



The Quibble

April 2015 15th Edition

SUPERHUMANS

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Cover by Benjamin Knight

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Introduction:

by Benjamin Knight

You wake up one morning to find that you have been bitten by a magic ring. The magic ring, as it happens, was the last of his kind – sent from his dying planet and his murdered parents to find a new solar system where he can spend his wealth on expensive gadgets and questionable super-soldier serums. Nevertheless, the bite of this orphaned magic ring has granted you superpowers. And those powers extend to (read: consist of) being able to decipher the language this magazine has been written in. Welcome to the SUPERHUMANS issue.

This issue marks the first instance of myself in the editor's chair, and man, has it been an experience. In the words of that one pirate from Captain Philips; "Look at me, I'm the captain now".

Claire and Laurelle have been fantastic in passing me the torch like a

concerned set of parents repeatedly telling a problem child which end of the sparkler *not* to hold, and the rest of the editing team have shown more patience than I ever could in reading an awful lot of manuscripts.

As we'd hoped, the 'superhumans' theme has beckoned an array of creative pieces hailing from one end of the theme to the other; caped supermen and the idea of going beyond the self was what we were hoping for (and more) from the very start.

So sit back, put on your cowl, put your underwear on over your trousers and join us as we cease being human so that we can become much, much more.

Prose

Super Genius

By Em Morley

I try to be bad, I really do. I do everything my mum and dad have taught me, and I spend ages writing lists of devious plans to cause chaos and ruin lives. They say I have the best power of all, and that I could easily conquer the universe if I tried. I am in fact a super genius. Not your conventional power of extreme strength, or incredible speed - nothing so practical, but with my brain I have invented numerous weapons of destruction, many of which in my possession give me the ability to rule over humanity.

At least that was the plan for when I completed my training at Super Villain School. That was where my problem began. I am a rather unlucky person, I guess some would say clumsy. Despite how dedicated I was to studying and learning the techniques of being truly evil, something always went wrong in my tests. Last month I had to steal the White House by using the shrink ray I had built in my Technology class. I missed the White House, shrank a tree instead and got rewarded for apparently saving the President's favourite cat, which had been stranded on its highest branch. It only got worse from there. Mistake after mistake, I was seen as less of a menace to society and more of a local hero. I became such an embarrassment to my parents that I knew I had to do something to prove myself to the world of villains. It had to be outrageous, and it had to be devastating. I suppose my downfall could be pinpointed to that specific realisation; an epiphany of such. If I had not been so desperate for acceptance, to feel like I belonged, maybe the Earth's destruction would not have happened...

To begin with I was at a loss of where to start. I knew I needed to take advantage of my inventing skills, as that was what I wanted to be known for. No one else in my family had ever possessed a mental ability like mine. It was true that, as my mother often said, I "lacked physical potential" to take after the super strong men in my family. Dragging a table across the dining room was about as much as I could manage in terms of strength. The women of my family were often endowed with the power of speed, moving so fast that you would doubt they were ever standing next to you to begin with.

I knew I had to think of something that would get everyone's attention. The more lives I affected, the more famous I would become and hopefully my greatness would be remembered for generations to come. After going 4

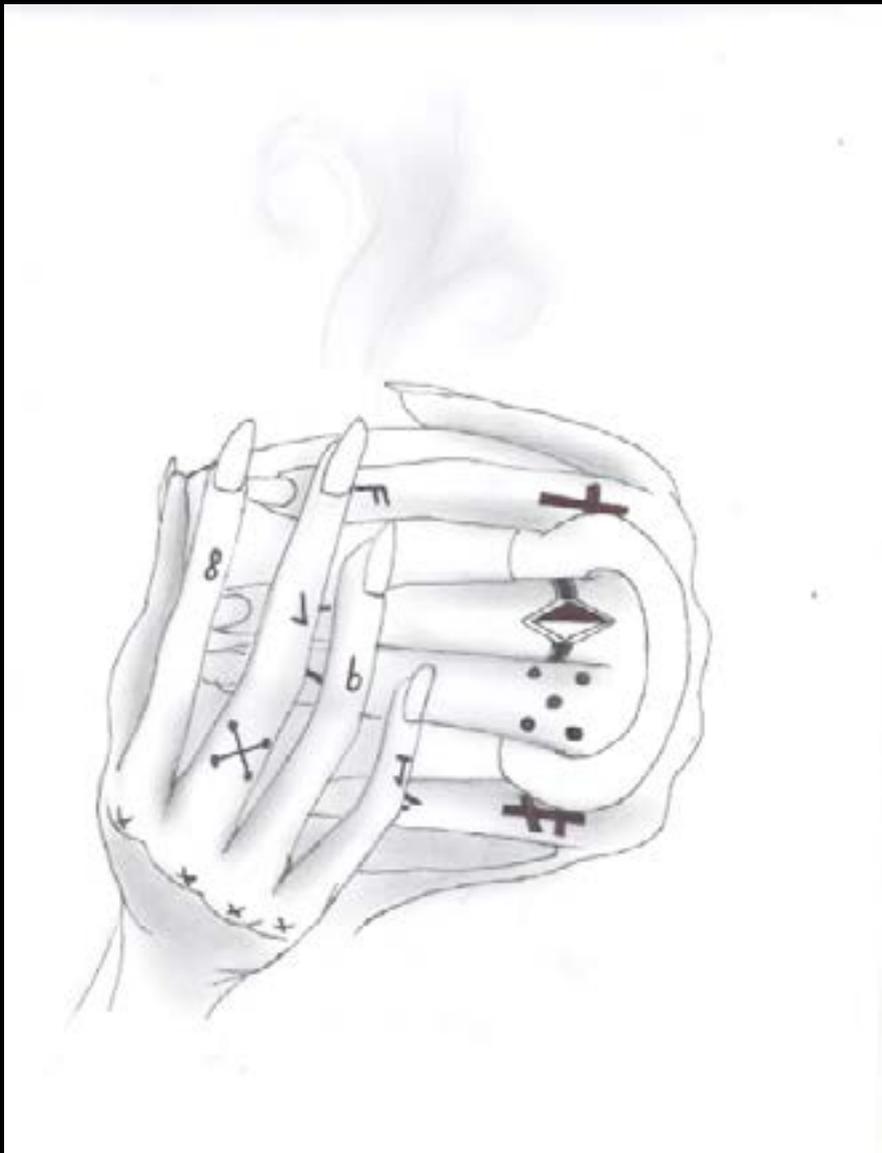
online to research a couple of ideas I was considering, I soon became distracted and the procrastinating began. However, this procrastination was to be my inspiration in the form of a feline playing a piano. It occurred to me that with the removal of all funny pictures and videos of cats from the internet, the world would surely be left devastated. I revelled at the idea of how miserable I would make everyone, and at how proud my parents would be of such an accomplishment. So I set to work on my weapon, working in secret in order to keep it a surprise. Nobody knew, not even my teachers at school, so I had to take care not to raise suspicions by building my device where others could see it. I stole from supply cupboards at school the parts and equipment I needed, hoping that no one would notice their absence, and smuggled them to the workshop in my basement. Before long I was ready to execute my plan. I decided to make a party of it; my parents, a few friends and some teachers from school were invited to witness my escalation to glory. "With my most recent invention," I announced to the room, "I will devastate mankind. I will be remembered as the most devious supper villain that ever lived!" After a brief explanation of how it worked and what my goal was, it was time to activate my device. All was going as planned; the correct panels were lighting up, it was making the right noises, the loading bar showing the progress to activation was gradually filling up: 12%. 33%. 56%. 82%. 100%. There. It should be done. I had a laptop set up ready to confirm my success. Once I had loaded up a search engine, the entire room witnessed what the screen said when I typed in "funny cat pictures". No results found. I typed in "funny cat videos". No results found. I tried many variations and not one of the results contained anything about cats. I had done it, I had proven myself to be the greatest super villain there ever was! We turned the TV on to a news channel, to see if the world had noticed the disappearance of their most beloved viral pictures and videos. That was when I realised that my weapon had not worked quite how I had intended it to. The breaking news headline flashing along the bottom of the screen made it incredibly clear. "Disappearance of Cats Cause Worldwide Panic." Not only had I deleted cats from the internet, I had also removed them from the physical world itself. To begin with I had thought maybe this was a good thing, maybe I will have made an even bigger name for myself than I had anticipated. As time passed, I soon found this was not so. The turmoil was brilliant to begin with; all the joy had left the world, people everywhere were

miserable. But this misery soon turned to depression; people stopped working, stopped trying, they just... stopped. Disasters occurred; nuclear power stations went into meltdowns, electricity supplies became unstable and unreliable, crimes went unpunished, encouraging the actions of other criminals.

At first I was a hero, then it dawned on the super villain community the irreversible mistake I had made. Mankind was undergoing complete self-annihilation, and in the process also destroying the planet. So here I am now, in an underground shelter, waiting for the world to end. We may survive, but even if we do I don't know what will be left up there to be salvaged. If we do somehow survive this, I know I will finally have the fame I had so eagerly desired. I just hope I'm not grounded for too long...

Nabisco

By Michael Grabois



The moon is ten miles away. There's a strange pull on my body, in my ears. It has nothing to do with gravity, which has become enormous.

My own body has become enormously large and, simultaneously, microscopic. It's a weird symptom I brought with me from childhood. It used to bother me more. I don't know what it means. I think it may be something profound. I think I may be an alien. I'll find out for sure, later. It's likely I'm more hideous in my alien form than in my human form.

I work for the Nabisco Company. I eat cookies for lunch. I haven't brought lunch since I was somewhere in my early twenties. I eat Fig Newtons all day and night. I go to the barbershop and they call me Tiny. I have dark, luxurious hair. The barbers all tell me it's a pleasure to cut.

The new barrista at my favorite café has prison tats. It would be okay if she were friendly, but she's not. The lines of her face are window blind slats that open and close. Hers are closed to keep out the weak New Jersey sun. I watch her for hours, on-and-off, as I work on my inventions. The blinds never open.

At lunch she eats an open-face sandwich. I hear her telling another woman about the benefits of open marriage. She has perched a mini-TV set on the counter behind her. Between customers, she watches it. She's got it tuned to the Honey Boo Boo show. It seems to be a reality show about an obnoxious little girl who competes in beauty pageants.

The barista's hands are muscular, as if she spent a lot of time in a cell squeezing a spring-loaded device. There's a crude blue cross inked between her thumb and forefinger. The coffee seems harsh this morning, bitter.

Genocide

By Stuart Tongue

The smell of blood and smoke lays thick in the air on the day that the humans committed genocide. They lined us up against the wall; shouted in our faces with their teeth bared like dogs and their guns aimed at our heads, desperate to shoot. I was first to enter the courtyard, first to see the stained brick wall, and the only one to see the bodies being dragged away.

They brought us out in our old teams, all except me. I never belonged to a team. It was easier that way; less people to look after and less people to rat you out when the humans betrayed us. At least, that's what I thought when I first started out. I soon found out that when it came down to it I would rather have friends than be alone.

They all knew me; saw me as a floating hero, somebody to call when they needed some extra help. The humans saw me as that too. I was a minor hero; no super strength or fire balls for me, just someone to rely on. I never caused any damage to anyone; never even raised my fist or threw a harsh word to a human. But that doesn't matter in the end; if you're different you're a threat and threats had to be dealt with.

There was no use in fighting back; they would just make examples of us. Of course I do not blame the human race as a whole for this, that would be stupid. Why would I blame an entire group when it's only a few individuals who call the shots? The ones at the top started the rumours. They were the ones who started the panic; the ones who lied about the danger. They are also the ones that will lie about a virus in our genes that wiped us all out. That's what they did before.

The first to go were King and Queen, so called for their 'royal' powers and gracious generosity. I don't think this world has ever had two such kind-hearted and loving people as them. At a single touch anything they met would turn to riches; one of them had

silver, and the other gold. Anybody else wielding such power would suffocate from greed, but King and Queen were special. They created coins with their power, and gave every single penny away. They organised business' to build houses and flats, paid farmers so they could live a comfortable life and still supply everyone with food. The world was happy. But some humans have a selfish way of thinking, and if money doesn't go their way then they will take it by force. The two, never a violent moment in their life, attempted to fight them off with the little strength they had; they failed. They now stand tall in the centre of the city, Queen is shining silver, and King is solid gold. That day the world was torn in two. The humans celebrated the couple's lives and generosity; whilst the heroes mourned their murder. We stopped helping the humans from then on; we all knew they were coming for us. I'm not sure who exactly told them where I was and I do not quite care to know. I know the torture that these humans put us through and if it stopped the victim's pain at least for a second, then I am glad to have helped one final time.

The group I was lined up with was small but I knew every last one of them. Even through the blood and wounds I could tell who my companions were. Next to me were the Deadly Seven, the once great war heroes. Some shook out of fear or blood loss, some wept silently or muttered prayers beneath their breaths. They were not cowards, the things they had seen and done in their lives had proven that; but the torture that these soldiers put us through can reduce even a man of iron into a puddle of fear.

The Deadly Seven were split into two in the old days; half of them were the peace bearers, and the other half were the soldiers. On the battle field the peace bearers would try to co-operate with the enemy, try to get them to stop fighting. But when that failed the soldiers would leap in and wipe them out in mere hours. I recognised the man next to me; his hero name was Lust. With the bat of an eye lid or with a single kiss the world around him would fall to his feet. He never once took advantage of his power; he always hated the way that people would beg for him. Now he stands, shaking for head to toe with a bloody bandage coving his eyes, and a hand holding his mouth, hiding his remaining teeth.

Next to him was Sloth, a woman who could sap the enemies' strength and use it as her own. With one long inhale the attacking warriors would drop in their armour, whilst she would rise strong. Her mouth was bandaged up now; I guess they broke her jaw. Past her was Greed; a young girl with an obsession with multiplying anything she got her hands on. The army loved her, kept her safe at all cost so she could make more bullets and guns. They tried to get her to copy soldiers, but she would never do it. It's a surprising thing to see, how quickly a person can go from loving somebody to hating them. The soldiers now screamed at her to get onto her feet; but the blood pouring from where her hands used to be made her weak. She was the first to be murdered; shot in the head for not following orders. Next to her were the Deadly Seven soldiers; Gluttony, Pride, Wrath and Envy. Gluttony had the power to swallow any projectiles thrown towards him, and spit it straight back at ten times the strength. In the old days he was known as the freak of the group; he would show off in front of crowds, expanding his jaw so much that it nearly doubled the size of his body. His mouth was sewn shut now. Pride was able to invigorate the rest of the soldiers, make their wounds less painful and their will stronger. I'm not sure what they did to him but his whole face was hidden behind white cloth. Wrath used her anger as strength, and the more she shouted out in fury, the faster and stronger she became. Now they had her on a chair, her legs and arms broken so she cannot move. Finally there was Envy, or at least what was left of him. He could mimic any power he wanted; what was left of his body was too destroyed to look at.

I remember hearing the press release that explained the danger of the Deadly Seven. A man in a black suit and flower tie announced that they had been caught selling government secrets to the enemy. It was a lie; but a lie like that comes with a kill order, and after that nobody would listen to their arguments.

After Greed's body was taken away, the second team was marched in. I knew them instantly for they were the most fearsome of the heroes; and because of them (or at least one of them) we are being hunted down and shot here.

They were called the Sirens; beautiful from far away, but in close quarters they would destroy you in seconds. The fact that the humans caught these girls was proof of their immense strength. They are the ones that humanity should be scared of, not us; we protected them from years from people like this, but that's in the past now.

Back in the day the Sirens were every young girl's role model, and they acted like true celebrities. After every war they fought, after every crime they stopped they would urge the girls to be strong but to not be stupid. They made sure that all children went to school and never skipped it to shadow them. They explained that what they could do was down to years of training and practice. They were the most loved out of all the heroes. They were the strongest, the fairest and the most beautiful.

Their leader was Jammer, a woman who grew stronger the faster she moved. At her average speed she could flick her enemies into brick walls and manage to have the building come down on them in seconds. She would always clean up her mess, and as a good friend of Queen she always had the money to get some help. As a previous member of a roller derby squad, Jammer was built for speed and strength, but she always insisted on keeping close to her team mates; she knew how valuable they were.

The rest of the team came just as fearsome as Jammer. Solar was the first to be recruited, with her Egyptian beauty it wasn't hard for her to trick her enemies; and when they got close they soon found out how hot she really was. Before she would send them to prison each of her victims would spend at least a month in the burn ward. They had her now wrapped from head to toe in a heat proof strait jacket; I'll be surprised if she hasn't suffocated herself. Pop was next, a sweet girl with unbelievable flexible limbs. Even though her body had the same bones as humans, hers were made of a strange substance that could bend and coil into any shape she wanted. But she was not weak; her weapon of choice was anything that was oversized (mostly hammers and axes). She was the team's final choice. With quick agility and brutal attacks, the criminals never left her sight alive. Finally there was the cause of the genocide, Platina. She was the newest addition

to the group and by far the most beautiful. Her name arose from her hair, which shone the brightest of whites and draped like liquid over her dark skin. Everybody loved her, but those who got too close would soon find out her terrifying power, and that's how this war began. On the night of her eighteenth birthday, her fellow heroes had taken her out for a celebration drink. After talking to the police commissioner she had met once or twice she fell in lust with him. But Platina was a smart girl, and rejected his many offers to go home with him. He didn't take to rejection kindly, and when the rest of the heroes went home, he pounced onto his prey. The next morning he was found with his face caved in whilst she was found in the corner crying out in horror. Jammer tried to explain the whole thing, but the high up humans saw their opportunity and seized it. They were always scared of us, scared that we were stronger than them, smarter than them. They always wanted us gone, in fear that one day we would take control of the world and they would be left with nothing. In the following weeks the warrant for our murder was out and the humans wanted blood. If only they knew the truth. So now we stand, the ones who saved the world from destruction; shaking and crying out in fear. Most are too broken to fight back, and the others can't even see what's happening. I do not shake, I do not cry. I accept my death and make sure that my eyes are locked onto my murderers. I watch as they draw their guns, and the human at the back orders the kill. One shot between the eyes of each hero ends it, and our blood coats the wall behind us. That was the day that the humans committed genocide.

Thogdan

By Benjamin Knight



Thogdan impaled the earth, and leant on his sword. From the mountaintops, he watched the purple clouds of Narc'loda drift over the Northern horizon, caressing the Great City's spires, and recollected the time he had single handedly thrown the tyrant-wizard to the ground below. Inside, he smiled slightly, but his face remained in its usual stony grimace. He looked to the West, where the Ruins of Mugada would be (if they were not shrouded in mist) –there, Thogdan had faced the Grand Green Tiger, who spoke in riddles so abstract that thousands of years of adventurers had killed themselves in madness. But Thogdan had faced him, ignored the riddles, and skinned the Grand Tiger to death. His pelt had become the boots that gave Thogdan the speed of a tiger.

In the East, the Tower of Enugu climbed – where Thogdan had conquered in the Autumn. He faced hordes of tiny eight-legged men, poured from the walls and the floors to try and pull off Thogdan's arms. He squashed them all, one by one, and retrieved The Elephant's Fist; a gauntlet so hefty that a single swing of it could punch holes in mountains, cleave fissures in the earth, and smash lesser men into ash.

The South was home to The Gauntlet, from which Thogdan had only returned in the previous month. Here, men and monsters from the furthest of the eight corners and beyond gathered to do battle in the bloodiest competition the universe had every laid its eyes on. After his glorious defeat of the previous champion, Mendolarr the Unwielding, Thogdan had come out largely unscathed – winning the amulet of the rabbit, granting him luck so ridiculous that he found gold bars in his boots every morning.

Yet, after these trials and adventures, he felt as though there was not much else in the world for him to do. Every enemy had been conquered, every princess saved, as if he had come to a dead end on the road, where there was no treasure but empty silence and a light wind. He was only just coming up to his twenty-second birthday (if the farmers who found him as a child were to be believed), and he was already Champion of the Twenty-Two Kingdoms, and King of at least five of them.

He sat on a broken boulder and tried to think. Was it time to disappear into a hut in the moors, settle down with a family, and let Thogdan the Mighty drift into the old legends? His adventures had lost the momentum they once had – now that he was super-fast, super strong, and super lucky, he wasn't sure what else he needed to strive for. Even behind his stony grimace, carved from bloodshed and pure muscle, he wasn't quite sure

what he felt anymore.

Thogdan had sat under the T-shaped shade of his sword all night, watching the sun fall down and up as if it were a flat show of light and puppets (which it had turned out to be, when he had travelled the edge of the world and met the Solarancer himself). When the morning came, he stood up quietly and wandered into a nearby cave in the mountainside and immediately found himself lost in darkness.

He wandered onwards, guided by thin shafts of light and the sound of rushing water, until he found himself in a chamber vaguely illuminate by dusty light.

Here, old, decrepit skeletons rose from the soil and shambled toward Thogdan. Half-heartedly, he cut them down, one by one. There was no battle-cry to echo through the caverns and rattle the bones. Through tunnel after tunnel, he cleaved through what seemed to be the same creature over and over, and found himself at a literal dead end – a bulbous chamber, where an old robed man stood.

"Thogdan!" he screeched. "Tales of your exploits have reached my ear. You will pay for interfering in my designs."

Thogdan stood in the doorway, silently. The old sorcerer hesitated.

"Are you not Thogdan the Mighty?" he asked. "Where is the blood-curdling roar I've heard about?"

"There's no point." Replied Thogdan. "There is nothing else to attain. If my battle-cry is already known, then I've already achieved that renown. There's no point in me doing it."

"But it's what I was expecting." The sorcerer said. "You have the reputation of passion, and of your power. I'm just... slightly disappointed."

"That's Thogdan, the Legend. I am just Thogdan, the Man. I've seen everything and done everything, and there is no wonder left in the world."

He looked at the mass of shattered bones he had left in his wake. "How do you expect me to care about living bones, when I have battled the Aspect of Death in the afterlife itself?"

The sorcerer looked offended. "Not all of us have done the things you have." He replied, annoyed. "I'm an old man at the bottom of a cave. I haven't seen daylight in twenty years. When I was a young man, I wished to go south and learn from the greater wizards. My journey ended when I made my home down here." He looked at the same old bones. "Pray, you are still young. Even if you've seen every foot of the world, spare a thought for those who have not."

Thogdan stood in silence, continuing to grimace.

“Let’s just get this over with.” Said the sorcerer.
They fought, and of course, Thogdan won.

Thogdan stood on the mountaintop again, staring at the landscape that was now near-completely draped in the mist that had encroached from the west. The ring that he had taken as spoils from the sorcerer was too small for him, and made half of his finger turn purple. The ring itself glowed with the sort of energy that would have been strange and mystical to anybody else, but Thogdan knew that all it would do was give him visions of a parallel world in his sleep. He considered throwing it into the murk at the foot of the mountain, but it reminded him of what the old man had told him.

He thought of the others who had not been given such opportunity.

He thought of the ones who had never had the pleasure of slaying a cyclops, or raiding a treasure chest.

The ones who were trapped in dead-end caves.

Thogdan looked onto the horizon, and he saw the mist in the North-east drift, revealing a rising pillar of hot smoke from where some giant fire-breathing creature was laying waste to a small village, and he realised; they needed him. They needed him and the treasures he had accumulated from his journey so far, from his lifetime of opportunity.

And so, he ventured out North-east to slay a monster.

Not Like Them

By Luke Schamer

It was a rainy day in May when she saved me, swooping down from the sky and landing near the bus stop. Her eyes gave life to mine, enough life to see those wings spread behind her shoulders; that’s how it looked, anyways. But I soon learned she couldn’t fly. As a matter of fact, she took her coffee just like mine: black. But that came later.

In that moment, I was sprawled out face down on the wet concrete, my shirt soaking in a nearby puddle. There were onlookers, probably wondering why a grown man had just collapsed to the pavement.

According to my savior’s account of the incident, they all captured the scene on their smartphones. Footage like that would’ve paid nice if the guy in the rain puddle was famous. I could have been a celebrity for all they knew, a superstar maybe. If not, I was just a man passed out at the bus stop; a human just like them.

But I didn’t remember anyone else being there, just her. She shook my shoulders while dialing 911, asking me questions that made no sense. The pain was too much. There was no conversation, just me spewing out gasps for breath and her calm voice telling me to relax; I tried. But when your chest feels like it has been crushed, there is never any “relax.” Panic? That was more like it.

After a failed course in relaxation, she stuffed her cellphone into her pocket and dug her arms beneath my body. Standing six-feet tall and weighing 190 pounds, I dwarfed her in comparison. Somehow, she carried me to the empty passenger seat of her sedan and shoved me inside, strapping a seatbelt across my aching chest for good measure. The moments between getting in the car and then waking up in the hospital’s intensive care unit had disappeared. The memories were gone, but she still likes to tell me about her tripping on the hospital’s lobby rug as she ran inside, shouting for emergency doctors.

The doctors heard her. Two medics rushed to her car and carted me inside. Six hours later, my doctor walked out into a cold waiting room and told her I survived. She thanked the doctor, and waited another eighteen hours before she could see me again.

Then she sat by my bedside for three days, missing work, sleep, and food—besides those vending machine pretzels that she crunched softly as

I slept.
I didn't believe in a god, but she told me I woke up and asked to see my
"angel."

Now it's three months later and we're having coffee, celebrating my 26th
birthday. I'm cupping a glass mug and holding her hand, and my heart is
fluttering a bit. Lucky is the best word for all this.

"I'm glad we're here," Maria says, looking at our intertwined fingers.

"I'm glad you were there," I say, still trying to understand how this all
happened. How Maria had noticed me, when doctors had overlooked a
heart defect where only five percent of patients saw 25-years-old.

"I guess I do know," I say, not realizing the thoughts are escaping my head.

"What do you know, Kian?" she asks, looking up.

"I do know how it all happened."

"You now suddenly remember the events of your—"

"No, no," I interject, "Not that. I know how I'm here with you, right now."

"How's that?" She smiles.

"You. I have all these working parts that don't work right." I think about the
pacemaker the doctors had inserted to keep me alive. "Being human sucks,
but at least I have you."

She denies all the praise, and says anyone else could have done the same as
her.

I accept her humbleness, but will die knowing she is more than just anyone
else.

Poetry

Cannon Hill Park

By Nafeesa Hamid

These are Tarzan kids;
a brother and sister of same height,
stood on either side of a single tyre swing
spun by Dad.

“Ayeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeyeee!”
“Arrrrraaaaaahhhhhhhhhhaaaaaa!”

Their Father keeps spinning them,
fresh faced and square.

They spin with the trees and there's no sign of Mother;
no mention, nor thought of her.

“Ahrrrrrrraaaaaeeyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!”

Their Father keeps spinning them,
assured.

They might just disappear
If he keeps spinning for long enough.

Brother hangs on to rope,
a little higher than his sister.
Sister, she holds on to rope,
her head spinning now.

But the tyre hasn't tired yet
and none of them want this to end.

All assured
that if Dad keeps spinning
and the tyre doesn't tire,
they'll all just disappear,
like mum did,
and get to wherever she did.

I held you at arm's length
and sang the blood and bones
back into your body.
My words were needles
that stitched up
your screaming flesh
and my breath buoyed
you away from the edge
on which you perched.

A Fancy

By Valentina Cano

I held you at arm's length
and sang the blood and bones
back into your body.
My words were needles
that stitched up
your screaming flesh
and my breath buoyed
you away from the edge
on which you perched.

Kryptonite

By Richard King Perkins II

An unmasked burden has been lashed across my back.
When imperious madmen threaten to descend,
some may believe the sky is falling,
But I'll make certain the heavens will not collapse.

Looking to the outer rim, I notice our lone satellite
and send a handful of power to comfort;
that she does not breathe,
and send still more power to resuscitate.

Isolated, out of the hollow sphere I fly,aring a ragged flag like a dragging
cape—
believing in the rightness of my invulnerability
and still, I cannot cross to that spawnless stranger
I imagine to be my father.

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Stuart Tongue -

Wordpress - <http://thewritingsofarticus.wordpress.com>

Kristian Barron -

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Guest poetry editor - Nafeesa Hamid

Submission Guidelines:

Prose:

300 - 1,500 words.

Poetry:

Maximum 30 lines.

All entries will be published (student and non-student alike) providing they comply with rules and regulations. Submissions should be sent to:

uod.writersquibble@hotmail.com

We will contact you upon receiving your submission, and will inform you if any amendments are required.

No scripts, erotica, previous submissions or other extreme profanities.

Next Issue:

May's theme of

'Discovery'

Over there! You see it through your telescope and you can't quite believe it, what could it be? It's definitely nothing you've ever seen before, something strange and alien. When you step onto the shores of discovery, you may find something you weren't even looking for.

Entries to be submitted by 25th April.

Get writing!