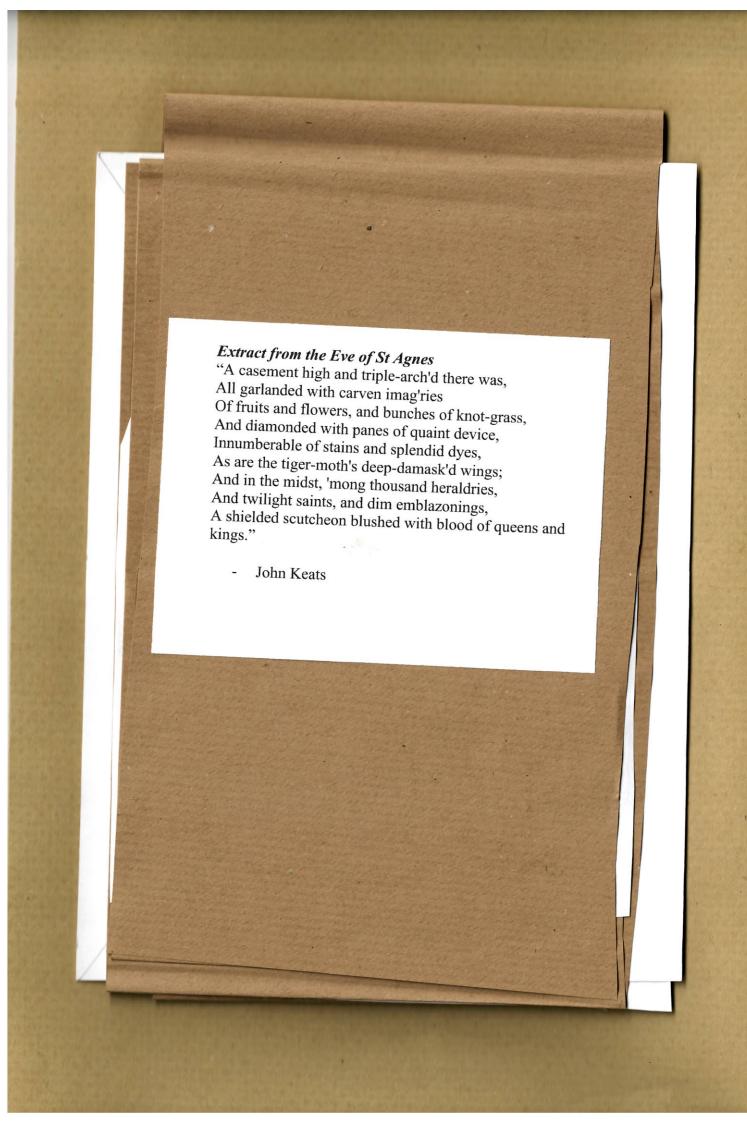
Reeking.

- Jamie Thorogood









Drifters

I got a hundred miles left in my beat-up car An empty highway and a cheap guitar I got wishes that are made that I know won't travel far

I got love hanging on by a fishing line
I got a map in my head with no design
I got a whole lotta drive left for these dreams of mine

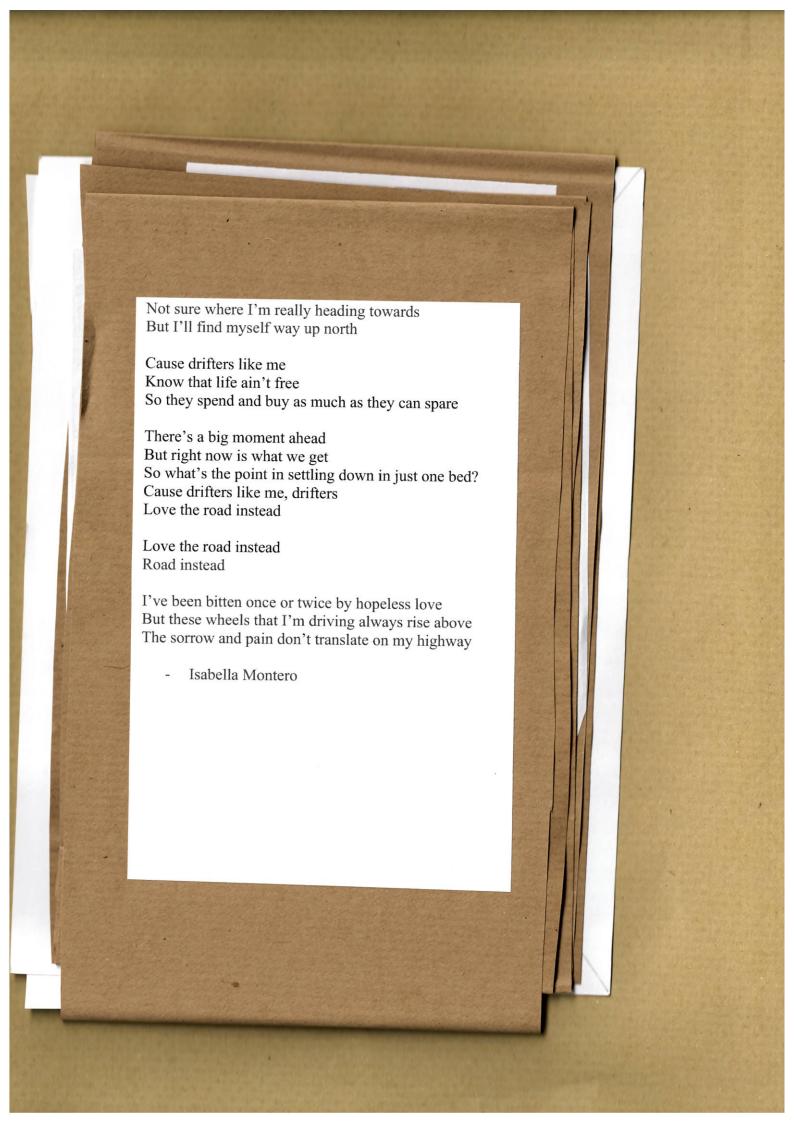
Thinking I can take the long way out Driving so I make my way down south

Cause drifters like me Know that life ain't free So they spend and buy as much as they can spare

There's a big moment ahead But right now is what we get So what's the point in settling down in just one bed? Cause drifters like me, drifters Love the road instead

There's a motel inn open at the end of the road I think I'll stay the night cause it's getting cold But I don't know if I'll be coming back till I'm much too old

The planes outside my window keep me up all night Is it the loneliness I'm feeling or the star lights? Either way I think I'll cross the border tomorrow



Found Poem

The sun and his steady movement of his fingers had uncramped his left hand
He pushed his straw hat hard on his head
He ate the white eggs to give himself strength and also drank a cup of shark liver oil

No one should be alone in their old age.

"Eat a little more" he said "Eat it well"

"I'll kill him though," he said. "In all his greatness and his glory."

"We'll put the gear in the boat then get some"

"I wish I had the boy to help me and to see this."

"Fish," he said softly, aloud, "I'll stay with you until I am dead."

God, let him jump

Take a good rest young bird

How did you sleep old man?

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death

It must be very strange in an airplane, was his last thought on Earth

No one should be alone in their old age.

- Zeb Jay

